DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 121 778 SP 010 043

AUTHOR	Ulrich, Celeste
TITLE	To Seek and Find.
INSTITUTION	American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, Washington, D.C.
PUB DATE	76
NOTE	181p.
AVAILABLE FROM	AAHPER Publications - Sales, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 (No price quoted)
EDRS PRICE	MF-$0.83 Plus Postage. HC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS	*Athletics; Futures (of Society); *Physical Education; Sociocultural Patterns; *Speeches

ABSTRACT

This book contains speeches by Celeste Ulrich, the 1976-77 president of the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation. There are six speeches on the significance and meaning of physical education, six speeches on sociocultural implications of sport and physical education, and three speeches on the future of athletics and physical education. (RC)

****
* Documents acquired by ERIC include many informal unpublished *
* materials not available from other sources. ERIC makes every effort *
* to obtain the best copy available. Nevertheless, items of marginal *
* reproducibility are often encountered and this affects the quality *
* of the microfiche and hardcopy reproductions ERIC makes available *
* via the ERIC Document Reproduction Service (EDRS). EDRS is not *
* responsible for the quality of the original document. Reproductions *
* supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made from the original. *
****

TO SEEK AND FIND

CELESTE ULRICH

ED121778

SP 010043

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL BY MICROFICHE ONLY HAS BEEN GRANTED BY

AAHPER

TO ERIC AND ORGANIZATIONS OPERATING UNDER AGREEMENTS WITH THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION FURTHER REPRODUCTION OUTSIDE THE ERIC SYSTEM REQUIRES PERMISSION OF THE COPYRIGHT OWNER"

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH,
EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF
EDUCATION

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY

American Alliance for Health, Physical Education and Recreation

AAHPER publications

Copyright 1976

American Alliance for Health, Physical Education and Recreation
1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

Contents

5 Preface
7 Introduction

"AYE, THERE'S THE RUB"

11 To Catch Brass Rings
23 Promises to Keep
34 New Bottles for Old Wine
46 To Follow Knowledge
58 The Untold Want
68 There Are No Islands Anymore

"THE BENT TWIG"

80 The Christian Ethic and Sport
86 A Threefold Cord
100 One Crowded Hour
112 Heart of Fire-Love
123 The Mystery of the Invisible Female
136 The Old Order Changeth

"HILLS TO CLIMB"

150 A Ball of Gold
161 And Strength for Climbing
173 You Must Run at Least Three Times as Fast

Preface

Speeches depend upon four major ingredients: the subject, the audience, the situation and the speaker. Speeches are made to be given rather than to be read. A subject well organized and presented can fall flat if the situation is wrong. A speaker can be carried by an audience even when the subject is mismanaged. At times, a subject can transcend an audience and speaker alike as it reflects a sympathetic situation. In short, it is difficult to read speeches because the words only hint at the presentation. This packet of speeches is subject to such a shortcoming.

On the other hand, once you visualize the audience, project yourself into the temporal era when the speech was given, analyze the speaker and study the subject, it is possible to relive a fleeting moment of the past.

When George Anderson, executive director of the Alliance, suggested to me that it might be interesting for my colleagues to relive such moments, I was hesitant. I have tried very hard not to repeat speeches, and here I was being asked to repeat, through publication, an entire packet of speeches. Since the cause was a good one (the opportunity to contribute toward the building of the Alliance Center) and because my colleagues on the executive committee, Roger Wiley and Katherine Ley, urged me to take the step, I consented to this compilation. The editorial and publications staff of the Alliance worked under an impossible time schedule to bring our joint effort to fruition. Theirs, too, has been a labor of loyalty.

In many ways, much of what I have ever said publicly has belonged to two major associations, the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation and the National Association for Physical Education of College Women. These two groups and their component parts have been dominant forces in my thinking and in my subscription to action. Both groups have been kind enough to be interested in my ideas and have encouraged me to explore concepts and translate theory. They have indulged me when I was rambunctious and testy, they have strengthened me when I was weak and uncertain, they have quelled me when I was arrogant and assuming. The members of those two Associations have been my best friends and my most severe critics. They have made possible my opportunities to share ideas and to dream dreams.

Many people have asked me the formula for speech writing. I am not sure that there is a universal formula. I think, rather, that each individual must be true to self. In my case, it is important for me to hang my ideas on a hook of analogy and, for the multitude of hooks used, I am grateful for an education which suggested reading, speaking and writing were important and which insisted that poetry and literature were our cultural heritage. When I have been critical of situations and people, as I saw the truth from my vantage point, I have tried, always, to suggest ways to ameliorate the errors I discerned. I believe that people care about each other, that we subscribe to a discipline which has integrity and a profession which sponsors dedication. I am comfortable with such a pattern and have tried to express those beliefs with the elegance they deserve.

When speeches are successful, it is usually because you have said passingly well what your audience really believes; you have had the opportunity to say what your colleagues would say. Thus, in a sense, these speeches are really my colleagues speaking. The ideas are yours; it was my good fortune to put them into words.

It would be impossible for me to thank all those who have helped me with my thinking, but I would be remiss if I did not cite Eleanor Metheny, Caroline Sinclair, Del Oberteuffer, Ross Merrick, LeRoy Walker, Harry Fritz, Glenn Smith, Ellen Griffin, Gail Hennis, Deanie Robichaux, Roger Burke, Margaret Mordy, Ann Jewett, John Nixon, Katherine Ley, and Beth Arnold among my most trusted critics and on who I lean quite heavily. Each of them, and dozens more, have suggested to me that there were "promises to keep." God willing, there will be another decade and a half to continue that commitment.

CELESTE ULRICH

Introduction

A major goal of the newly reorganized Alliance for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation is to strengthen the image of a united profession. One aspect of this public relations thrust is to call attention to the significant contributions made by HPER to the quality of life in America. Another is to build a national center to house the Alliance and to serve as a focal point and symbol for all members.

This compilation of speeches by Celeste Ulrich, professor of physical education at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro and 1976-77 AAHPER president, has several roles to play in this Alliance effort. It presents the thinking of one of the most respected individuals in the profession and characterizes the depth and breadth possible in a true physical educator. It demonstrates the way HPER touches all aspects of the human scene, leaving its impact on every part of our lives. These thoughtful, sprightly, and provocative speeches have an important message for this and future generations, and they can help create the well-rounded national image for which the Alliance strives.

In another, more concrete way, the publication is making its own contribution to the Alliance effort since proceeds from its distribution will be added to the funds set aside for a national center.

The volume is the first in a planned series of publications preserving the best writings of the outstanding leaders in AAHPER's long history. It was a fortunate coincidence that the idea for this series came to fruition when Celeste Ulrich was Alliance president-elect. Over the years, her voice has been one of the clearest and brightest speaking out for our fields of education. This selection from her many speeches is a most propitious beginning to the AAHPER Leaders Speak Series. The Alliance is proud to make available this book of writings from Celeste Ulrich, Alliance president, 1976-77, as a "share in the future."

George F. Anderson
Executive Director

"Aye, There's the Rub"

Significance and Meaning of Physical Education

To Catch Brass Rings

When I was an ardent Brownie in the early days of my Girl Scout camping experience, our troop used to be enamoured with a ditty called "The Merry-go-round." The patter started with the declaration of "I like to catch brass rings on the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round, that's me—while others play croquet, embroider and crochet, I like to dissipate in my own way. I like each hobby horse on the merry-go-round, the ones that go up and down. While my sweetie in the rear shouts 'You ride like Paul Revere' on the merry, merry-go-round."

As an eight-year-old Brownie, I used to beg for that particular musical selection, never dreaming that in many ways it was to describe the dilemma of the field in which I was to spend my professional life. For if ever a group found itself on a carrousel, we in physical education are that group; and I share with you a concern about our incessant whirl—a spin that takes us in circles—a spin which is accelerating—a spin which has the power to toss us off with the centrifugal force that we ourselves have created.

Most of us climbed aboard the merry-go-round of our own free volition. We were enticed with the movement of the apparatus, and we had sampled other experiences which contained the promise that a whirl on the carrousel would be all that anyone could possibly want out of living. So, we took a running leap, and through natural interest and the help of a professional college curriculum, we plunged through the centrifugal barrier and landed on the exciting merry-go-round, panting and a little dazed, but exuberant.

Once aboard, we have had a chance to understand our position. We notice that the motor which seems to propel the carrousel is within the field of

---

Delivered at the 1964 convention of the AAPHER, Washington, D.C.

education, and we quickly realize our dependence upon the motor and hence our responsibility to education—that is if we expect the power to continue. All around the merry-go-round are horses that are continually moving, and they seem to go up and down as rapidly as they spin in circles. And since it looks as if it would be fun to test our ability, we mount one of the bobbing steeds and round and round we go, and up and down we plunge. We sometimes act as if it really doesn't make any difference where we are going just so long as we continue to move in some plane and with some force, for "I like to dissipate in my own way."

Everything flashes by so rapidly when you are going around in circles. The passing scene has little reality and our vision of the surrounding environment is often little more than a blur. The carrousel rider is always subject to dizziness and the faster we spin and the more violently we plunge, the more real becomes the carrousel and the less real becomes the passing scene. And sometimes the dizziness tempts us to believe that all people who are worthwhile tend to ride the merry-go-round and since the ride is so exciting, perhaps those who are not on should be pulled aboard. It is really almost too easy to fall prey to the idea that in all of education there is only our carrousel and we are the only riders.

Then, if you stay with the swirling apparatus long enough, you notice that focus is possible and your eyes focus on the brass ring. And now our ride has a purpose over and beyond the sensation of movement, and we lean far to the side of our plunging horse and we reach to catch the ring and hence to claim the prize. So we spin and reach and bob and reach and whirl and reach and we get dizzy in the process, but the challenge to catch the ring is there; and, as the Brownies lustily used to intone, "I *like* to catch brass rings on the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round, that's me!"

Now in my desire to draw a smile, I hope that I have been clear in what I have been hinting at, because I do believe that today, we in physical education are aboard a spinning carrousel. I believe that there is immediate danger with regard to our ride, in spite of the fact that by and large the whirl is exciting and pleasing. As we spin about in the educational world, we are threatened by forces which challenge our very existence and unless we are keen, incisive and thoughtful with regard to our profession, the ride can be terminated and the apparatus itself may be destroyed. This destruction can be enacted easily by individuals whom we fail to identify as antagonists as we circle with increasing speed. The destruction can be effected by a hostile environment which we have not bothered to know. The destruction can even be effected by ourselves—effected because we have no directional force of focus, because we see reality only in terms of ourselves and effected because we expend useless energy in reaching for an unknown prize—hoping in the catch of the brass ring to find justification for our being.

We need not be robots on bouncing steeds caught as a whirling dervish. If we will identify our problems and seek their resolution with concern and integrity, our experience with the merry-go-round can provide a model experience, one that other disciplines may follow and this experience can certainly offer those of us who ride both purpose and direction. I have never objected to moving in meaningful circles as long as I understood the reason. And once we establish the meaning of the brass ring, the reaching can become important. So, today let us seek to identify some of the problems of our field and let us seek possible answers to the many questions that such problems pose.

First and foremost, the consideration underlying every subsequent problem is the discovery of who we really are. At first this seems almost too obvious, for it seems apparent that we are essentially a group of extrovertish mesomorphs who love to move and who believe basically that people are worthwhile and good. But that identification is not complete—who are we professionally and what do we claim as our unique contribution to education?

This is a difficult question to answer because it would appear that we are attempting to be all things to all people and the resultant maze is so complicated that the best white mice among us have difficulty in attempting to fathom the pattern. We are physical educators, coaches, outdoor education specialists, health educators, recreation leaders, dance instructors, safety experts, aquatics trainers, leaders of cheerleaders, driver educators and even civil defense authorities. And our subject matter which is as varied as our personalities, reflects this myriad of interests—almost to the point of absurdity. We are involved in so many things that the young man or woman entering our professional field has no idea of what is expected of him nor what he is expected to be.

The history of how we became involved in so many categories is almost beyond belief, but sometimes I believe that it really came about just because we are such willing people, such "good fellows." We have taken everything that we believe merits a place in the curriculum and if no one else wanted it, we have agreed to be responsible for it ourselves. This willingness to "help out" almost has become a mania. Many times I have heard other teachers in the school support such things as driver education, first aid and civil defense, but I have never heard the teacher of English, or history, of French or mathematics suggest that his department would teach the course or that the hours for offering instruction in those subjects could be deducted from the time allotted to the teaching of English, history, French and math.

I was interested in a recent development in one of our larger states. I heard that the civil defense training now falls to the lot of the physical educator. Upon tracking down how such an imposition came about, I wasn't too surprised to learn that the physical education division of the state board of education had *volunteered* to assume the responsibility for civil defense teaching. We have volunteered so often that principals and supervisors are convinced that we have more free time than most other teachers and they consequently thrust all of the extras in our direction - a condition which we accept with little overt protest because we are sure that our job is based upon saying "Yes." Every single time that we haul another phase of the educational program aboard our merry-go-round, we are weakening our belief in the inherent worth of our field. Obviously a field which is responsible for everything, a field which *is* everything, is really little or nothing.

What then is our field and who are we? I would suggest that the field of physical education is primarily concerned with human self movement and anything that does not belong to that category does not belong to us, or we to them. You and I are the teachers of individuals through gross muscular patterns of activity and that is a large enough domain to occupy the professional life of the most ambitious among us. While I have the utmost concern regarding certain aspects of safety, driver education and even civil defense, and while I *may* be convinced that these things should be included in the school program, I do *not* think that these are the unique responsibility of physical education and I am not willing to give up my allotted time for their inclusion.

I will work with tenacity to see that safety education, first aid and health are given a place in the school curriculum, but I will *not* sell my own program of human self movement short. I will *not* assume the sole responsibility for safety education, or driver education, or first aid, or civil defense, or anything else that does not fall within my philosophical commitment. For you see, as we so willingly add to our responsibilities, we are not getting additional time and staff—instead the time and staff come from our already overloaded program and something has to "give." All too often the "give" comes in the form of reducing the physical education requirement so that the other requirements can be accommodated.

Now, there is no doubt that the discipline involving our tri-fields of physical education, health and recreation does have the possibility of producing a hybrid teaching personality - and that is confusing enough without adding safety, driver education and civil defense to complicate the scene. Now let me reemphasize that I am not saying that these things should not be taught, but I do have serious doubts as to whether or not they belong to the curricular phase of the school program and I certainly have very strong feelings that they should not be the unique responsibility of the health and physical education department and I also question their recreational nature.

In order to have professional integrity, you and I must decide who we are and we must move in the direction of that decision. It is true that we are developers of personality, but all good teachers are concerned with that; it is true that we are interested in the socially efficient individual, but who in education isn't? The one thing that we do that no one else does is to teach people how to move with efficiency and meaning and if we would but start to think of ourselves in this context, some of the confusion which fosters our problem of identification would evaporate. This is already a "policy" statement of the Conference on Interpretations of Physical Education but it should be an educational policy as well and most of all, it should be a generally understood and accepted policy.

If someone were to ask you the real meaning of our field, what would you answer? Too many of us, I am sure, would be tempted to fall into the pattern of quotation and mouth the words of Williams, Nash, McCloy or Oberteuffer and repeat the definitions that we had learned, but without the understanding of their originators. What is it that we are about?

Several years ago, Dr. Glen Olds, the president of Springfield College, asked a group of which I was a part, "What is the thing that physical education does that no other field does; what is its unique contribution, where is its frontier of knowledge; what is the cutting edge of physical education?" These are good, but disturbing questions. Good, because we need answers, disturbing because we don't have an answer. Dr. Olds noted that the chemist and the physicist would answer these questions with respect to their fields with alacrity. Why can't we?

Maybe it is because we are so diversified or maybe it is because we cannot agree on our primary purpose. Not too long ago I had occasion to talk with some of the leading men in our field. We were discussing the statements that have been made during the past years by Rickover, Conant and others and we were lamenting the fact that "no educator seems to understand us." But then we have difficulty in understanding ourselves. My colleagues were concerned about the image that we were projecting in the educational picture and they suggested that we utilize some aspect of our field that would really "sell" us to the educational world. There is only one way to sell ourselves. these men concluded, and that is "to hop aboard the fitness band wagon for education will buy fitness and we have fitness to sell." The national government will buy fitness and we have fitness to sell. The country itself will buy fitness and we have fitness to sell. My friends believed that we should "cash in on the big deal" and then we could get all the educational aspects of our field into the picture. In other words, let's make fitness and physical education mean the same thing——"on the merry, merry-go-round."

Now let me strongly emphasize that I do believe in fitness—biological and organic fitness most assuredly and total fitness including the psychological and sociological aspects. I will defend "to the death." And I will support with vigor the concept that physical education must contribute toward maintaining and improving total fitness. But frankly, I do not think that the fitness band wagon is another gimmick to drag aboard our carrousel and I am tired of the gracious catering that we have done for executively appointed government councils and other "influence groups." I don't like the unctuous behavior that accompanies being "acceptable" and surely, with the heritage of history that we have behind us, we do not have to "sell" ourselves on any one point and I see no reason to prostitute ourselves to "Operation Fitness."

There is another school of thought which thinks that physical education and interscholastic athletics are one and the same thing. The proponents of this school claim that the worth of physical education rises and falls with the total athletic picture and if we expect to get money to support our expensive programs, we had jolly well better acknowledge our debt to athletics and let our physical education departments be chaired by the head football czar or the big time athletic director. But I am dissatisfied with this approach and I see no reason to believe that the success and failure of our field will have a positive correlation with athletics. The department of home economics doesn't base its professional integrity on the worth of the food services of a university or the school lunch program of the public school; the department of English does not depend upon its livelihood from the library funds, the department of music is not supported by the success of the marching band and the department of physical education need not be attached to the athletic department—although in each case cited, there is a concern and interest.

Physical education is important in the educational picture because it helps to pass on the heritage and wisdom of the human race, because it assists in the process of self discovery and because it provides the opportunity to create new patterns of learning and the discovery of interrelationships. This is a lofty, offensive position and does not operate on the assumption that we must "sell" ourselves by leaping from bandwagon to bandwagon, by beating the fitness or the athletic drum, by kowtowing to science or being the hub of the group process. Not science, fitness, athletics, group interaction, or movement education need to be hauled on the the merry-go-round to justify the position of physical education in the totality of a sound educational pattern and I resent the concept of "the big sell" and many of our Madison Avenue techniques of salesmanship.

If you and I are to know the cutting edge of our field and its frontier of knowledge, you and I must delineate our function. And perhaps it would not be amiss to mention at this time that personally, it would be my ardent wish that our profession might embrace some aspects of idealism in its total philosophical commitment. We are so strongly pushed by pragmatism and so acutely touched by realism that idealism seems to be lacking and this lack suggests a limited capacity to dream of what might be as we are caught up in the overpowering concepts of what is and what can be done with what is. There is the adage that he who builds no castles in the air will build no castles anywhere. Certainly we cannot let this happen to our profession.

Having once established the philosophical foundation of our identity and our field, we are free to turn our scrutiny to more specific problems that must be acknowledged, studied and hopefully solved.

Foremost among these problems is the one of whether physical education should be a curricular requirement or not. With the return to the traditional concept of education, there seems to be reason to suspect that physical education, once again, will be regarded as a "frill of education" and can be as easily discarded as an old textbook which has already served its function and whose knowlege is dated.

There are many reasons why the hue and cry for readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic has gained such force within the last decade. There is the obvious reason due to the influence of Russian know-how on the prestige of American intellect. We, as a country, have always been a bit apologetic about our intellectual calibre and so when the Russian hobgoblins of education produced brains that were capable of envisioning a rocket thrust that could hit the moon, we felt that our own education was somewhat inadequate and we should probably return educationally to the "dear, dark days beyond recall" when there were no such things as Russian hobgoblins.

Now in recalling the educational days of a past era, you will remember that physical education did occupy a place in the curricular offerings, albeit that the physical education course may have been based upon classroom calisthenics. So when they eliminate physical education, the traditionalists are not really going back to the past as it actually was, rather they wish to return to the past as they think that it was.

But there is just cause for many of the academic world to suspect that physical education is unessential. To a large extent, we have run our merry-go-round in such a way as to create the impression that physical education is of relatively little importance in the total academic picture. We have been unsure of our worth, we have not known what our purpose was and we are continually latching on to new gimmicks as justification for our being. And most of all, because we have so willingly given up our time in the curriculum for other things that seem important, many thoughtful administrators have decided that physical education is really unimportant.

Let me give you an exact example of this by citing the case history of a state with which I am quite familiar. When I was first aware of the curricular requirement of this state, physical education was taught five days a week all four years of senior high school. It was a required course and while Carnegie Units were not recorded for physical education, it was impossible to graduate from any accredited high school without the physical education requirement imposed by that school—a requirement which usually insisted upon passing grades. Then, this state became convinced that health education was sorely needed in the schools of the state, so the state went on the much hearalded three-two plan and physical education was taught three days a week and health two. Then driver education reared its head as did a self-adjustment program and these two "needs" were answered by going on a two-two-one program which meant that health was being taught two days a week, physical education two days and driver education and self-adjustment taught one day a week during the appropriate years. Just recently I read that this state was considering the addition of civil defense preparartion in the high school program and I am sure that means that a one-two-one-one program might be considered with physical education being taught one day per week.

Now that sort of insidious undermining of time, all in the name of understanding and "need" certainly leaves the impression with anyone that physical education is probably a "frill" and not really necessary. We have "good fellowed" our way right out of the curriculum. In addition to the scope of our activities, I would ask you to think about the conditions under which we teach. I know that gymnasiums are expensive and our classes are gigantic, but what teacher of history would consent to have a math class taught in the back of the room as he was attempting to impart historical knowledge? Who in his right mind would agree to teach classes of 120 or more and think that a decent job was being done in terms of activity? How many language teachers would be content with the school cafeteria or the stage of the auditorium year after year? We are. We in physical education tend to be fatalistic about our problems and cling to the concept that a little of something, poorly done, is better than nothing at all. I wonder.

As we whiz around on our merry-go-round, let us make sure that our ride is so well organized and so attractive that the officials of the educational park are convinced that the park would be the poorer without the carrousel. In many parks, the merry-go-round is the very core of the park, the center of the meaning of the park and this could be true in education if we would be willing to do an exceptionally good job with our program.

Another problem which we must face with regard to physical education concerns the intellectual contribution which we must make to our students. I have heard many of my colleagues claim that physical education's main contribution to the intellectual facets of man's totality lies in the teaching of game rules and game strategy. If this is what we truly believe with regard to the concept of intellectualization, our circular ride may be truly purposeless. My 15-year-old nephew knows more about the rules of baseball than many of us. In addition, he knows all of the big league batting averages, the team records and various other trivia which are important in enhancing his mania for baseball. Now while this reaching for trivia is commendable for Steve since it stems from self motivation, I seriously question whether a high school student or college student who is taught the things that Steve has taught himself is really intellectually stimulated.

We can (and sometimes do) make a good contribution to intellectual development. Sometimes this is done through non-verbal abstractions and relationships and sometimes it is done by helping students ascertain interdisciplinary relationships. I know of no single place that this is done better than in the majority of modern dance classes about the country. In these classes people learn to move, to interpret ideas and meanings, and learn that relationships among movement, prose, poetry and music are exciting. I have seen golf classes taught in a like fashion and I sincerely believe that it would be possible to use the sports and games as a modality for the same type of teaching.

Part of the integrity of any discipline rests upon its contribution to new knowledges and new understandings and physical education is not an exception to this generalization. In order to insure this type of disciplinary integrity we must turn to research and our field is notably weak in this area (although year by year we tend to improve). Since physical education is a maverick field we can draw heavily from the allied fields for new knowledges which will enhance our discipline. Consequently, for many years physical education looked for its knowledges and concepts in the research work of medicine, physics, biology, psychology, sociology and biochemistry.

Then, sometime in the '30s we began to believe that we had the capability to do research on our own, research which dealt primarily with man as he moved. At first our research was bumbling and empirical, but gradually, as more and more of us learned to handle the specific rules and tools of research, our investigations became more accurate and our research gained finesse. Today, the majority of our research studies are well planned, meaningful works and there is every evidence that we are improving in our techniques of handling data and in our ability to examine problems. It is not the research that is being done that bothers me, nor is it the techniques that are being used in that research. I see much promise in that circuit of the merry-go-round.

What does worry me is the fact that so many of us ignore the research that is going on and continue to teach as we were taught, never questioning whether there might be a better way or not and never even considering the fact that there may be new knowledge available. I wonder how many of us are cognizant of the rather extensive work that has been done with regard to the need for warm-ups; I wonder how many of us are really knowledgeable about isotonic and isometric contractions and their differences and their use; I wonder how many of us understand the concept of body images and movement images; and I wonder what the concept of Dr. Selye's Stress Theory has done to your teaching. I wonder how many of us really read any research publication regularly and make a serious attempt to incorporate new ideas into our teaching? The only way that we can maintain ourselves as a discipline is to keep abreast of the currently changing knowledges of our field.

We would not think of hiring a lawyer who did not keep up with the recent changes in law. We would avoid any doctor who was not interested enough to keep up with the recent discoveries in the field of medicine, yet we are content to teach as we have been taught, and repeat year after year the same mistakes just because we are too lazy or busy to keep up with the current research. Education is the only profession which tolerates this sort of behavior. There may be some of us who do make a real effort to keep up with the changing knowledge and the very fact that we are professionally alert enough to attend conventions and meetings is an indication of an intellectual curiosity which is essential if we are going to have the courage to understand the meaning of the brass ring and reach for it. I am not pleading for all of us to become research scholars, nor am I suggesting that all of us have to grasp everything that is new, but I am begging that all of us keep up with the "tomorrow mind" and that can often be done best by keeping up with the research in our field and contributing toward its findings.

Another problem which is influencing our merry-go-round operation and which, in turn, is being caused by the centrifugal force which the merry-go-round creates is that of commercialism in our field. I find it a little frightening to watch our approach to the lure of the dollar. As a profession we must be very careful of whom we support and from whom we accept support. This is true of all aspects of our work and research support is no exception. Think of the many plans with which we have allied ourselves during the last decade. Hunting and fishing education, driver education, equipment and supply councils, cereal companies, milk foundations, sweatshirt and clothing companies, insurance companies, hotel chains and the list could go on and on, from the national level right on down to the local merchants' association. I do not mean to condemn wholesalely all of these ventures for some of them have real merit. On the other hand, it would behoove us to examine certain of these commercial interests and think a long time before we connect our field, even by implication, with their publicity efforts—educational though they claim to be.

Certainly an example of the highest integrity with regard to commercial interests is the concept of the Athletic Institute. This particular organization offers a unified banding of commercial interests which might well serve as an example of thoughtful planning. I am not as sure of some of the rest of our professional alliances. It is difficult to resist the availability of funds when a physical educator realizes what those funds can make possible; on the other hand, I think that we must be extremely careful about where we get our funds and what the ultimate purpose of those funds may be.

I find it offensive to have merchants' names on the back of our high school team uniforms and there are times when I am convinced that all of the flashy satin toga in the world are not worth having students act as a walking billboard in exchange for uniformity of costume. For the most part, we have proceeded with normal caution in the area of commercialization, but the opportunities are becoming more and more numerous and as educational funds are more scarce with respect to the current tidal wave of students, it is going to be more and more difficult to maintain an ethical integrity with regard to "easy money." We do not dare prostitute ourselves and our profession no matter what we may envision as to the use of the finances that come to us attached with a string of commercial interests. If the program is worthwhile educationally, we must find the educational funds to support such a venture and if these funds are totally unavailable, we might well question the worth of a concept which cannot be embraced by the financial faith of the educational institution desiring the program. While many of us would agree in principle with this concept, we are inclined to make exceptions for ourselves and our institutions because of "circumstances beyond our control"—and this is the strart of the insidious malignancy which commercialization can foster.

Yet another problem which we must face professionally is our responsibility for the "leadership lag." As each of us becomes more involved with the complexity of the age in which we live, there is less and less time to assume the real role that leadership demands. Have you ever been on a nominating committee for state, district or national sections in our professional associations? I have known times when as many as 10 potential candidates turned down the opportunity to serve our profession. Naturally, there are circumstances in the life of each which govern a person's decision to serve—but that is not what I mean. I am talking about those of us who refuse positions of leadership because of the work involved or the time demanded. We are just too busy to give of ourselves to help further the cause that we have accepted as our life's work. It is too much trouble.

Just as perplexing a problem as the person who will not assume leadership is the person who is more than willing to assume a leadership position just so long as he doesn't have to do too much work. He is content to let someone else take care of the labor and he is just along for the ride. In this field of physical education, you and I cannot afford to step aboard the moving platform and let someone else do the pushing. We must shove and pull and tug the platform with us and only thus can we offer the profession the leadership that is so richly deserved. We must be aware of those among us who are ruthless in their action of leadership and who take great delight in being "boss" because it allows a certain amount of "whip cracking" and enables them to make policy decisions which often serve their own end. In order to prevent this, you and I must take the responsibilities of service and know the toll that such service exacts. The future of our profession rests squarely upon the shoulders of each of us and if we are willing to shoulder that responsibility our progress will be apparent through both association organization and self growth.

It would be less than honest to discuss the problems of physical education without mentioning the chaos caused by some of the supercharged athletic programs of our high schools, colleges and communities. I refer specifically to certain aspects of itsy-bitsy teams and to the varsity programs which are the *only* possibility of team play in some schools. I am strongly in favor of a sound athletic program for any highly skilled boy or girl and I will personally dedicate my professional life to the concept that the highly skilled player should have the opportunity to compete on his own skill level under the supervision of wise and understanding leaders. But sound athletic programs for the highly skilled players do not mean some of the programs that we sanction today under the guise of Little League and varsity sports.

With regard to highly organized competition for the pre-teenager, there has been a great deal of controversy. And well there might be. It is true that there is relatively little evidence to support the belief that any appreciable physiological harm is fostered in demanding an all-out effort from the pre-pubescent children, providing the proper leadership is available. On the other hand, there is increasing evidence that some of the psychological stressors which are a part of highly organized competition are of an intensity which cannot be accommodated easily by the average young child.

Each of us has had some personal experience with the itsy-bitsy type of competition and you, no doubt, have formulated an empirical judgment according to what you have observed. However, even with superior leadership, to deliberately place small children in highly emotional situations and then surround those playing situations with a sociological climate that is essentially adult in nature, may be sheer folly on the part of well-meaning adult leaders. Tossing children into adult problem solving in a sink-or-swim method may be quite dangerous. Even parents who have wisely prepared their children gradually to accept the stress of adult responsibility seem to consider highly competitive athletics a thing apart—sometimes to the detriment of the children involved. Reacting to adult situations does not add to the manhood of a 10-year-old—and while it is true that children will have to face the fierce role of highly organized competition when they are adults, I am reasonably convinced that there are some problems worth saving until adulthood and nationwide championship competition is one of those things.

In the realm of varsity athletics at the high school and college level, we have a many-headed dragon by the tail and there seem to be many indications that if we are not adroit in subduing the beast we may be devoured by one head while we are protecting ourselves from another. I am sympathetic with the coach, who is the only teacher in the entire educational system who has to demonstrate to the world at large what he has taught during the last week. However, I am not sympathetic with the philosophic point of view which allows varsity athletics to govern the physical education program in particular and the total education system in general.

I have been fortunate enough to teach young men in college who were members of varsity teams and I have wondered often how on earth they ever found time to study with all of the things that were demanded of them because of their varsity affiliations. The fact that most of them are adjusted, intelligent students is amazing when you consider the impact that publicity could have and when you consider how many days during the school year they are not in class. If we in physical education do not insist upon certain controls in the varsity athletic program as it is now run, our merry-go-round may be accelerated to the point where it is spinning so rapidly that all of the riders of the bobbing horses will be thrown from the carrousel and the carrousel may be spun to bits under the stress of a speed which was greater than the critical limitations of the aparatus. On the other hand, any program in physical education which does not make provision for the highly skilled player to meet an opponent of equal skill, it lacking in the essential aspects upon which any philosophical continuum is based and I think that it might behoove some of us women to look at ourselves long and hard in this respect.

In spite of the numerous problems which being aboard a merry-go-round seems to foster, most of us would not trade our positions for any other in the world. There is a sense of euphoria and a circular motion has a virtue all of its own, for in a circle there is no beginning and no end and only spiraling concentric rings which give you depth as well as breadth.

And let us not forget the brass ring which offers a point of focus. As we spin and bob and whirl, let us keep our eyes glued to the purpose, a purpose which will insist upon the fact that we must keep reaching for the brass ring beyond "for a man's reach must exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" In the reaching lies the challenge that even the grasp will never reveal. And then someday, if fate and aspiration decree, we may finally catch the ring and for myself, I hope that the prize will be the wonderful opportunity to take yet another ride on the merry-go-round for, I like to catch brass rings on the merry-go-round, the merry-go-round, that's us!

Promises to Keep

Time, you old gypsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?
. . . .
Time, you old gypsy,
Why hasten away?
Ralph Hodgson

Where does time go? Already the woods in the upper south are silent and gray and just yesterday they were tinted with the majesty of autumn and smelled of the crispness of fall. But the winds have shifted and the cycle of change continues its ceaseless spin. The scarlet of the red maple, the amber of the elm, the gold of the aspen, the burgundy of the oak, the crimson of the gum and the verdant spikes of pine and fir will robe the woodland no longer and the hush of snow newly fallen and the rains of dismal chill will steal across the land—only to herald the onset of "green-up" time and the abundance and lushness of a summer that will arrive once again. How often I have wished that I might stay the seasons until both the world and I were worn out and complete—but change allows no such pause and the seasons, the climate, the events—all of life itself rush on in the perpetual cycle. Yet it is in the cycle that we find meaning and purpose and we wander in cyclic wonder throughout a lifetime of planning, directions and promises. Yes, as Robert Frost said, "The woods are lovely, dark and deep, I have promises to keep and miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go before I sleep."

Delivered at meeting of the Flordia Association of Physical Education for College Women, Orlando, 1966.

Like all of the rest of life, we in physical education are involved in cyclic change—change that not even a modern day Cassandra can accurately forecast. The best we can know is that change is one of the few absolute realities—and so it is to that change that we as a profession must look not only today, but for all of the tomorrows that are yet to come. There are times when it would be nice to hold the eager enthusiasm of youth, to still the dogged determination of adulthood, to retain the pulsating persistence of maturity, to grasp forever the devoted dedication of experience and to clasp for eternity the wondrous wisdom of the aged—but like the season, the years march on, the profession marches on and although "the woods are lovely, dark and deep, I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep."

What are the promises that we college women have to keep before we straighten up our desks for the last time, put the whistles on the shelf and tuck away the notes of a professional lifetime?

Our promises are directed to our society, our profession, our students and ourselves and this evening I would like to explore with you these areas and attempt to identify some of the pledges that are ours by virtue of our professional choice.

All of us are quite cognizant of the tremendous societal changes that are an everyday event in today's world. Just last week I had the opportunity to talk to a group of alumni from my university. I'm not exactly sure what the title of the talk was to be but the administration had indicated that it would like me to emphasize the concept that things were still just as wonderful at the university as they ever were—a sort of "don't worry, ladies and gentlemen, everything's going to be OK" speech. But when I sat down to attempt to gather my thoughts and find verities that would enable one generation to touch another through university life—I was "hard put." So much *has* changed—it's hard to hold on to reality. Like many of you, I note that the students whom I teach seem to look pretty much like the ones that I taught 20 years ago—it's the parents of those students who seem to change. They are getting younger! But it isn't the change in age that worries me, it is the change in attitude, the change in pace, the change in goals and most assuredly the change in philosophy. Some of these changes are exciting and wonderful and others are frightening and disturbing—and all of them come to bear on the promises that we have to keep.

Look at the mobility of today's world. Just this morning I was in North Carolina, next week I'll be in Chicago, in a fortnight I'll be seeing the pencil-like thrust of the Washington Monument as we circle over the Potomac. Mobility is a fact for all of us in many different ways. We see what is happening in Europe instantaneously via Telstar, we dash from campus to campus, from state to state, from country to country—and I guess, very soon, from planet to planet. Our mobility is our ticket to interaction and concern.

The students at my university have a mobility that was unknown 20 years ago. At the disposal of most are cars to whiz them to thousands of reasonable destinations and a few unreasonable ones—and the days of spending a quiet weekend on the campus have evaporated like exposed perfume. Frankly, there are times when this easy mobility annoys me (such as when someone else is taking advantage of it) but there are just as many times that it delights me (such as when I am taking advantage of it.) But it has made a different world. It can provide us with easy access to ideas and people and it can help us escape from responsibilities and stability.

In a sense, we have the opportunity to make our own determination regarding the impact of mobility and to give leadership in that determination. I bemoan the fact that walking has become passé, I long for the "ivory towered" weekend when a world came to rest for at least one day out of seven, I devoutly desire not to hear the roar of bulldozers and the rattle of air hammers and I would welcome one year when everyone had to "stay put." But, on the other hand, I'd hate to miss meeting with you in Orlando, I'd never get around to see our cadet teachers without my car, I'm delighted that they have added a new addition to our pool and if I had to "stay put" for a whole year, much that was meaningful to my life would go "by the board." Our promise to keep to a mobile society is a promise that will seek to bring balance and order via mobility that will utilize the concept in ways that will add to, rather than detract from our mission as teachers.

Another change in our society that has special importance to us is what I call permissiveness versus direction. The Steig-like cartoon of the little man glaring out of his box, with his beady eyes directed at the entire universe and declaring "nobody's going to tell me what to do" has become a reality. Where on earth did we ever acquire such a concept? All of us are told everyday something to do. There is scarcely a day that goes by that someone doesn't tell me that I have an obligation to some person or some task or some idea. The traffic laws tell me how to drive, the Internal Revenue Department tells me what to do with my money, societal mores set my standards of dress and action, religious convictions direct my ethics and morality—somebody's telling me what to do most of my life. And surprisingly, I do not find it irritating or debilitating. Now I don't mean to indicate that each of us does not desire to be master of his fate and captain of his soul, but most of us learn to do this within the confines of a structure that does not cramp one in its boundaries, but rather gives location, shape and feeling because it does have limits.

Several years ago I was doing personnel counseling on my campus and in conjunction with that work, I lived in a dormitory with the students. Most of you know the difficult time that the colleges are having with "extra—affectionate" behavior on the part of the students. Personally, I didn't object to the goodnight kiss—but I did object to stumbling over entwined couples in order to get in and out of the lobby of the building. So to put a stop to this, the student president of the house and I decided that we would tell the girls that they were not to allow themselves to engage in such compromising behavior and that there was to be no "necking" for public display. We further told the girls that if they found such an edict unbearable, they were free to move to another residence hall where the rules were not so strict. As I recall, one or two students did move, but the majority of them obeyed the law and what affectionate behavior they practiced was not in the full light of public scrutiny. After about a year of this relative decorum, the officials of the student union called us over to a meeting to talk with the union officials regarding a problem that they were having with "extra-affectionate" behavior. "How on earth did you get this under control?" the Union officials asked us. "We told them they couldn't," was our answer. The rule worked because there are times when all of us want to know what the standards are, what limits are put, what we can do.

Now, I am in favor of non-directive counseling and for freedom of choice and for autonomy—but I am also for discipline and direction and I believe that we in physical education have a promise to keep in this societal pattern. Have you ever tried to play a game without any rules? You can "bang about" for a bit, but ultimately you are making up rules that you have to meet—because there isn't a game unless there are rules and unless there is an umpire—even if that umpire has to be the self. I don't believe that we should be afraid to retort to the declaration of "nobody's going to tell me what to do" with "Oh, yes they are!" We have a promise to keep in terms of our heritage and our responsibility for posterity.

Yet another of the societal pressures that looks as if it is just gathering steam is what Diana Barrymore called "too much, too soon." I am all for announcing to the world that there is something to life *after* the age of 20. Dolls and teddy bears disappear at the age of 2 to be replaced by the more realistic aspects of life. The little boy across the road from me, who is 5, announced last Christmas that if he didn't get a two-wheeler, he'd just die. He got it. Junior high school girls in North Carolina are in hose and girdles—not because they need them but because it is grown-up. And what is so disconcerting is that they are not just playing at being grown-up—they are little grown-ups at play. The 16-year-old next door has his own car, the 10-year-old has a date for a party. Surely, there are some things worth waiting for and perhaps we in physical education have a promise to keep in terms of knowing people well enough to determine when will be enough at the right time.

Our promises in terms of our profession, our students and ourselves are not so general as societal promises and their specificity may be alarming.

It is important that we establish the fact quickly that we are professional people talking to ourselves this evening and there is no need for us to be diplomatic, naive, educationally positive or even tactful. We can save those approaches for other people in other situations. If some of the things which I present worry you, I think that they should, for problems are only solved and promises are only kept when people are concerned. Our doubts of today are housed in our uncertainties about ourselves, our worth, our meaning and our contribution. Cooley used to teach about "the looking glass self"—seeing yourself as you look to you. Let us do this with candor this evening.

Certainly many of us are concerned about what physical education in the college women's program is all about. Physical education for college women today is vastly different from the program of a quarter century ago. Last spring I had the occasion to review some college yearbooks of the past 30 years. I noted that although the girls dressed differently, the pictures of the drama club, the newspaper staff, the math club and Der Deutsche Bund were all essentially what they are today. The drama club still had its props and makeup, the newspapter staff was still utilizing typewriters (probably the same ones) and the math club had the same problems in solid geometry. But in physical education, not only had the costumes changed, but so had the activities and the locale. There were few pictures of team sports in the 1966 annual—even the multi-headed dragon basketball had disappeared. In place of team sports were pictures of golf, badminton, tennis and bowling and the girls were not always pictured on our carefully supervised fields and gymnasiums. Instead, pictures were taken in student activity centers, at the local country club and on the public links and courts. Physical education has had to change with the times, perhaps more than any other discipline, and while such change has the ability to bring verve and interest to the program, it also has the capacity to destroy certain meaningful aspects of the program. We have a promise to keep in terms of change within our program—meaningful change which gives added strength and is not just expediency.

In addition, we are justly concerned about the academic worth of our offerings. I have heard of many schools which have "lost their credit." As a matter of fact, with the push of student enrollment, it is difficult to insist upon the retention of a requirement when there is no way to find the facilities, equipment and staff. We have proclaimed to ourselves and anyone else we could force to listen to us, that physical education has educational integrity, and integrity that cannot be ignored. We have said that we are interested in the whole person as she moves and we have made strong claims that movement is an important aspect of any totality.

Then having made that sort of declaration, we continued to teach in the ways that we have been taught and we continue to offer mickey mouse work. For example, in terms of academic worth, can we really justify semester courses in table tennis, bait casting, archery and recreational sports? Can we claim with intellectual integrity that such courses should be accorded college credit? Now lest you think that I have an antipathy for some of the things that I have mentioned, let me assure you that personally I enjoy each of those activities and I have taught each of them. But even as I was teaching them, I had some doubt as to their academic worth. This is not to infer that the nature of modern dance, lacrosse, swimming and body mechanics makes that particular activity inherently worthwhile—but at least those activities make a pretense to utilize the total movement modality which is the function of physical education.

I can recall in several archery classes which I taught, requiring the girls to run to the targets, thinking that at least they would have minimal activity that way. I know that a top flight game of table tennis is strenuous and an all-out effort in bait casting can move the entire being, but how often is this level reached in the majority of our classes? I can recall Dr. Jesse Feiring Williams once admonishing me regarding the lack of perspiration in women. Dr. Williams used to say that you could walk into a woman's gymnasium, take one sniff, and never be conscious of any sustained activity. Dr. Williams emphasized that he believed in sweat for women — not because of its odoriferous quality, but because of its physiological worth! I agree. Don't we have a promise to keep for our profession to insure that movement takes place in our classes and can we keep such a promise when we include in our program those activities which do not encourage or even allow gross movement to take place?

In order to keep the promise of academic worth, it is necessary for us to offer courses that have true intellectual challenges as well as physical movement. I like to think that many of our modern dance courses are the best combination of these specific aspects of total education. Dance makes a tremendous physiological demand upon the individual and also insists upon the intellectualization of the activity so that relationships are ascertained. I believe that other courses could do this if we tried to involve the composite being. I have seen golf taught in that manner and I know that courses in movement fundamentals, basic activities and body mechanics can offer the same sort of total challenge. If we expect physical education to have academic prestige and worth, then we are going to have to make sure that the courses that we are teaching are worthy of inclusion. There is nothing wrong with tiddlywinks as a game (it even has a club of its own at Cambridge and Oxford), but does it have the inherent value that we should demand in terms of academic credit? Do we not have a promise to keep that insists upon integrity?

Yet another professional promise that we have to keep is in terms of sound and meaningful teaching. Sometimes in our homage to academic freedom and autonomy we have become much too lax in our supervision of departmental teaching. Some of the worst teaching of physical education that I have ever seen has been at the college level—as well as some of the best. Now, I am not suggesting that department chairmen hang, like the sword of Damocles, over the heads of their staffs, but I am suggesting that it is the department chairman's responsibility to know what is going on in the classes in her department, how what is going on is being taught, and whether college teaching is being done. It is most certainly the obligation of all instructional staff members to "measure up to snuff." I really don't believe that class visitations are to be considered snooping—not if they are made in the spirit of judicious help rather that a policing effort. Personally, like many of you, I am not in favor of regimented teaching, but I *am* in favor of a high standard of teaching excellence and I think that this excellence can be enhanced through guidance and suggestion. There isn't a person who should avoid having her efforts evaluated by her peers and her superiors. The lawyer has his efforts reviewed by a judge and a jury, the doctor has his effort reviewed in terms of his patient's recovery as well as in the eyes of the nurses and his fellow doctors, and the teacher should expect to have her efforts reviewed not only by the eventual outcomes of her students, but by her colleagues and her department chairman. If you are the sort of person who would dread such an evaluation, you might well ask yourself, "Why?" Your answer to that question could shed some light on your teaching worth and your promise to improve that worth.

Part of the integrity of any discipline rests upon its contributions to new knowledges and new understandings and physical education is no exception to this generalization. In order to insure that type of disciplinary promise we must turn to research and the college women are not strong in this area. About three years ago, Peter Karpovich asked me to name for him 10 of the best and most prolific contributors to research among the women in our field who were under 45. I had to really scramble for names and I wager that you would be pushed as hard as I was. Try it. Interestingly enough, among the men I had a much easier time. I prefer to think that this is not a sex-oriented circumstance, but I do believe that we college teachers have a promise to keep along the line of research—a promise that is long overdue.

We, as college teachers, have a special responsibility for the tomorrow mind. Teaching and research orientation are not two different concepts—they are two sides of the same coin and it's about time that we at the college level came alive to this concept. And while I am talking about this, let me plead with you administrators to make room in your faculty scheduling for research time for your staff. You can't do a good job by squeezing in research studies between classes or over the weekend. It has to be scheduled and there is more justification for such an endeavor than there is for many of the facets of an athletic association responsibility—and we seldom neglect the athletic association.

Another promise that we have to keep concerns the intellectual calibre of our field. You and I represent a group of people who are consistently on the bottom of every nationwide examination that is given to teachers and students. I believe that the time has come when we can no longer rationalize about the general ignorance of physical education personnel. You and I have usually blamed the men coaches for the fact that physical education students score so low on the Graduate Record Examination and the teacher education tests. There is some justification in this claim but that justification doesn't do much more than administer balm on our own guilt and help us rationalize about physical educators' ineptnesses. Let us be realistic and acknowledge that physical education is not just a women's program and we must share the responsiblility for its successes and failures with our male colleagues. We will rise and fall together—not alone. But even with the men coaches as a scapegoat for our intellectual paucity, that's not the whole story. Some of the blame is on our own doorstep. Too often our major students are pushed along in their course work because we "know" that they will be good teachers even if they can't understand physics, languages, physiology, philosophy and history. Can that really be true? I certainly would not question the fact that there are many people who can instruct in a given situation as long as the instruction role is a rote presentation of what they have been taught.Often these girls have scintillating personalities and seem to possess an empathy toward others which is a delight to behold— but I wonder if that is enough to be a good teacher.

It seems to me that not only should a good teacher know more about the subject matter and the ways to present that subject matter than anyone in her class, but she should also have the intelligence to ascertain relationships between other disciplines and her own. The artisan who teaches badminton as she was taught to teach badminton, albeit she has a delightful personality and a certain amount of human understanding, is no more a teacher than the academic "brain" who knows all there is to know about badminton and can't relate herself to the people whom she is teaching. A teacher has to be more than a personality or a brain—preferably she should be both and I would implore all of us to insist that our major students possess the intellectual calibre to represent our field. I would have to say in all fairness that I do believe that a number of our departments make a real effort to see that the promise of intellectual aptitude is kept, but all of us are going to have to crusade more strongly on this particular point. I would like to think that sometime before the end of my own professional career I could stop feeling guilty about the intellectual calibre of our field. We do have notable examples of real scholars in physical education—as a matter of fact, the membership of NAPECW represents one of our greatest concentrations of such people—but there have to be more. The promise is a hard one to keep, but we have pledged difficult things before.

We also have promises to keep with regard to ourselves. Most of us through choice or circumstance have made the decision not to marry and such a decision carries with it certain potential problems. This whole idea has incendiary force and I know of no way to make a group of women angrier or more defensive than to suggest that they will not marry. It is almost as if I suggest that we are not women. But the truth is there. Perhaps the subject is so combustible because each of us harbors deep within herself the "knight on the white charger" concept—thinking that someday we will glance across that crowded room and know that on that particular enchanted evening the white knight has arrived. Perhaps, being women, we protect zealously our prerogative to change our minds and thus avoid the recognition that a decision concerning marriage has ever been made. But whatever the reason, many of us do not like to be reminded that we really have made a choice. However, this evening, I am going to risk your displeasure and talk a little about this choice because it seems to me that it presents some ground for meaningful interpretations of our roles as physical educators and it provides a basis for the difficulty of keeping promises. You ladies who are married and are attempting to be wives, mothers and physical educators at the same time have specific problems all your own—difficult and taxing problems which are not easy to solve but for this evening let us especially study those of us who are the "unclaimed jewels."

In deciding to cast our lot with physical education, we also decided to live in what is essentially a women's world professionally. It doesn't have to be that way, and it isn't that way in all cases, but I think that most of you will agree that you work more closely with women than with men and that most of your professional problems have feminine overtones.

Physical education is just about the only sex defined subject there is in the curriculum and this makes for problems. Let me make clear immediately that I do not feel that a sex defined society is a tragedy—on the contrary, it is the natural and logical definition of people most of the time and it looks as if such a definition not only has historical prestige, but it also has a corner on the future. I have never been concerned about the fact that many of our civic clubs exclude women, that church groups are often defined as to sex or that schools can be successfully segregated as to sex and still be normal. Sex segregation is an important and powerful aspect of our society and while it has certain liabilities, it also has certain assets. In casting our lot professionally we must be sure that we face the liabilities as well as the assets.

Margaret Mordy, of Ohio State University, in a presentation made to the NAPECW a few years ago in Cincinnati suggested that women physical educators had to realistically realize and recognize the problem of homosexuality as a possibility in our field. We certainly cannot be naive about this particular problem nor is it necessary to assume that the field is inundated with perverted sexual personalities; however, the convenience and economic necessity of shared living with other women, the intimate contact that we have in terms of personal counseling, the psychological force of symbol representation (often interpreted as hero-worship) makes ours a ripe situation for the introduction of homosexual patterns. It is our responsibility to see that such a psycho-social situation does not find fertile breeding ground within our ranks and this means taking realistic precautions to avoid the conception of such behavior.

Also, our choice of professional singleness rather than marriage often fans our professional zeal to such a point that we become examples of a way of life that we are attempting to point out as not sound.

I think of the sophomore physical education major who came into my office last spring and told me that she was going to change her major. She assured me that she liked the work, got along well with her classmates and enjoyed the staff and really thought that physical education was a wonderful field. "Why then," I asked, "are you changing to chemistry?" "Well," she answered, "I looked around at the staff members that I admired most of all and decided that I just didn't want to be that dedicated!"

Each of you think how many weekends you spend doing professional things. Consider how many evenings and nights are spent in extracurricular activities and try to remember how frustrated you feel week after week because there just isn't any time for anything other than physical education. I would like to suggest that we make a promise to ourselves to keep a concept of balance within our lives. It is about time that we got ourselves off of the horn of this particular dilemma of super-professionalism. Too many of us place ourselves squarely on the horns of our own volition—throwing ourselves dramatically over the bull's head and then spending a great deal of time complaining about what we have done and inferring that the bull really gored us by chasing us around the arena. I know that we can't live balanced lives every day but I do believe that we can keep a realistic balance for ourselves on a monthly and yearly basis—and if we do not, the wages of overzealous responsibility are professional death.

Think back over the last year or two and see what you have done with your life. Has there been time for bridge, gardening, reading, travel, chatting, or any of the dozen other things which make up the non-professional you? And if there hasn't been the time—why not? I know in my own case that the time could be there if I just made it. Of course my university makes demands, but most of the time fairly reasonable demands—demands that intelligent time budgeting will handle with ease. No, when there isn't time for personal living as opposed to professional responsibility, it is because I have voluntarily taken on additional tasks in my professional life—taken them for reasons best known to myself, explained in terms of service, satisfaction, prestige and even financial remuneration. Let me emphasize that I have no quarrel to pick with this particular choice as long as it does not create for you an insurmountable barrier between the real you and the professional being that you have become. I would seriously question if any person could play a complete professional role for years on end and find no respite. Living is too complicated for such a choice. Yet, this is precisely what many of us do—dedicate our single lives to a profession never realizing that in such intense dedication we are decimating our potential contribution. I almost feel like a professional heretic but I am going to suggest that you and I make a promise to attempt to cultivate the concept of self at times, why not be selfish for a change!

The result of too much professional zeal can be seen in the "burned out" experiences of some of our professional colleagues. Youth carries you through your 20s, interest carries you through your 30s, dedication carries you through your 40s and that leaves habit to carry you through your 50s and the promise of retirement to help you make it through one half of the sixties. This is the real tragedy of too great dedication, of too much professional fervor.

And while I am thinking about this, I would like to enter a plea to all of us—a plea that would entreat us not to be scornful of the colleague who is going to spend an evening at the theatre while we conduct a basketball clinic, who is going to read a new novel while we rush to officiate the volleyball game, who is going to plant pansies this weekend while we plan a program for the National Association for Physical Education of College Women. We have an individual promise to keep in terms of a balanced life for ourselves and others.

Yet another cogent problem facing our profession is the lack of administrative leadership among the women. Administration presents such a puzzle that there is no wonder that the problems are many. At the college and university level, administrators continue to be the highest paid and the highest ranked positions in the women's physical education field. That, along with a certian prestige element should provide the basis for quite a scramble for administrative positions. But such is not the case and I am sure that you have heard, as I have, of the number of jobs that have gone begging for an administrator because of the lack of interest on the part of the women.

Of course, the reason is relatively easy to diagnose. The best teacher, the finest research specialist, the most prolific writer, and the most stimulating speakers are the people sought for administration and then once the job is accepted, the very attribute that secured the job for the individual must be shunted aside in favor of presentations to faculty councils, hiring new staff, ordering equipment, facility maintenance and janitor-maid problems. There just isn't any sensible reason why a person who loves teaching, is stimulated by research, writes well and speaks fluently would wish to give up those stimulating things to become an administrator. Yet it is the administrator who weaves the philosophical matrix of any department. We are going to have to rear a generation of women who are interested in and attracted to administration and do not wish to teach, write, speak or do research. The day of the part-time administrator is fast evaporating and we are in desperate need of women who are challenged by the philosophical implications of administration and who will accept the responsibility to administer good programs.

And so as the years and ideas and problems roll on, and the physical education cycle follows the circuitous track, wouldn't it be nice to arrest time for a bit—to hold on to the worth of what we have and not have it subjected to the onslaught of alteration? How good it would be to bask in a year of grandeur of a professional fall—how satisfying it would be to stop by the woods on a snowy evening and take the professional walk that you desire. How grand it would be to have perfected beings, teaching in a perfected program handling perfected students with perfect facilities and perfect equipment. Or would it be so desirable after all? Isn't it the problems which add zest to your own professional challenge and isn't it the promises that must be kept which give you the courage and the vigor for the next day? Yes, "the woods are lovely, dark and deep"—but we have promises to keep and miles to go before we sleep, and miles to go before we sleep. And I'm glad!

New Bottles for Old Wine

Long before there were Frenchmen, there were grapes; and long before there were physical educators, there was human movement. Long before there was the art of wine making, there were vineyards; and long before there was physical education, there was organized activity. Grapes and vineyards and winemaking have existed for eons and so have man, movement and meaning.

The process of transforming the noble grape into the rich Bacchian elixir takes time, patience and knowledge; it takes pressure, the right environment and, above all, it takes the will. And so it has been with physical education. Transforming the concepts of man, movement and meaning into the disciplinary content of an area of study known as physical education takes knowledge, the right environment, patience and, above all, the desire to explore the intellectual perimeters of the discipline and the will to translate theory into practice.

The history of French wines reads like an adventuresome romance. The church's salvation of viticulture from the ravages of barbarian hordes; the fortuitous union of Eleanor of Aquitaine with Henri Plantagenet (who later became Henry II of England) thus opening the markets of Britain to the Bordeaux merchants of France, who could finally sell their products of the vine to the English as Englishmen, thus cornering the wine market; and the up and down years of good vintage and bad have all contributed to the fascination which is the watchword of wine.

By far the most devastating event which struck at the inner core of French wine production was the calamitous invasion of the *phylloxera vastatrix* from America. This dreadful insect, a vine louse, does not chew leaves and eat the

---

Delivered at the national convention of AAHPER, Seattle, Washington, 1970.

fruit as do ordinary vineyard pests. Instead, he hits the vine underground and pins himself to the roots of the vine, sucking at its life sap. Within less than 20 years the great vineyards of Bordeaux, Burgundy and Champagne were almost wiped out. It would have been possible to stop the ravages of the *phylloxera vastarix* by flooding the fields, but vineyards are on hillsides and not amenable to such easy protection. Salvation finally came from the original home of the louse, which was in the eastern states of North America where the native American species of grapevine had become nearly immune to *phylloxera* through eons of cohabitation. Thus, by grafting all of the species of French grapevines upon the American *phylloxera*-resisting rootstock, the French vines were saved. Surely such salvation is deserving of Franco-American understanding and speaks well for the cultural reparations.

The history of physical education also reads like a romantic novel. The church's desecration of the human body; the unfortunate trichotomy of mind, body and soul; the medical adjuncts of exercise; the political and military innuendos of fitness; the fortuitous union of the Lings, Jahns, Becks, Follens, and Roberts with the Sargents, Hannas, Hetheringtons, Gulicks, Woods, and Homans; and the up and down years of direction and irrational ambivalence have all contributed to the concern which is the prophetic portent of physical education.

By far the most devastating trend which has struck at the inner core of physical education has been the pointless proliferation of interests and concerns of the professional personnel. This multiheaded dragon has suggested that we are interested in not only health and recreation, but also safety, civil defense, driver education and school nurses. This splintering of basic concern does not completely destroy the integrity of physical education, it merely ravages the core of the discipline, It might be called *"dissipatera energyra."* It is always possible to destroy completely such a pest by cutting off the symbiont twigs from the main stem. But physical education has been built on an educational ridge and amputation is difficult. Besides we have believed that amputation leaves scars that "withering away" will not foster. So, to destroy *"dissipatera energyra,"* we have had to turn to our next best hope, and that is to so develop and identify our core of concern that the main physical education stem is strong even as it is rooted in disciplinary truth. Surely such soul-searching is deserving of triumvirate understanding and speaks well for disciplinary identification.

For the connoisseurs of wine, it is the bottle which affords the clue to the contents. Wine bottles are of different types, materials, colors and densities. Champagne bottles are the heaviest for they contain the sparkling essence which could explode cork and flask if it were not rigidly contained. The sparkling burgundies, the cold ducks, emulate their champagne kin. The still burgundies are bottled in champagne-like bottles but the flask is lighter in weight since it does not have to accommodate so rambunctious a prisoner. The sauternes of Alsace and Moselle are contained within long thin bottles which have no shoulders and are tinted in shades of grey and green.

Because it was not always possible to tell a wine by the shape and weight of its bottle, winemakers took to identifying their brews. After the bottles were filled and corked, they were dipped in hot wax which covered the cork and part of the neck of the bottle. Different colors in the wax suggested different types of wine. But that did not help with the identification of the year, which is all-important to wine. So, wineries began stamping the date on the hot wax. Later, they added the name of the vineyard so as to differentiate the poor vineyards from the good.

Important people who took special pains with their wine cellars were not content with such impersonal identification, so they sent their own personal bottles (usually hand blown and with their crest embossed in the glass) to be filled at the vineyards. Thus did the Napoleonic vintages become collector's items. Merchants, not to be outdone by royalty, started to identify the chateau where the wine was produced by embossing a "button" on the shoulder of the bottles with the name of the chateau and year that the wine was bottled. However, since such bottles could never be reused and were thus very expensive, the merchants (ever mindful of financial interests) began to tag the bottles with paper labels, and so they have been labelled ever since.

The bottling of physical education is analogous to the bottling of wine. There have been bottles of fitness, of health, and of preventive medicine, as well as bottles of athletics, of play and of aesthetic appreciation. The labels which were stamped into the wax have noted that herein is contained physical training, gymnastics, hygiene, athletics and physical culture. The years intermesh with each other and it is difficult to know what vintage is of what year.

As the obtuse generality of such identification did not seem to convey the same thing to all people, it became imperative to add a paper label which would provide a detailed explanation of the physical education contents. So, the bottles were embossed with words such as team sports, individual sports, dance, aquatics and self-testing activities, and as the years slipped by the bottles proliferated and started to divide their team sports labels into basketball, football, volleyball, field hockey, soccer, and the like. Individual sports, aquatics, dance and self-testing activities (not to be outdone) did likewise. As a result, the "bin book" of physical education is as complicated to read as that of the wine master of Caesar's Palace (both in Rome and in Las Vegas).

Each of us looks at the wine of our area of concern—the wine of physical education. As we look at the primary interests of physical education throughout eons of history, we cannot help but see that man, movement and meaning emerge as the core of interest. How man moves and what meaning that movement has for him are concepts basic to the considerations of physical education. To some extent, we are reasonably satisfied with the physical education brew we have concocted; we like its quality, its essence, its bouquet, its flavor, its texture. However, we have hesitated to analyze what gives it all those desirable qualities, almost fearing that analysis causes paralysis and dissection supports imperfection. Thus, we have practiced for years without truly understanding that which we practice. We have spent decades improving our skills of teacher-learning and techniques of production. We have been fascinated with the process which our efforts have demanded and have measured the product in terms of adaptation and change. But we have not really known what we were doing or why. We have had the practice without the theory, the how-to without the what-for.

Even assuming that we would be content to continue making our physical education elixir without asking if we should, or why we should, or when we should, there is always the question of how to bottle the physical education we are producing. It is clear that the bottles used in the past are not completely relevant to today's world in the same way that they were of yore. It is lucidly apparent that the bottles that were used formerly need to be recast to represent the reality of today. In its simplest form, we know that, to find relevance, it is necessary to revise our thinking and then to create for physical education a reality of worth. We need new bottles for the aged, perfected wine.

But before we commence to think of the bottling process, we need to understand something of the wine we *are* bottling. Such understanding probably requires a professional lifetime of study, but for now, let us hit upon certain significant truths of our professional endeavor. Let us study how to concoct theory.

Probably the best and easiest way to discover truth is to search for it deductively. You hold in your hands an apple and say "this is an apple." Then you attempt to figure out why it is an apple. You may relate it to larger concepts such as the idea that it is the fruit of a plant. You may look at it with regard to its function, which is for eating, cooking and just looking. You may see it with regard to its future as a producer of more apples. You may look at it in terms of its reality—its form, its weight, its color. You may observe it in terms of what it represents as an idea. It is the fruit of biblical sin, it is the apparatus for poison which "did in" Snow White. But all along, you have the apple and you perceive it as truth. It is real, it exists, it can be analyzed.

You can do the same thing with a more abstract connotation. It is a little more difficult, to be sure, but it is acceptable. You might take a concept such as "patriotism is regard for one's country" and then proceed to analyze what it means. You deduce meaning from the assumed principle.

However, it is not always possible to use the process of deduction. There are times when you must construct the truth by inducing it from a set of facts. Thus, if you found, while digging the foundation for your new gymnasium, a set of bones all located closely together, you would have to induce what the bones meant and to what the bones belong. In attempting to create this truth, you would have to accept the idea that bones are the structural form of animals and that they are not created in haphazard fashion or as a whim of nature. Accepting that assumption you might try to put the bones together in patterns which had meaning. Then, if after you had found sites of articulation and rebuilt your animal, you might discover that you had the remnants of a dinosaur. That being the case, you might induce further that your gymnasium was being built on the hunting grounds of an ancient home for dinosaurs and that other animal cultures could have existed in proximity. Or, you might decide that one of the ice flows carried your dinosaur bones into the gymnasium foundation and that this find was an unexplained freak of geographical land shifts. But, no matter what you decided, you would have arrived at the "truth" of that situation via the process of deduction.

It is possible to induce ideas from abstraction as well as from dinosaur bones. Thus, if I noticed during the last decade that young men burned their draft cards; if I saw that the American flag was replaced by the Nazi swastika and the Confederate stars and bars; if I observed that the American flag was torn to shreds in the streets of the country; if I noted that a president was assassinated by one of his countrymen, I might begin to concot the truth of the meaning of patriotism. I could conclude that each of those acts was an affront to patriotism, or I might believe that each of those acts represented a super-patriotism which reflected an attempt to turn the course of a country's policy because the country was held in such high regard.

For better or worse, the theoretical structure of physical education must use both methods of arriving at the truth of our integrity. We have in our hands multifaceted approach to all that we do. We have the interests of this area represented organizationally through the framework of AAHPER; we have state laws defining our area, we have teacher education curricula suggesting what it is that physical educaion is all about; we have self-identification of people as physical educators who range from fitness salon operators to weight control technicians, and from professional athletic coaches, Olympic stars and three-letter athletes to physiology of exercise specialists, motor learning experts and sociology of sport authorities. We have to take all of this together, label it physical education, and then ask what is physical education all about. Hopefully, we can induce from the truth of what is, what we are.

On the other hand, we can make an assumption of what it is that we are and then derive from that assumption all of the facets about which we should be concerned. Thus, we might assume that our focus of truth is man, movement and meaning, and derive from that focus all of the aspects of our endeavor which find some relationship to such a truth.

Some areas of theory have had to be induced, some deduced. However, for physical education it might be possible to assume an hourglass approach where the top bulb permits and encourages induction of all the grains of sand into a common unit opening, and, having come to that point, it is then possible to deduce all of the aspects of physical education from such a common point. The sand of the idea streams through, spreads and dissipates. Now the intrigue of such an idea is that the hourglass can always be turned up on end the other way and the whole process can repeat itself with perhaps different grains of sand leading the way the second time—but the same unitary opening being re-found. Naturally the sand is contained in a frame of reference that has dimensions and limitations and there is also the assumption that the laws of gravity will be eternally operating. But with those two understandings, we might reasonably expect our hourglass to find the moment of truth for its being at that point where each grain of sand must plunge through the orifice of veracity.

Recognizing the tenuous structure of any analogy, let us nevertheless attempt to apply some of our hourglass thinking to physical education. For our purposes, we have made the assumption that our frame of reference is man and while we are interested in other animals it is only because through them we might understand man better. Thus, all of our happening must be seen in relation to the creature called Homo sapiens. We are also assuming that man is an orderly organism and that his actions and reactions fall into some scope of predictability.

Within those assumptions, we attempt to look at man through the particular eyes of a physical educator. It then seems apparent that we are interested in the self-initiated movement patterns of man, the movement which he makes as a result of his own interior environment and his interactions with that environment. We ask how man moves, what are the forms that his movement takes? We note that movement may assume the process of work—that is, we work at movement—or movement can assume the process of play. Admittedly, these two forms of movement are very difficult to delineate and separate. There are times when one works at play and plays at work. Perhaps the processes are not different as the intent of the process. However, in spite of our neophyte approach to an understanding of the process of movement we shall assume that for the most part physical education is concerned with the play of man rather than man's work.

Finally, we look at what man's movement through play produces. In its broadest and most encompassing sense, we might agree that the product of movement through play is fitness—fitness of the total organism in the most macrocosmic view you can assume.

If these are valid inductions to make from the area we see as physical education, we *might* tentatively suggest that in its simplest and most reduced form, physical education is concerned about the self-initiated movement patterns of man through the process of play to achieve well-being.

We have been interested in all aspects of this generalization. For eons we were most concerned with the *results* of a physical education program. We directed ourselves toward the medical understandings produced by man's movement through play. We measured body parts, we assigned morphological ratings, we used exercise as preventive medicine, we sought health through physical education. We measured hearts, lungs, muscles, reaction time, personal distance, attitudes, and personality to determine what sort of fitness could be achieved. We used calibers scales, electromyographic apparatus, EKGs, heartometers, sociometrics, stopwatches, pen and pencil tests, yardsticks, and water displacement. We looked through the emperical eyes of experience, through the subjective eyes of desirable values and through the objective eyes of computer statistics. And we have made some headway in understanding what happens to man as he moves through play.

Although most of our work has dealt with the product of total fitness, we have been interested also in the process of movement. We have looked at the environments surrounding the process, the structure of the process, the methodology used to structure the process, the means by which the process has been perceived by man, the behavior which is intrinsic to the process, and the process as a developmental experience. We have used teacher direction, group processing, guided discovery self-actualization, kinesthetic perception, organized sport, intramural games, team and individual approaches, and sociometry. And just as with fitness, we have used empricism, logic, speculation and scientific methodology to ascertain our bearing.

We have done the least amount of work in understanding self-initiated movement. Perhaps this is understandable because, as Warren Fraleigh admonishes us, movement theory and physical education theory are not the same and movement theory tends to be move encompassing in terms of age range and situational identification. Physical education has been concerned traditionally with young people of school age. Yet, interestingly enough, we have never felt that sort of restriction in our understandings about either play or fitness, so there seems no logical reason why we should feel that movement theory is more limited in range than play theory or fitness theory. Our understanding of movement has been on a more conjectural plane than our ideas regarding fitness or play. Eleanor Metheny and Lois Eldfeldt offered ideas regarding movement and meaning in 1958. At that time, we were not ready to accept their innovative and descriptive vocabulary regarding movement and waited for further explanations of the meanings of kinestruct, kinecept, and kinesymbol. Fortunately, for the physical educators, Drs. Metheny and Eldfeldt continued to attempt to translate their theory—even utilizing a different syntax—and thus our understandings of movement were greatly enlarged.

Other ideas regarding movement have been expressed by Cassidy, Brown, Abernathy, Fraleigh, Van Dalen, Slusher and Mosston, to mention only a few, and their ideas have enriched the total limited understanding we have of the theoretical framework of theory.

One of our conceptual stumbling blocks has been an attempt to find ways we can integrate and relate fitness theory, play theory and movement theory into something that might be termed physical education theory. Our erudite leaders of the past tried to do this as they made stabs at defining physical education. Let me review a few of the best known definitions.

Jesse Feiring Williams suggested that "physical education is the sum of man's physical activities selected as to kind and conducted as to outcomes." This lucid and encompassing definition suggests that the modality, the process and the outcome are all important and thus Williams' definition might easliy fit into our current cogitations.

Jay B. Nash suggested that "physical education is that phase of the whole field of education that deals with big muscle activities and their related responses." Dr. Nash limited the conceptual base of physical education to an educational purview and made no mention of the means by which the activities were to be transmitted. Although he used the term "big muscle" in context with the current knowledge of his era, we know today that there is indeed no such thing as big muscle activity. It is questionable whether we were ever able to identify which muscles were "big" and it is certianly a surety that in activity all relevant muscles are used regardless of their size.

Clark Hetherington defined physical education as

> that phase of education which is concerned first, with the organization and leadership of children, in big-muscle activities, to gain the development and adjustment inherent in the activities according to social standards, and, second, with the control of health or growth conditions naturally associated with the leadership of activities so that the educational process may go on without growth handicaps.

Hetherington limited his ideas of physical education to children and big muscles and stressed development and adaptation. He added the social connotation, suggesting that outcomes are in terms of the society as well as the individual. He made no suggestion as to process and latched onto the medical concept of fitness and growth rather than total human fitness and well-being.

Charles C. Cowell said that "physical education is the social process of change in the behavior of the human organism, originating primarily from the stimulus of social-big-muscle-play and related activities." Cowell here stressed the social aspects of fitness and also said that the process shall be play oriented. He, too, was attracted to the then current idea (no longer acceptable) of big muscles.

Rosalind Cassidy has stated that "physical education is the sum of changes in the individual caused by experiences centering in motor activity." Dr. Cassidy does not suggest a process whereby these activities may be structured nor does she attempt to define what changes are not individual (if indeed there are any.)

Delbert Oberteuffer believes that "physical education is the sum of those experiences which come to the individual throught movement." He, too, does not suggest how the movement shall be structed and thus if it shall be delineated and defined.

Each of the foregoing attempts to define the complexity of physical education has made a gallant try at relating different concepts and bringing them together in a meaningful design. It should be noted that each of the definitions makes no attempt to offer a value judgment with regard to physical education although there is the slight implication that the social standards to which physical education adheres are of positive rather than negative values. Theory must be value free.

Herbert Fiegl, a psychological theorist, defines theory

> as a set of assumptions from which can be derived by purely logico-mathematical procedures a larger set of empirical laws. The

> theory thereby furnishes an explanation of those empirical laws and unifies the originally relatively heterogeneous areas of subject matter characterized by those empirical laws.

At the present, physical education has enunciated no theory except through the mouths of its acknowledged prophets. That is not to say that there are not groups interested in formulating such theory. Indeed, there are several groups currently working on the structure of physical education theory.

The big ten universities through their Committee on Institutional Cooperation have set up a project to identify the body of knowledge that is physical education. They have dissected physical education into seven content areas, which are as follows: sociology of sport, biomechanics, motor learning and physical performance, physiology of exercise, history and philosophy of sport and physical activity, research design, administrative theory and research. By conducting thoughtful and provocative symposiums in each of these areas, the committee hopes to identify the major concerns of physical education as well as "contribute to its enlargement." We can assume that this committee will use the inductive method to arrive at their conclusions. However, the identification of the seven areas may have had a deductive genesis.

Eminent individuals have taken for themselves the task of defining the discipline of physical education, movement theory, the science of physical education, the art and science of human movement, or physical education theoretical framework, and as each of these ideas has been explored by individual theoreticians it has been necesssary for them to develop a basic theory as a modus operandi.

The single most intense action of AAHPER to identify the theoretical structure of physical education has been through what is known as the Theoretical Framework Project of the Physical Education Division of AAHPER. It is a project which has been in process for a decade (athough not always under the sponsorship of AAHPER). The latest activities of the project have included a four-day conference of selected theoreticians where an effort was made to learn the process of knowledge identification as well as to pinpoint areas of concern to physical education. No attempt has been made to insist that physical education is a discipline or a profession, however it should be noted that theory tends to relate more to the structure of a discipline, while the process of professing has professional implications. Undoubtedly, both titles of identification will be utilized ultimately in attempting to enunciate the theoretical framework.

As a result of this conference held in Zion, Illinois, 10 major questions were formulated relative to the scope of the human movement phenomena. These questions asked: what is movement, what are its purposes, how does it occur, what effects does it have, what determines man's potential for movement, how does he learn to move, how does movement development take place, how does environment modify movement, and what is the historical heritage of human movement. Amplification of these central questions resulted in several sub-questions. Fraleigh has suggested a modification of the areas of concern and requested that we might think in terms of four areas: (1) the nature of human movement, (2) the determinants of human movement, (3) the results of human movement, and (4) the study of human movement.

At the present time, this theoretical framework identification project has just completed a series of smaller conferences where the focus of concern has been on the phenomenon of human movement as a developmental process, play as a process of human interaction, and organic integrity as the fundamental basis of human function. I am sure you recognize the movement, play and fitness motif. These conference have explored the "goodness of fit" in the use of the human movement phenomena matrix. There has not been time to analyze the results as yet, but when that is done, it is hoped that the project will be ready to make some tentative identifications of theoretical perspectives.

So, we can see from this rather cursory overview that the wine of physical education has been subjected to understanding and is in the process of further scrutiny. For the most part, the analysis has resulted in reasonable satisfaction about the type of beverage we have brewed for centuries. The body is sound, the flavor and essence are rich, the texture is palatable. We are convinced that there is wisdom in aging wine.

Such a quality brew deserves to be bottled properly, and it is to the bottling process that we must turn our attention now. The old wine bottles will not suffice for today's world. They crack with the heat of dissent, they chip with the tempo of the times, they have eroded under the pressure of too much dirt. How can we revise our bottling process so that it is real and relevant?

If someone had asked me 25 years ago when I started teaching, what I was teaching, I believe that after first mouthing the words of Williams, Nash and McCloy, I would have suggested that I was teaching people activities in the hope that certain behaviors would result. I am sure I thought these behaviors were concomitant to the activity itself and, in my innocence, I was positive that as long as I produced sweat, positive values had to result. When I had my students sweat, I knew they had had a workout and there had to be a cardiorespiratory response which almost automatically would herald behavioral changes. I truly believed that movement was most eloquently structured in the forms best known to physical educators, that play was a gimmick use to motivate movement (and that it wasn't wise to talk about play too much because it suggested that physical educators did not work), that fitness was always the result of activity, and that overt fitness had a positive value for the individual and society.

I spent hours teaching skill techniques, rules of the game, strategy, and organized movement patterns, and all of this was usually prefaced by a hard run and terminated by a "once around the field" jog. I never questioned whether badminton had any ideas that were different from tennis. It was all too obvious that they were two differnt activities and demanded different skill patterns in spite of their similarities. I never though I had an obligation to teach human interaction—that was a natural outcome of the game. I did feel some obligation to the ethical principles and moral code of the society, but the opportunity to teach these things usually presented itself in what Nash identified as a "teachable" moment. I lived in the divine, blissful belief that teachable moments would be resplendent in any situation of which I was a part. I was conscientious, alert, knowledgeable. I cared, was sensitive and tried to relate to my students. When I found out that there were people who did not have a positive regard for physical education, I attributed it to the fickleness of human nature and fiqured that there were always people who hated activity because they were not good athletes.

I am sure that there were hundreds like me—all doing a good job of bottling the wine in ways that we had been taught and sure that our process would bring the results we wanted. I could not understand how physical education could be termed "mickey mouse." I knew we taught the same thing over and over—you had basketball for six years of public school and then continued with it in college. But I reasoned that basketball did all the good I wanted it to do so there was no reason to pour my wine in a different bottle except for the diversity of interest in having another bottle from which to drink. I had been told that it was mandatory that my students have fun in class and that the only way to insure a "carry-over value" was to create an atmosphere in which fun was paramount. So I tried hard to make learning fun.

Then today's students came along and decided that there was nothing wrong with the wine of physical education, but they didn't see why it was necessary for it to be offered only in an educational setting. They reasoned logically that they could "have fun" at the country club, in city streets or on municipal recreation areas. They understood that they could exact a cardiorespiratory demand by jogging around the block as well as around the field. They knew how to play basketball. The did not recognize the worth of my sacred teachable moment—they assumed it was just their physical education teacher being a moralist once again.

Today, if we want to reach the people whom we teach, we are going to have to rebottle the wine. It is possible to realistically teach the meaning of force through badminton skills. It is fascinating to experiment with reactions to force and plan for these understandings in terms of behavioral responses which are not concomitant but are focal. The understanding of the functional integrity of the human organism can be a part of many activity classes if emphasis is put on the why as well as the when and how. Human interaction can be fostered in activities, not as a by-product of a game, but as purposefully planned learning.

If people ask me today what I am teaching in physical education, I say I am teaching human behavior and conceptual understandings through the modality of human movement. I tend to use play as my process and I expect fitness as a result. That is the way to bottle the wine of physical education in today's world.

Undoubtedly, there are other bottling techniques which will preserve the meaning of relevance and reality. It is still possible to label a bottle football, but it is wise to know what sort of wine fills that bottle and if the wine is different from the wine which fills the modern dance bottle. The time may be coming when our physical education bottles will bear the names of generic, ordinative and creative movement as well as the activity modality used and the vintage of the desired behavioral product.

Wine has had an intimate relationship with mankind. It has been the drink of the gods even as it has abetted the degradation of the loser and the drifter. It has caused a stomach ache when consumed before it is ready, and it has lifted one's spirits and changed attitudes when it has been imbibed at full flavor. Wine takes time to mature, it needs the right bottle and it aches for the correct occasion to be used.

Physical education's wine is old. It is in the throes of identification. It has stood the test of time. It is gaining in relevance as it revises its bottles to accommodate the reality of the present.

To Follow Knowledge

A quarter century ago, when I was sure that I knew most of the answers to a myriad of professional questions, I thought that I was a rather wise young woman. I was too young to understand that there are no answers and I was too crass to recognize my lack of wisdom. But then, one day, I discovered William Percy's *Epilogue* and it made me pull in my reins and begin to doubt some of my intellectual assertions. Perhaps some of you recall:

This wind upon my mouth, these stars I see
The breathing of the night above the trees,
Not these nor anything my senses touch
Are real to me or worth the boon of breath.
But all the never-heard, the never-seen
The just-beyond my hands can never reach,
These have a substance that is stout and sure,
These brace the unsubstantial sliding world,
And lend the evanescent actual,
An air of life, a tint of worth and meaning.

So much of what we do in physical education seems to fall into the never-heard, the never-seen, the just-beyond; and perhaps that is one of the reasons we have so much difficulty in articulating what it is that we are about. But something there is in all of us that seeks a pattern of organization. There is the haunting quest to sense the the never-heard, the never-seen, the just-beyond and to organize it so that it can reflect beauty and give lucidity to our search for disciplinary meaning.

Delivered at meeting of Maryland AAHPER, Annapolis, 1965.

For a long time we turned to empirical reasoning to ferret out that organization. Everyone knew that exercise made people healthy, that games created sportsmanship, and that physical education produced good posture. We were convinced because we wanted to see the things we wanted to see. Then we began to doubt. We started to see things we really did not want to see. Athletes were not all good sports, lots of sick people had had regular exercise programs, posture wasn't always ameliorated by mass exercise. So we turned to science to seek answers. And consequently, science became a myth in our time. But, so far, in spite of its myth-like qualities, it *is* our best informer and we must learn to heed its admonitions without worshipping its revelations. So I would like to attempt to bring some order to the influence of the behavioral sciences on the thinking of physical education. I have purposely omitted most of the research relative to the biological sciences, first because I didn't see how I could organize both the biological and social aspects of our discipline in a brief time, and second because I believe our knowledge regarding our biological background is much better organized than our understandings about behavior.

Physical education tends to be a maverick discipline and in its attempt to understand the meaning of movement, as well as how such meaning comes about, the discipline turns to many fields of study, among which are the behavioral sciences. I do not hold as a model my particular organizational plan, for when one deals with the abstractions of never-never land, organization can be questionable. But perhaps we can bring lucidity to a complicated batch of knowledge and introduce beauty through organization.

In trying to find a meaningful pattern, I have scanned a good deal of the research in the behavioral sciences and then attempted to relate it to our field. Most of the research statements I make will be valid; however, most of my interpretation of the research evidence with regard to its relationship to our field has no validity at all—it is just the "truth according to Ulrich"—and that sort of organization has all sorts of ramifications and many, many limitations. So if you will keep that limiting dichotomy of presentation straight to begin with, let us proceed to look at the nebulous behavior of man and see if there is any organization in the just-beyond.

It would seem that there are four basic patterns of research in the behavioral area. The first deals with the presentation of the subject matter, the second deals with the conditions surrounding the presentation, the third area is concerned with the individual's acceptance of learning as evidenced through behavioral change, and the fourth area seems to deal with group behavior in relation to the group. Each of these areas contains elements of the never-heard, never-seen, just-beyond, yet each of the areas also has certain validated sureties which are the product of scientific inquiry.

Underlying all of the organization of behavioral knowledge are the ability, interest and understanding of the manipulator of learning. I know that teachers have objected to being called "manipulators," especially with the concept of group dynamics providing such an undesirable connotation of that word; but, in truth, we are manipulators of the personality and behavior of the group. It seems essential that such a person be fundamentally satisfied with his lot in life. I have noted that the research emphasizes that any person is usually satisfied with his job if six attributes are connected with that work. Job satisfaction depends upon the fact that there are perceivable monetary returns and fringe benefits associated with the job, that the work is not routine or fragmented, that experience and preparation are needed for the job, that there is authority, prestige or importance associated with the job, that the worker can be flexible and energetic, and that there is congeniality among the co-workers.

Looking at teaching from this point of view, it is easy to see why most of us—deep down—could be essentially satisified people, people who like to live in never-never land. To be sure, the monetary rewards are not gargantuan, but then we do have three-month vacations and rather sizable holidays, and the fringe benefits may be many or few, depending upon the school circumstances; however, most of us have a provided space for parking and you certainly can't underestimate that value in the world today. Seriously though, our jobs do provide us with satisfactions that many other people would sell their souls to have, and it might be wise for us to reevaluate our blessings periodically, as well as fuss about out liabilities.

As basically satisfied and , hopefully, adjusted people, it is important that we look at people through the unjaundiced eye that characterizes the behavioral scientist. We must recognize that man is different from all other forms of animal life in that he attempts to adapt his environment to himself instead of adapting to his environment. Man needs to simplify reality to cope with it. He is an individual who is subject to internal and external forces so that each event never has a single cause or effect—a being who has the ability to adapt to a great variety of experiences if given the time and social support. As Berelson and Steiner have said, man

> adjusts his social perception to fit not only the objective reality but also what suits his wishes and his needs; he tends to remember what fits his needs and expectations or what he thinks that others will want to hear; he not only works for what he wants but wants what he has to work for; his need for psychological protection is so great that he has become an expert in the "defense mechanisms"; in the mass media he tends to hear and see not simply what is there, but what he prefers to be told, and he will misinterpret rather than face up to an opposing set of facts or point of view; he avoids the conflict of issues and deals whenever he can by changing the people around him rather than his mind, and when he cannot, private fantasies can lighten the load and carry him through; he thinks that his own organization ranks higher than it actually does and that his own group agrees with him more fully than it does; and if it does not, he finds a way to escape to a less uncongenial world. In the strain toward consistency, it is often reality that pays the price.

In short, man is a self-centered being who can only face the reality of life within the systematic adaptations of which he is capable; we mold our worlds to suit ourselves — if not in actuality, then in our interpretation.

What, then, are some of the things to which a teacher should be alert in dealing with this self-centered being in the learning process? We know that learning is truly a conditioning process and we must condition our students in basically the same way as the Pavlovian dogs. Many of us dislike the imprinting process—it is boring, frustrating and smacks of salivation, but the fact remains that it is a very effective way of learning and one that we dare not ignore. Problem solving has many merits, insight has certain advantages, but the adage "practice makes perfect" is just as true today as it ever was. Interestingly enough, we are quite willing to apply the concept of conditioning to skill learning but we seem to be horrified to use the same methodology when it comes to behavior. I have seen students practice foul shots for hours, never moving from one place except to retrieve the ball. Yet I find the same students asstonished with the concepts that they should write the same paper more than once, that they must practice speaking in order to speak, and that they have to encounter essentially the same behavior situation time and time again in order to have a conditioned response. Very often you foul a player because you have learned to foul or you have never learned not to foul. If you want to make a nice guy out of a bad kid,you have to help him be a nice guy—not once, but day after day. If you want imagination and innovation, you must provide opportunities and practices for those behaviors. Almost too simple, isn't it—but so very hard in terms of deciding what to teach rather than how to teach.

We also know that periods of practice which are separated by periods of rest achieve much more efficient learning than do longer periods of practice with few or no interruptions. We have done a good job of analyzing the interest span of elementary and primary school children, but we have done a poor job with respect to the adolescent, the young adult and the mature individual. I have seen (and heard) college professors lecture for three straight hours to a theory class and then wondered why the class seemed restless or inattentive. It is wise for us to remember that not everyone is as absorbed in our subject matter as we are. In addition, I have seen coaches drill students for two hours, never taking into account fatigue much less interest span, and just assuming that such prolonged drill would "toughen" the squad. Why assume that you must lecture a class for the first 15 minutes so you can practice the next 35 minutes—why not attempt to judiciously intermingle those methods?

We also know that transfer, if there is any, is a specific thing. It is possible to transfer certain fundamental concepts from one situation to another. Obviously you have to know how to walk if you intend to climb mountains and you must be able to swing an instrument if you hope to play golf or tennis or badminton, but you do *not* learn how to dive by jumping on a trampoline or learn to spike in volleyball by doing the Sargent Jump Test, nor do you learn to throw a football pass by doing isometric contractions against a wall peg or learn to swim by having land drill. This is not to outlaw any of those techniques, but let us realize what we are doing when we employ any one of those tactics. To learn to swim, you must swim; to play badminton, you must play badminton; to swing a golf club, you must swing a golf club—and so it goes. Learning is specific and even minimal transfer is also specific. When you attempt to transfer behavior patterns, you are really dealing with gossamer. No one learns sportsmanship because of football, and honesty is not an automatic adjunct of tennis. These behavioral values must be taught.

We also know that the beginning and the end of a series of items are memorized (and consequently learned) much more quickly than items in the middle. So try to space your presentation of material in such a way that the most important aspects come either first or last and that the amplification of those concepts comes in the middle.

It is known that complex skills are negatively accelerated. Thus, when you are learning a complex motor pattern, the learning is more rapid at first, but the rate of improvement decreases and finally levels off. It is the old learning plateau, but I wonder if we have improved our teaching methodology enough to know what to do with the "intermediates." The beginners and the advanced are fairly easy to teach—it's that intermediate group. We really need to devote an entire area of study in understanding learning plateaus and how to do an effective job on that plateau. We have spent years attempting to ascertain how to get off the plateau, now why don't we learn what to do while we are on a certain level? Is this the time for conditioning as opposed to problem solving? Is this the time of creativity as opposed to rote learning? What do you do with your classes in the middle of the unit?

Another fascinating bit of research has been done with regard to choice making—decisions in a learning situation. Little mechanical pseudo-animals were wired with dry cell batteries in such a way that they were attentive to a light stimulus. Every time that the light went on, the animal would dash over to the stimulus. If the light was quite bright, the animal ran very fast; if it was a dim light, the movement was more studied and slower. Another set of animal robots were wired in such a way that they responded to a bell stimulus. If the bell rang loudly, the animals dashed to the bell; a soft sounding bell brought the animals at a slower pace—but come they did. Now the complication arose when the ingenious scientists decided that they would wire each animal for both the bell and the light. Of course the situation was simple when just the bell or the light served as a stimulus. The animal responded in his pre-established pattern. But problems arose when both stimuli acted together. If the light burned brightly and the bell sounded quietly, the animal took a circuitous path to the more intense stimulus, usually a roundabout way to getting to the attraction. The same thing happened when the bell sounded loudly and the light burned dimly—only the bell won out for the animal's attention rather than the light. But the real problem arose when the bell sounded at the same intensity as the light burned—then the poor little robot dashed from one situation to another not knowing which decision to make and zigzagging back and forth in a strangly human ambient behavior pattern. As a matter of fact, towards the end, just before exhaustion, the animal started to turn around in circles as if it were completely disoriented. I hardly think I need to point out the human parallel. Of course, our stimuli are not as easy to judge in terms of candlepower or auditory pitch, and that just adds to the confusion of decision making. People have thousands of stimuli, all bearing weight on every decision they make and this confounds the issue. It really is a wonder that we can decide anything!

Now take the boy or girl in the middle of a game situation and see what decision making is involved. There are five seconds left to play in a basketball game, the player is being guarded but thinks he can get a hook shot away; another play is free under the basket. What to do? Time is going. I'm pretty good at hook shots and I have the ball, I can win the game for the team, the school will like that, my parents will be proud of me, the coach says to pass off if it's a sure thing, the fellow under the basket has been off on his shooting today, maybe I'll miss, maybe he can get the rebound, my Dad won a game during the last seconds once, if I shoot will I foul the guard, what would the coach want me to do—and on and on. Oh, it takes a long time to say, but it takes just a split second for all these stimuli to ascertain themselves and in the end the player shoots or passes off, and who do we think we are to pass judgment on the correctness or incorrrectness of a decision made under such circumstances? Or a girl is attempting to decide whether to lie about taking a shower or not. There is the wrongness of the lie and the immorality attached to lies—that's one set of stimuli. But there is the rightness of not messing up the new hairdo or not having to take a gang shower, or not having to hurry for the next class, and what's a minute amount of perspiration and a small white lie in that sort of choice making? Maybe we should look at the strength of the stimuli we use with a little greater care and either intensify that strength or diminish it to get the desired behavior pattern.

We also know that highly creative people show a preference for and an interest in complexity and novelty; they have an intrinsic interest in situations that require resolution rather than those that are cut-and-dried. What is more, there is always interest in solving puzzles, especially puzzles requiring manipulation. How often we in physical eduation do not take advantage of this knowledge. Have you ever thought how inherently boring it is to learn basketball in the eighth grade, basketball in the ninth grade, basketball in the tenth grade, basketball in the eleventh grade, and basketball in the twelfth grade? There is the possibility of too much basketball! I have seen classes taught the same thing year after year. Part of this is due to poor scheduling and part is due to poor teaching. We need some imagination in our presentations. One of the things I like best about some of the movement education courses is that they are essentially based upon a problem-solving approach and thus help develop the creativity latent in each youngster. It is about time that physical education did this more often. We often lose the highly creative people in physical education classes because they are bored to death. Think what it must be if you have the soul of an artist and the imagination of a poet to have to play "Three Deep" or learn to do a cartwheel, or understand how to hold a tennis racket. Let's attempt to make movement and the understanding of movement the stimulating and challenging thing it is. Let's present puzzles to figure out in terms of movement. It is possible that even teachers might learn new techniques and tactics if we applied the creative approach to situations. Just because Jack Nicklaus swings a golf club one way is no guarantee that's the right way. More people than Lou Alcindor know how to play basketball, and it is possible that you know a great many more things and have better ideas than anyone who ever taught you--and your students, in turn, should certainly exceed your thinking ability—that is if you give them a chance.

One other thing about this area of subject presentation is that we know that the child who feels secure and loved will be readier for learning than the child who feels rejected. This fascinating information, which has been gleaned from the monkey experiments with surrogate mothers, gives us insight into at least one technique. I am sure many of you are familiar with the recent but classical studies where baby monkeys are taken away from their real mothers and given substitute mothers in the form of a terrycloth figure or a wire figure. The babies relate themselves quite quickly to their surrogate mother and it has been ascertained that physical contact is necessary for normal physical and personality development. Surely a teacher has more love to offer than a wire figure, if the teacher lets himself offer that love. A slap on the back, a casual arm about the shoulder, a sincere handshake, a pat on the head, a chuck under the chin—all are acceptable patterns of behavior for varying age groups under different situations. You have to know your students well to know what is right at the correct time, but remember that love does not mean letting a kid do as he pleases nor does it necessairly mean admiration. Most of us can afford to let our personalities expand to include within our realm of concern a number of children to whom we can offer the security of love. I shall never forget the admonition of a dean in charge of the residence hall where I was doing personnel counseling. Dean Katherine Taylor told a group of us who were just starting another school year, "I want you to remember that every girl living in your residence hall is loved by someone, and while she is here, you are that person." That's not a bad idea for a teacher to remember, and physical education teachers have a ready-made situation for affording a real but casual sort of love.

Now, let us look at some of the never-seen, never-heard, just-beyond elements of behavior as we seek organization with regard to the conditions surrounding the presentation. We know that the specific age at which basic skills occur is varied, but their sequence is predictable. Why not then start to classify students as to skill level instead of chronological age or grade level? Athough scheduling is a problem that is not entirely of our own making, often we do not take advantage of a situation that we could do something about it we would only try. Any time you have more than 25 students in your class there is no excuse for not attempting to make a skill classification. The classification need not be the same for all activities; it is quite conceivable that the situation could change from unit to unit, but such an arrangement would simplify teaching in the long run although the formulation of different lesson plans for various skill groups might be taxing at first.

We also know that the faster child is likely to be faster in many areas of development, and although there are not many criteria upon which to base a valid evaluation of learning speed, I would be content to go along with the empirical judgment of a good teacher and design the curriculum so that the fast child could go as fast as he is able. We are just beginning to find out that schools have tended to hold back some of the brighter and faster students rather than pushing them harder so they may accomplish more. We in physical education are often guilty of holding our students back—let's keep them panting, physically and intellectually. The principle of overload is a sound one for many aspects of life.

One of the tenets of knowledge we tend to overlook is that the age at which gross abilities first occur is determined by the maturation process rather than by experience. Aren't we guilty of ignoring this concept when we push some of the midget play and the itsy-bitsy baton twirlers? It is perfectly possible to teach any junior high school boy how to play football. But the question is whether his maturation is at the stage to tolerate such learning. Maturation deals with the totality of the individual, not just the muscular development. There is emotional maturation as well as physical maturity, and in our endeavor to give too much too soon, we may be doing more harm than good.

It has been demonstrated that encouraging the child to perform ahead of the age of physical readiness may retard the onset of ability. There is no need to orient children to an adult world before they are adults. Why not save some things for the proper time? Being able to ride a two-wheel bike at the age of five and being allowed to ride one to kindergarten are two different things. And "suiting up" and playing football in elementary and junior high school interscholastic situations is a vastly different experience from putting on your Christmas football uniform and going out in the backyard with the gang so you can pretend that you are Johnny Unitas or Bart Starr.

Some extremely interesting work has been done with regard to sleep deprivation and understanding. It has been demonstrated that lack of sleep can cause significantly different behavior. We used to think that sleep deprivation had to be continuous in order to be debilitating, but we now suspect that habitual lack of sleep with only short snatches of sleep is just as harmful as continual lack of sleep. If you will think back over your past experiences in a normal sleep deprivation cycle, I think you will see what is meant. After a night without sleep you become a little foggy about your orientation to reality. You misplace a set of keys and ask a friend if he saw where you put it. The friend informs you that you didn't have any keys when you came in and since you can't find the keys, you assume that the friend's statement is accurate. This reasoning may be valid or completely false. At any rate, you are subject to suggestion and do not have the initiative or energy to abstractly examine the logic if the situation. Incidentally, this method was used during the Korean War to convin air corp pilots that they had dropped germ warfare bombs; the men, when captured, confessed to something that seemed logical but was not true. They had been kept away, with only intermittent naps, for over 100 hours. Often you respond to a situation in a given way because of sleep deprivation and what with the late show, and the late, late show, it is quite possible that many of your students and associates are also subject to an inability to reason because of lack of sleep. You can exist on much less than eight hours of sleep each night, but you can only operate meaningfully if the sleep cycle has been catered to and you have slept the amount of time necessary to your functioning.

Another concept that research tells us about the environment of the learner's situation is that the greater the ambiguity of the stimulus, the more room is needed for interpretation. This seems to have special implications for us in physical education with regard to such nebulous concepts as sportsmanship, fair play, wholesome personality and cooperative attitudes. I have always been in a fog as to what some of those terms really mean. I can interpret them with regard to my own personal situation at a specific time and place, but the interpretation never seems to hold up for all things at all times. I wonder then, if it is so difficult to *evaluate* ambiguity how we dare *grade* on such things as cooperation, achievement, sportsmanship, perseverance, wholesome health habits, and good attitude. I visited a practice teaching situation recently in North Carolina where a little girl appeared at the teacher's office and announced that her gym suit was unpressed because of a difficult home situation. The teacher told the youngster that excuses were not accepted and that meant 10 points off the grade. After the child left, I inquired as to where those 10 points were to come from—the total grade, the skill grade, the daily grade, the knowledge grade—where? The teacher became annoyed with my question, ignored it and went on to explain that her predecessor had been much too lenient about excuses and the students understood this 10 point penalty. That was good, because I certainly didn't.

Another interesting fact is that a general increase in muscle tone characteristically accompanies and even tends to facilitate thinking: the more concentrated the thought, the greater the muscular tension. Tension is recorded in specific muscles that are often unrelated to the content of the thought. This idea poses an interesting concept regarding the faces people make when they are in the throes of intense competition or are attempting to learn a new skill. I have heard teachers, especially of dance, tell a performer to "put a pleasing smile on your face" — and in so changing the facial contour or the "body English" in other sectons of the being, we may tend to discourage the thought pattern that we are hoping will go along with the movement.

Another fascinating bit of research that is being done in connection with the learning atmosphere deals with the internal environment of the learner. I am sure most of you over 35 recall learning about Cooley's "looking glass self," the concept that the self has to the person who views is. If you have never looked in the mirror and questioned, "who am I?", it's worth a try. Recently, research has indicated that behavior patterns are formulated not only in respect to self-image, which is mainly a personality variable, but also to movement and body image. Students were asked to choose a figure most like their own and then choose an ideal figure. These patterns were taken from an array of heads, torsos, hips, legs, and arms. You could put together any pattern you wished. As might be expected, those persons whose body self-image most closely approximated their ideal image were generally the best balanced with respect to personality, and also among the better learners. It has been found that classes in physical education can change self-image, movement image and body image, but not always in a positive manner. Girls, after taking some courses in body mechanics and boys after taking certain conditioning courses, tend to be less pleased with self than they were before, while classes in combat sports, individual sports and aquatics seem to improve the concept of self. It appears that at times we hold up such a perfected ideal that no one believes he can reach that goal. Perhaps we should be more realistic in terms of somatotype.

Another look at the unfathomable behavior of man brings us to the area of change as a result of experience and learning. Research in this area is so prolific that organization could be structured in many different ways and we would never see all of the patterns, so let me pick a few of the more interesting facets of behavioral change.

One of the interesting studies in behavior suggests that punishment is often a boomerang. Of course, many of us have known this from our childhood experiences, but sometimes we tend to forget that once we were a 10-year-old kid ourselves. This is certainly not to suggest that we eliminate punishment, for there is a time and place where it is necessary, but it does suggest that punishment is often the teacher's way of resolving his own frustrations rather than correctint the students. I remember as a child that the thing that hurt most was being "talked to" and while the spankings, denials and chastisements have long since been forgotten, I can still remember some of those chats which really did bring about behavioral change.

We also know that rejected children are often dependent children. Love breeds security and the desire for independence and if you expect to free yourself from your students' dependency upon you, do not reject them but make them more secure in your esteem. It is difficult to accept and love children who are forever clinging and it is much easier to reject them, but the behavioral change that is desired is not brought about by rejection.

Under frustrating conditions behavior may revert to earlier, less adaptive modes and may show general deterioration, even in areas unrelated to the frustrating event. Herein we find some rhyme and reason to defiant attitudes of the typical teenager and certain delinquent attitudes. Of course it is only fair to note that some of this frustration might be self-induced through the inability to accept the reality of the world but regardless of the cause, the behavior gets worse instead of better. This type of subtle behavioral change often happens to a team in the process of being beaten; when every action is frustrated by the opponent, the players tend to become desperate and engage in actions they would never attempt otherwise. Of course, such behavior is exaggerated if the action is afforded approval by the coach either through his silence or through his encouragement. It's easy to turn a group of nice people into something awful without half trying — just provide frustration and you will find reasons to fling pop bottles at the umpire, jump on the opponents, heckle the players, and beat on your neighbor's head and shoulders if he is in your way.

Finally, let us scan the never-never organization of behavior which deals with individual-group relationships. We know that stimulation of other people and personal contact are necessary for normal human development, and physical education presents an easy, meaningful way to have the interaction take place. It is difficult to go through school without encountering others, but in most classroom situations you can isolate yourself and your thoughts at a desk and get along very well with minimal interaction. Physical education activities preclude any such behavior taking place. All games need opponents of some type and most games encourage effort with other people.

Every known human society has status or dominant hierarchies exhibited, and the school is no different, nor is our own particular area. What is strange is that education goes up and down an elevator in attempting to pretend that status does *not* exist in a school situation, and if it does exist, then it must be eradicated — or, on the other hand, honoring the best with rewards in the name of grades and felt letters and pointing out the worst by making them scapegoats for the best's desire to serve and help the poor ones or the stupid ones, or the less talented ones. So, we really do cater to status in education, and for my part, I think it is a good thing. One thing I have always liked and respected about games is that they have a winner and a loser and they proclaim to a listening world what the status of each side is. I think that is honest and has meaning in life.

Some fascinating research has been done with regard to group pressure. We know that individuals will not hold out for long against the weight of a unanimous group. Experiments have been carried out by isolating individuals in a booth and asking them to count a series of bell sounds. Each individual is connected electrically with all other members of the group and can hear all responses. If the group is cued to respond in a predetermined pattern and that response is unanimous, the individual being tested will tend to change his response to fit the group's. Of course, there are a few staunch souls who would rather "fight than switch," but most of us are not sure enough of our sensory powers to proclaim that we know more than the majority and to continue to make that proclamation in the face of the awesome evidence that we are "loners." Perhaps it would be possible to bring about ethical behavior in an unethical situation by forcing the deviate to be part of an ethical group and affording status to that group.

Thus, we see that man is essentially a social being and a social product as well as a social producer and a social seeker. Education must remain forever cognizant that is is engaged in the process of making man and being made by him, and in that sort of reciprocal relationship physical education can make its contribution.

So, we come to the end of attempted organization for the unsubstantial sliding world of behavioral patterns and their meaning to physical educators. The ethereal and haunting unreality of man's behavior, emphasized by his individuality that almost defies organization, does tend to perpetuate the "just-beyond" feeling as we attempt to assess our influence on man's actions. But we in physical education do have an obligation (and I hope a desire) to continue to look for the beauty of organization within the research knowledges in the area — research that has purpose for our mission and that brings meaning to our purpose. Like Ulysses we are possessed of this "grey spirit yearning in desire to follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bound of human thought" — to find the substance that is "stout and sure" within the unsubstantial sliding world. Such organization can bring with it an "air of life, a tint of worth and meaning," and to educators that can change a world. "Come my friends 'tis not too late to seek a better world" — a world governed by understanding and compassion — brought about because of a belief in the never-heard, never-seen, the just-beyond.

The Untold Want

When I was younger and a lot more naive, I used to believe that somehow or another all good things would come to those who had a pure heart and noble intentions. At that period, it looked as though the world might be my oyster and I was reasonably convinced that it could be devoured on the half shell — with a dash of the tabasco sauce called emotion for a little zing. But a quarter century's experience has taught me gradually that pain and frustration and confusion are an integral part of the living process and that there are times when such feelings are more poignant than others.

Perhaps our country, our educational system, our discipline are just emerging from the throes of such soul searching experiences. It has been a pain not articulated, not even shared and perhaps better expressed by Matthew Arnold, that strange man in whom both skepticism and faith blended. Do you remember your high school or college encounters with Arnold? For me, it was through his poem "Dover Beach," where he lamented that the sea of faith had retreated to the "vast edges drear, and naked shingles of the world." Standing there on the sand swept beaches of Dover, Arnold sighed:

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help from pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Delivered at meeting of Northwest District, AAHPER, Spokane, Washington, 1973.

Arnold's lament was one that some of us in education could have echoed, for the "darkling plain" has been startlingly apparent in our world and many of us have looked about to find the warm hand of courage which might sponsor faith to find both self and the world. But even as Arnold's agony has expressed our own, so his faith has given us hope. "Ah love, let us be true to one another." If each of us could but find such a love and holding tight to its mercurial magic, seek the truth of belonging, there would be a chance to recast hope for a valiant new world. The quest for the loving hand is a lonely one and the chance for failure is as great as the chance for success. Yet, those of us who have dared to cast our lot with education have tacitly agreed to be a part of such a quest, and as we have sought to identify what and who matters most, each of us has had to come to grips with the "untold want" involved in both being and becoming.

Students, factulty and administrators are directed by the "untold want." I am sure that such a want is most glaringly apparent in you who are students. You have had less experience assuming masks and burying need. The young, the inexperienced, the neophytes are seeking to find self. You have been a part of a goal directed social system and now struggle to find role. You have been nourished and nurtured on reason, and now you seek passsion — believing that reason is sterile. You seek instant experience which will establish a bevy of events and feelings so broad and so varied that life will have been lived before it has evaporated. You want independence even as you cling to the surety of dependence. And to help you resolve your untold want, you may turn to experimental life styles, to alcohol, to drugs, to hallucinogens, and to each other. You distrust all who do not understand your needs and you are frightened to share your needs with those outside your own group who have already been on the road of experience. You fear pity, derision and sometines even understanding. So, during these past years, you students have retreated to the loneliness of your individual darkling plains. You grope for each other, often to find that the hand which was to give you purpose is groping itself.

And those of us who teach have our untold wants. The experienced, the mature, the established are not allowed the satisfaction of believing that our choices were right to date and our life is a reflection of significance and meaning. We are haunted by the rejection of hands we have offered, and in that rejection, have, at times, come to doubt self and worth. We are encaged in our cell of reason and try though we might, we cannot deal in educational passion because we cannot predict the consequence. Many of our experiences are not relevant in a world which we did not expect and the permeating force of existentialism and its attendent phenomenological focus makes us petrified to find truth in anyone other than self and in anything other than the impersonal world of a neuter "it." And to help resolve our untold want, we retreat to our ivory towers of scholasticism, we hurt people who have hurt us, and we limit our experiential opportunities dreading additional failures and greater hurt. We find comfort in what has been and try not to think of what might be.

And you administrators are not without your untold want. The directors, the planners, the strategists are committed to organization and growth, and are thwarted by the constant plaguing of faculty and students who seem perpetually dissatisfied and are eternally seeking change, not always for improvement, but often for perversity and diversity. The administrators, themselves on the acute edge of accountability, seek counsel from many, not daring to follow the advice of anyone lest their responsibility for the ultimate judgment be challenged and their responsibility for the consequences of decision making be unfulfilled. And many administrators, attempting to resolve their untold want for both value and potency become tyrannical, vacillating, insensitive and submerged in the hopelessness of ever pleasing anyone — including self.

So here it is, a triumvirate of interacting human beings who may be lost on the darkling plains of confusion, frustration and uncertainty, with no way seemingly to get it all together. How can we find one another and gather strength from the clasped hands of a union which is bigger than any one component and which sponsors faith rather than despair? It is not easy, and there is no sure formula, but perhaps the exploration of some of the problems of educational interaction might cast a flicker on the darkling plain and silently signal for a new generation of student, faculty, administrator torch bearers to emerge. And since I do not know about all areas of education, let us look at the problem through the eyes that are our own — those of physical educators.

In some ways, it would seem that the components of the physical education interacting pattern might have an easier job than most in the realm of education. We have so much going for us. We are a part of an educational institution which genuflects to cognitive behavioral patterns, and as such we share the virtues and vices of that behavioral domain. But you and I also deal with the affective domain of behavior — ours is an area which is attentive to the "gut reaction" of people and which has capitalized upon feelings to get the results which we aspire to achieve. We are sensitive, we are empathetic, and we care. In addition, we have a primary claim on the motor domain of human behavior and we have sponsored the "doing" aspect of interaction for a long time. With all of that richness of interaction processing at our beck and call, we really might have put it all together. But we have no — not yet.

We have not, because we have been afraid. We have been afraid of our heritage, we have been afraid of the Protestant ethic, we have been afraid of our present status and we are deathly afraid of our future which we fear will evaporate before we reach it. During my entire professional lifetime, my colleagues and I have tended to be defensive, apologetic and "put upon." I have seldom dared say that motor involvement had the grandeur of discriminative recall in cognitive patterns. Many of us have looked continually at our half filled glass of educational endeavor and acted as though it was always half empty instead of being half full. I haven't wanted to act this way. But at times I have and in a sense, I have helped fulfill the prophecy which I helped determine. It has been a vicious cycle.

The vicious cycle has permitted and encouraged derision. There seems to be little that sets a group of physical educators in a smug and virtuous mood any faster than to be told how absolutely awful we all are. We seem to enjoy self flagellation more than most — a disciplinary masochism. We do not violently protest if we are accused of being martinets, dumb jocks, lazy teachers, entrepreneurs, opportunists, exploiters, manipulators and anti-intellectuals. We wallow in self doubt as we talk about "tossing out the ball," "the poor quality of research," "the movement movement," "mickey mouse courses" and "losing the requirement." The current darlings of our leadership are a group of angry young men who love to forecast both gloom and doom. It is an attitude which is an artifact of our history, which has been nourished by self pity, which is tangential to our feelings of disciplinary degradation, and which is in desperate need of alteration!

Even in an era where optimism tends to be regarded as naive, it might behoove us to start to think of some of our positive characteristics rather than continually dwelling on our faults and inadequacies and not hunting for ways to rectify such liabilities. In so many ways, we have been afraid to change the image which we have been taught to believe is our real reflection. It is not easy to change, and it is not simple to change. But, if we could, if we did, there might be a better chance for meaningful interaction among students, faculty and administrators. Most of us work best in an arena of pride and value rather than apology and anomie.

Now, how to go about altering ourselves? If you will allow me to commit the unpardonable sin of generalizing, perhaps we can identify a few points which could be essential to an altered image.

First, we are going to have to make a commitment to humanism. We have been the foremost adherents of behavior modification for generations. As a matter of fact, I am continually surprised that Dr. Skinner has not really discovered us as the epitome of his concept that mankind is about to emerge beyond freedom and dignity. We have governed our educational and quasi-educational situations in ways not even imagined by most teachers. We dress people in uniforms for our Walden II-½ and put them in a community where each is dosed with precisely the same behavioral expectation and positively reinforced when the product of the response is correct. "Good game, son — nice win." "Winning isn't everything — it's the only thing." "Good guys finish last." "Winning isn't everything, but losing isn't anything."

We costume students in garb which suggests that they are football players, hockey players, tennis players, wrestlers, dancers and gymnasts. We teach them the skill, set up the strategy, call the plays, and so structure the environment that the odds are in favor of a selected response — our teaching selection, of course. Most of the time that response is related to winning, or besting the competition, or achieving a skill level which will enable the student to win, to best and to achieve. An increasing number of students are suggesting to us that although they are aware that our form of behavioral modification brings goal attaining results, they are not sure that they think that the results are that important or that the process used is that valuable. We might begin the humanization of the curriculum with encouraging the idea that goals are to be shared — in the planning, in the achievement and in the evaluation.

Just a few weeks ago, I had a young Canadian chap, who is one of our graduate students, come into my office. He told me that he had been "turned on" by some of the reading that he was doing in a philosophy class and he was aching to explore some of the ideas which he was just beginning to conjure up. He said that he was beginning to believe for the first time that there might be the opportunity (with an inherent obligation) for the physical education teacher to help students explore how they felt about activity rather than merely to understand and bask in the results of activity. He was zeroing in on attempting to identify product and process and had come to the conclusion that most of us are so concerned about the product of education that we have ignored process. He tried to put into words his feeling about skiing. He kept reiterating that he wasn't beating the mountain, that he wasn't beating the clock, that he wasn't beating the environment, that he wasn't even beating himself — he was just being and in that being was an exaltation that was individual but which he would like to attempt to share with others. He wanted to know why none of his physical education teachers had ever stressed the ecstasy of moving. He thought that there might be ways other than words to communicate his feelings and as a teacher, he wanted to give his students that opportunity. "I'm just so embarrassed about it," he said, "you know, almost as if you shouldn't share your love because it is too individual."

It was a poignant conference—at least for me—and as he left, I had hope that in spite of me and my product directed methods, that this young man was going to be a more humane teacher than I ever could have been. I felt a strength which made my own weaknesses less crippling and knew that I had found a hand of hope on which to base a future which would not be mine but would belong to the program which I treasured.

Humanism will come into its own when you and I believe that we can let students make decisions about their actions and when we can support those decisions, rather than chastise the students for their youth and their inability to make right decisions. I think that we are getting closer to what Frederick Rand Rogers called "player control" when physical educators and coaches are finally willing to give the games back to the players during the actual playing time. I believe that you and I will be able to know that we are capable of performing in humane ways — when you and I will finally admit that skill achievement is not the alpha and omega of activity, when we will encourage self actualization through the discipline we profess, then we will have made giant strides toward changing our image and ultimately changing our posture of fear.

Along with our subscription to humanism, we are going to have to be more attentive to making provision for both the group and the individual. Groups are important because they provide a mini-society against which individuals test their mettle. But groups can be restrictive when people within the group are identified in stereotypical patterns by physical educators. We have so many of those patterns which we tend to accommodate, some of which are societal reflections and others of which are our own concoction. We have feelings about the athlete and the motor moron. We have feelings about the experienced player and the inexperienced player.

And we certainly have feelings about the male and the female. If physical educators could be in the forward echelon with regard to avoiding stereotypical classifications, we might make a gigantic contribution to all of education. It is relatively easy to stop creating stereotypes. Just begin to treat all people fairly. Provide equality of opportunity for all people and the caste system will erode with alacrity. The golden rule is not a bad postulate to which to subscribe! Can you imagine the day that the girls have the same opportunities as the boys to participate in activity? Can you imagine the day when there are teams for the minimally skilled as well as the highly skilled — teams that are coached, that are identified, that have uniforms, that go on trips, and that have important roles to play? Can you imagine the time when female programs have equal money as male programs, when the girl's varsity tennis team gets the varsity courts to play on? Can you imagine the day when physical educators are as interested in the aged as youth and are willing to spend time, energy, money and experience in helping all people have a richer activity experience?

The individual is important too. Groups should not devour people. The loneliest time in your life can be when you are a part of a group which doesn't know that you exist and couldn't care less. There have to be opportunities for the individual to emerge and be needed because he/she has value — a value which can set the tone of the entire group. We do this for our stars, we do this for the motorically endowed, we do this for the assertive and the aggressive. But how many people have learned to dislike physical education because of our tenacious endorsement of the concept that the mesomorphic extrovert is the most accomplished individual in our culture?

Perhaps some of you read the article in *The Saturday Review* a number of weeks ago in which a fat boy spoke of his physical education experiences — of how he hated his classes, of how inadequate he always felt, of how alone he was. I was sharing this article with a group of graduate students and I found them relatively callous to the boy's dilemma. "It could all have been avoided," one fellow said, "if the kid had taken off the lard." Well, maybe — but what about the short boy who can't grow all enough to be on the basketball team, or the gangling girl who is positive that her giraffe-like figure is even worse looking in gym shorts, or how about the uncoordinated teenager who feels foolish every time he/she gets tangled up in his/her own body, or how about the boy who is afraid of his own patterns of force, or the girl who is terrified because she is so easily a potential victim of the will of anyone with greater mass and with greater muscle bulk? What can we do to help those people be comfortable within themselves — not as we might hope they could become, but as they are this minute? Can we start making individuals feel better about themselves because we value them as they are? Can we say in a myriad of ways to the people with whom we interact, "we have value because of what you are and what it means to me rather than what I want you to be and what you may become"?

A number of years ago, Anna Doudlah did a bit of research on movement image, body image, and self image. She tested what happened to people as they saw themselves changed through activity. Then Edna Nation followed that up and tried to find out what girls thought of themselves as moving human beings in classes in swimming and body mechanics. It was interesting — the class of inexperienced swimmers changed the most in the direction of believing that they felt good about themselves. The girls in the body mechanics classes changed too — but in the opposite direction. They were less satisfied with self after the semester class in body mechanics. In attempting to guess at the reasons for this difference, I could not help but think how often I had said to beginning swimmers — "good, good, good for you — that's coming along fine" . . . and how often I had said to the students in body mechanics classes "no, that's not quite right, see if you can't move in the pattern which I have suggested and keep reaching for the image which is a model of perfected grace and coordination." "Why not watch Susie—I think that she might have it."

Individuals are not the entire picture—nor is the group. You and I have to be willing to weigh the needs of each and make judgments which have the chance to accommodate both. And incidently, while I am talking about groups and individuals, I am not just talking about students. Think of the administrators who are never allowed to become a part of any group because of their position. Think of the teachers who are forced to assume a group identity when they have never been given the opportunity to establish their own personhood. Two years ago, a bitter young junior told me that she was sure that all teachers were out to "shaft" you — so she thought it best not to trust me. When I asked her "why?" she shrugged her shoulders and said "that's what teaching is all about." She never gave anyone a chance to teach her otherwise — she was never willing to see the teacher as an individual. Like teachers, administrators have a very hard time establishing individual identity. I have one friend who honestly believes that all administrators are bad and seek revenge for happier times. Most administrators wouldn't stand a prayer of a chance of being good when the cards already suggest that they are possessive, self-centered tyrants.

We are also going to have to learn to feel as well as to reason. I am a neophyte in this — just as are many of you. I have spent my life in subscription to reason as a tenet of erudition and education and that tenet is no longer relevant to many of my students. Knowing has to do with wisdom, but feeling has to do with intimacy and for the most part, the educational situation has been enamoured with wisdom and appalled with passion. When passion has existed, it has been suspect and it has always carried the onus of undesirability. As a product of the puritanism and asceticism which was a primary part of this country's history, I have some very real reservations about emotion and passion. It has always seemed to be of a lower level than things governed by reason. I keep remembering Pascal's admonition that "the heart has reasons that reason knows nothing about" and I am wondering how we can reach out with our hearts to one another so that our lives will suggest that we are available, that we understand and that we have faith. I don't know many ways to say that—but I wonder if a casual arm across the shoulders, a caring look in the eyes, a warm hand taken at the right time might not be the catalysts for letting each other know that we do care, that we do feel, and that there doesn't have to be a valid reason for such affective behavior — it is just that you're OK and I'm OK.

In connection with the thinking-feeling alteration, it is going to be necessary for many of us to pay greater attention to role and a little less attention to goal. As a "goal oriented" person, this is difficult for me and I suspect that it is also very difficult for many of you who are of my generation or older. I weep silent tears as I watch students attempting to find self in a vacuum of nihilism with no direction to their lives. Yet, my own goal orientation has been far from successful in achieving anything other than satisfaction for a job reasonably well done. I am sure that I once thought that was enough—but I am no longer sure. It is a lonely type of satisfaction, derided by those who bask in role security. Only the future will decide if goal orientation or role identification has a primacy. I have a suspicion that both must play their part.

If that is true, it would seem that physical education has a unique opportunity to blend both role and goal so as to sponsor meaning for individuals. One of the very good things about activity is that you know who you are as you participate. You structure your own role, play within its boundaries and are willing to accept the consequences of that role. At the same time, activity must be goal directed. You are attempting to "put it all together" for a reason. The reasons may be so simple as to get the ball across the net, to make the basket, to move across the space in two leaps and a hop or they may be so complex as to experience the phenomenon of being one with the surf or the slope, or not being afraid to know the depression of failure, or sustaining oneself with the *espirit de corps* of the group. Activity insists upon goal. Goal gives meaning to the organization of movement patterns. Goal fosters role even as role determines goal.

To a large extent, many of the changes which we might make to bring about a new image of physical education are contingent upon faith. The faith in the value of the products and processes of activity, a faith in the inherent goodness of the people with whom we interact, a faith in the worth of self, and a faith in the future which holds promise rather than nothingness. Perhaps the untold wants of the students, the faculty, the administration need to be shared — "let us be true to one another."

Several years ago when I was teaching a summer session at the University of Oregon, I had an attractive, thoughtful and intelligent young woman come to me at the conclusion of the course and thank me for an interesting final session. "Since, it's my last class — ever — in physical education," she said, "I'm glad that it has been a good one." I surmised that she was leaving physical education and being a product of my culture, I assumed that she was going to marry. But when I questioned her about her future, she told me she didn't have any idea of what she was going to do — she was just going to get out of physical education. "Because I've had it up to here," she said as she swept her hands across her throat. I looked at her — all 28 years of her, and suggested that in the short time that she had been in the fray, she might have had it "up to here" as I cut the hurt off at the shoulder level with a slash of my hand — but not up to the neck.

I remembered that incident several years later just after the Kent State University shootings. One university allowed students to leave their classes before the end of the term so that they might work for the concerns upon which the Kent State killings had focused. The students asked, indeed they insisted that they be given opportunities to do meaningful things with their lives immediately. In all good faith and a generally satisfied conscience, I bid them farewell, only to get a bevy of "wish you were here" cards from beach resorts suggesting that an extra month of vacation was a real "blast." In spite of the fact that I kept trying to hold tight to the idea that a great many students had been true to their mission, I really had had it "up to here" at that moment. Fortunately, for me, three weeks of soul searching and serenity in the Hebrides restored me to a sense of meaning and granted me the faith to continue.

Things also get fuzzy as I observe the administrators who lack faith in the people whom they are administering and consequently begin to lose faith in self — the people who are afraid to trust faculty and students with decision making, who are afraid to alter edicts, who lack faith in the democratic process. And the lack of faith of staffs who view with antagonism any decision which was not theirs, or who are out to purloin the dignity of any administrator by hinting at inefficiency and tyrannical learnings. And the lack of faith from students who vent their indignation regarding their own shortcomings, on administrators who are supposedly accountable for the failure of all people who do not achieve their anticipated goals.

It really doesn't *have* to be that way. For all of us who are battered and torn because we trusted and the trust was not honored, there are myriads more of us who have been able to find meaning for self and consequently for those whom we love and in whom we have faith. The legend of the "great coach" is not just a figment of a few athletes' myopic vision. The physical educator who is the person to whom people turn because of a sensitive warmth, a physical "educaring" concern, is not just a ghost of the imagination. The teachers, the students, the administrators who shine like a beacon of clarity in a troubled world are not fictional phantasy, but real life, pulsating, empathetic people who make living a richer experience because they are there.

The untold want is that secret fear that the "darkling plain" holds no hint of illumination. But I would wish that all of us could believe that secret fears can be exposed and in the exposure, there can be the search for meaning and value which has the potential to change the situation and thus grace the landscape with a glimmer of flame called hope — a hope which can change the image of physical education even as it brings strength and challenge and pride to physical educators. The hand of hope which many of us seek may be found in the humanistic passion which is personified by belief in the worth of that which we are and faith in the knowledge of what we may become. But Walt Whitman said it better. "The untold want by land and sea ne'er granted — now voyageur — sail thou forth to seek and find," Bon voyage!

There Are No Islands Anymore

Like most other kids who grew up during the Depression, I had to concoct my own entertainment. The nights were filled with family responsibilities homework and radio. You weren't allowed to listen to anything you wanted because there was only one radio and it was the property of the grownups. But from 5:30 until 6:00, after the table had been set and just before dinner began, if you turned on the radio very quietly, you were allowed to listen to "Jack Armstrong—the All-American Boy" and "Little Orphan Annie." I was mesmerized by their adventures and I ate my Breadfast of Champions with loyalty and devotion, and I saved all of the Ovaltine seals so I could get my special decoding pin and know what Annie was telling the Asp before lesser mortals (the non-Ovaltine drinkers) could possibly know.

But if the evenings were structured and planned, it was the afternoons which afforded freedom for kids. You raced home from school, took off your school dress and put on play clothes (which were really worn-out school dresses) and you were off to build your own world just like Jack and Betty Armstrong and Annie and Daddy Warbucks. It was a world of no adults, few responsibilities, and great adventuring.

My primary endeavor from the age of 6 through 12 was concerned with a stream which ran through the backwoods. My brother Bob and I took as our unique responsibility to determine the direction and flow of that stream. We started off by damming it up with leaves, and from that initial experience we must have gotten a sense of power which came from changing the course of something as resolute as running water. Anyway, for almost six years, we diverted the path of the stream, built dams, engineered waterfalls, dredged

---

Delivered at meeting of Eastern District, AAHPER, New Jersey, 1972.

pools and generally became involved in hydrodynamics. Then, about the time that I was nine, Bob and I discovered we could do something magical with a stream if we worked at it. We could make an island! So, we branched the stream in various ways, built up silt and leaves in the middle of water expanses, hauled dirt and started on our island building era. We wanted to really live on those islands, so lots of dirt and rocks were necessary—the hauling of which was a monumental task. Slowly my focus changed from playing with water to developing islands.

What had started out as a joint endeavor with my brother gradually became an individual enterprise for each of us. What he wanted on his island, I did not want on mine, and almost a decade together had taught us both that compromise resulted in real battles—rather do your own thing and then invite the other person to share parts of the project. Our biggest island-building year was when I was 11 and Bob was 9. We had two years of island-building experience behind us, and by then each of us knew exactly what we wanted on our individual island. I was for flora and fauna, and Bob was for huts, buried treasure and booby traps.

Our islands were in close proximity to one another—farther apart than jumping distance, but close enough to lay a series of stepping stones which were frightening because there was always the possibility of falling into the pool. My island, which I called Sunnybank (after my favorite author's home), was planted with Lady Slippers, violets, mushrooms, reeds, jack-in-the-pulpits, goldenrod, and some poison ivy which I thought was pretty in spite of its treacherous inclinations. Sunnybank had tadpoles in a pool, several bullfrogs under rocks and lily pads, a turtle with the year 1887 carved into its shell (and thus imaginatively named "87"), and a garter snake which seemed especially happy with such a rich larder of mosquitoes. My collie Nell (my best friend) would leap through the stream (she couldn't be bothered with stepping stones) and visit with me and the rest of the beasts. I'd take my current Nancy Drew book and some peanut butter crackers and scrunch into the hollow of the big rock which was the core of sunnybank and be happy from 3:30 until 5:00 in my own special world.

Meanwhile, Bob was forever burying secret treasures on his island, which he had named Long John Silver (for obvious reasons). He built a tree hut which hung over Long John Silver (which I thought was silly since the tree really didn't belong to the island), and then he dug holes and carefully camouflaged them, set a snare trap and other devious things so as to catch any invader on Long John Silver who attempted to find his secret cigar box which contained one Confederate dollar, a broken hunting knife, a used fire cracker, one "diamond" cuff link (straight out of Woolworth's), and a real crystal paperweight which had a ship embedded in the heart of the glass. On certain occasions I was allowed to visit Long John Silver and even view the contents of the El Producto box (providing I kept my eyes tightly closed when it was extracted from its secret place). Bob was allowed to stone-step over to Sunnybank and share in a peanut butter cracker once in awhile, and if I was in an especially generous mood, he was allowed to pick up "Old 87" and feed him a fly. It was a reasonably happy arrangement based upon mutual respect and an elemental fear of retribution if one of us visited the other's island uninvited. I did try to find that cigar box one day when Bob was in bed because of a cold, and I suspect that he fed flies to "Old 87" more times than I knew, but, all in all, we each had our own bailiwick of interest and we isolated ourselves accordingly.

Then chaos struck. We had rain—hard rain—for almost a week and a hurricane roared up the coast from North Carolina to Maryland taking everything in its wake. Baltimore only suffered extensive rain damage, but the hurricane dumped 10 inches of rain on already sodden ground, all within five hours. When the sun finally emerged and we were allowed out, Bob and I slushed down to our stream, which had changed from a 6-foot across tinkling cascade to a 12-foot across raging torrent. Trees were down, bushes were torn from banks, and our islands were washed away. Bob's tree house was hanging in slats, and my big rock had only its tip above the current. Everything was awash—there were no islands anymore. It took almost a week for the water to recede, and when we could finally squish through the mud, it was hard to recognize what had been our isles of Arden. The stream had found a new course, the islands were part of the mainland, and all that had been Sunnybank and Long John Silver were only a memory. But miracle of miracles, caught on my big rock, crammed into a crevice, was the crystal paperweight, and beside that glistening treasure, sealed in his isolated solitude was "Old 87" himself. Our islands still lived, they still were, they were not just a dream, they were reality, and they might have a new start.

I can't remember how we decided that there wasn't any use in rebuilding—maybe it was when we discovered that "Old 87" was dead, having drowned in his own shell. So without any monumental decision making, we decided to bury the turtle in the backwoods away from the stream and use the paperweight as his tombstone. We committed the remains of our island life to mainland unity and tramped up the hill home to another era.

I had all but forgotten about my insular adventure until several years ago when I was walking with one of Bob's sons in the backwoods behind my parents' home. The boy was darting about like a normal seven-year-old pup when he dashed breathlessly up to me jabbering, "Hey, look what I found. Isn't it pretty? Isn't it the most?" There, clutched in Steve's grubby hand was Bob's crystal paperweight, none the worse for wear and its 20-year service. I told Steve the story—fascinated by my own memories and expecting him to be captivated as well. After my narration, the boy looked at me out of the eyes of a "younger than 30 generation" and said, "Gee, Aunt Celeste, what did you and Dad want islands for anyway—seems like a dumb thing to want." He turned away, eager to share his find with others who wouldn't bore him with parables, and I stroked the head of Rory (the sable and white replacement for Nell) and mused, "there are no islands anymore."

That realization might be as pertinent for a profession, for an area of concern, for a discipline, as it was for a rapidly greying schoolteacher, who for the last quarter century has seen islands being built which isolate rather than unite, and who has probably, unwittingly, helped to build a few of these citadels herself.

Physical educators seem more adapt than most at building individual islands of concern. As a matter of fact, 25 years ago I really thought that it would be delightful to build carefully my own professional island and then live on it happily ever after. It was to be an island which concerned itself with abstract research, lyrical writing and regional teaching and would have the capacity to weather educational hurricanes, professional typhoons and disciplinary riptides. It would be my professional citadel of security. Obviously, it was to be called Sunnybank.

Our professional islands have been built around the concepts of teaching versus research, practice versus theory, public schools versus colleges, students versus faculty, and males versus females. So, let us look briefly at each of these dichotomizing tandems and understand their insular features.

About 10 years ago, I gave a speech called "The Tomorrow Mind" which was later published, in part, in *JOHPER*. It attempted to suggest to teachers how we might utilize the knowledges gained from research in our everyday operation. It also suggested how we might contribute to the advancement of knowledge and to the research quest as we taught. I have never before, or since, received such a response to anything I have ever said. I was literally inundated with letters—and not all of them complimentary, I can assure you. I heard from students who thought my suggestions were valid but who had been told that "it couldn't be done." I heard from teachers who suggested that, as usual, my head was in the clouds and that I didn't really understand the exigencies of the teaching experience. I heard from college professors who asked me if I was on the side of the administration in the publish or perish rat race. I heard from time-tested researchers who stated in no uncertain terms that I had sold my birthright and that research did not have to be practical to be worthy. I heard from friends who were pleased that I had said anything worth publication, and I heard from critics who asked me if all I had to do with my day was to ramble about unattainable, idealistic ventures.

It seemed that each of my correspondents was on an island of self. There was the feeling that the researcher could not really teach and the teacher could never really do research. Say the word "research" and you think of a white lab coat, a treadmill, Douglas bags, a stethoscope, and a calculator. Say the word "teacher" and you think of a ball, a gym uniform, a whistle, a roll book, sneakers and sweat. The words conjure up images that seem miles apart.

Yet, why can't we begin to see a melding of those images? No teacher worth anything teaches the same thing year after year. If you do, you're dead. Kids do change; they change with the times, and they change because most of us who teach, foster change. I can't even teach badminton as I used to. Sure, the shots and rules are the same as they were 25 years ago, but what the student expects isn't the same. I have students who are asking me about torques and angles of incidence. I have students who want to know why women are supposed to play forecourt all of the time in mixed doubles. I have students who are talking about self-concept and want to know why the Chinese have a different feeling about badmintion that the Americans. I have students who are attempting strange shots which I never learned how to teach from my bible, Meyer and Swartz, or even from the current Koran, Miller and Ley. Badminton, for me, just "ain't what it used to be."

So I turn to research to help me teach. I also add to the knowledge every time I try a new approach with my class. Of course, if I don't share my empirical observations with my colleagues, if I don't attempt to write an article for the *Badminton Guide, The Physical Educator* or *JOHPER*, my research is just for the good of my students and me. But every single time I have tried something new, have evaluated it, replicated it, and found a like result, I have added to the research bank of physical education through action-oriented design. Good teachers always have a tomorrow mind, and a good researcher is always interested in the meaning of research. I've used a whistle in the lab, I've built up a sweat on the treadmill, I have gathered data in my roll books and I have replicated my findings in my lesson plans. Perhaps we are spawning a new breed of physical educators who are Galen in the gym, Mercury on the treadmill, and Socrates in sneakers. There are no islands anymore.

Concomitant with the dualism espoused by teaching and research, we have another bi-polar concept called theory and practice. Obviously, it is connected with the aforementioned problem because traditionally teachers are supposed to be practitioners, and researchers are supposed to be theorists. Nothing could be further from the truth. Often, the most theoretical person is the most practical person. We tend to think of practitioners as grassroots people, and the theorists as dreamers and stargazers.

Now, before I go one word further, let me declare that I am a teacher. I have done research, I write, I speak publically when asked and (according to friends) non-publically all the time. I think of myself as "grassrooty" as any of you in this audience. I carry equipment from the gym to the field, I grade papers, I haul kids around to events in my station wagon, I give up Saturday and Sunday for what I think is the good of physical education, I administer skills test, I agonize over the difference between a B- and a C, and I get my paycheck once a month from a school. I go to work at 8:00 in the morning and seldom leave until 5:00 in the afternoon. I think that qualifies me as grassroots. However, I must confess that I also teach philosophy and tend to theorize, and have a doctoral degree—and that seems to make me unacceptable to some as a grassroots teacher.

I suppose that all of us have our hang-up and this grassroots nomenclature has been one of mine. It has seemed to me that during the last decade, as I have gone to conventions, written articles and delivered speeches, that everyone keeps telling me I must *get back* to the grassroots. And all along I thought that was where I was. One day, back during the Seattle AAAPER national convention, the audience (of which I was a part) was being blasted by the speaker for not getting out to the grassroots. I struggled in the throes of self-abasement and then started to get angry since I felt I was being criticized unfairly for something of which I was not guilty. However, I decide there was no use struggling—if you are a college teacher and have ever softly breathed the word "theory," you cannot be knighted with the professional sword which says "Arise, Sir Grassroots."

Thereupon, I decided that I would have to find my own identification, so I chose the term "treetops." They have their heads in the clouds (as I am supposed to) and they are far away from the good earth. Therefore, every time the speaker uttered the words grassroots, I substituted treetops—and magic began to take place. I began to feel like a part of the whole again. So when the speaker pontificated, "we must be concerned about the grassroots of our profession," I substituted "we must be concerned about the treetops of our profession," and I was "in." I was so intrigued with my clever subterfuge that I shared the idea with several of my friends once the meeting was over. As might be expected, they were not nearly as mesmerized with my cleverness as I was, and one public school friend told me in dirge-like tones that "that is all well and good, but remember that the treetops are supported by the grassroots." That almost undid me until I remembered about "transpiration" and the chlorophyll manufacture which occurs in the treetops. And then I recalled an important biological concept which I now offer to all of you who have felt neglected, chastised and excluded as a part of the grassroots—the sap rises in the spring, but ultimately runs down.

The truth of the matter is that the roots can't live without the treetops and the treetops will never come to be without the roots. Each is absolutely dependent upon the other, and each has its part to play in the creation of the total tree. And the simile holds for theorists and practitioners. Without theory, there is nothing to put into practice; without practice, there is no meaning or validation for theory. Every practitioner who processes activity into meaningful experiences has employed theory to operate. Every theorist who has concocted a matrix of interrelationships must test the design against the actuality of the situation. The therorist and the practitioner are the same individual albeit they may be identified as two different persons. They are symbiotic. They can never exist on an island of their own, for they are in desperate need of each other. There are no islands anymore.

Connected to this schism is the newly-emerging problem of the rapidly festering sore caused by the virulent infection known as public school versus college. This has been brought about partially because of a status identification which suggests that the more advanced a level you teach in the educational operation, the greater your status in society. Thus, the research professor at the university is a person apart from the kindergarten teacher in the elementary school. Obviously, there is no rational justification for such a hierarchy of value structure. It is true that each of these individuals has a different procedural means. The research professor has more leeway in personal scheduling than the kindergarten teacher, but there is never any chance to send the research home at 3:30 and the haunting demands of avoiding "dusty data" creep into the researcher's life-style at all hours. On the other hand, the teacher has clinging hands, tears and smiles, and records to keep which would try the patence of Job; and there is no opportunity to stop for a cup of coffee when you are really uptight and just need a chance to think things out. But one position is not worth more than the other, nor is one person worth more than the other.

I have tried to figure out we got ourselves over this particular barrel, and it is a rough problem to fathom. Besides the status implications, there is also the apparent truth that public school teachers have not had much recognition, certainly not as much as their college colleagues; nor have they had equal opportunities for bureaucratic positions because of their work conditions and laboring contracts. There *is* greater freedom of scheduling and time obligations in the colleges and universities as compared to the elementary and secondary schools. So lack of recognition and of leadership opportunities erodes faith in self and fosters dissent and revolution.

But university personnel feel put upon also. As most of you know, the junior ranks in the academic community (the instructors and assistant professors) are seldom paid salaries equivalent to those paid to the public school teachers in most states. Professors in private institutions suffer even more than those in state-supported institutions. The teaching load of the university personnel is disproportionately heavy in certain sections of the country, and although the behavior problems of young adults are different from those of minor children, let me assure you that colleges also have their share of behavior deviation. Teaching, no matter where you teach, is not an ivory tower existence!

So why do we foster a bitterness of feeling regarding the college professor and the schoolteacher? What is it that makes us distrust each other? Part of it is undoubtedly due to a few of us who see the creation and deepening of a chasm as an avenue for our own self-aggrandizement. It helps me to gain leadership if I have a cause to champion, especially if I can be the standard bearer for a large group of people who feel they have been neglected and overlooked. All of us have done this. I can become easily impassioned at almost any faculty meeting about the lack of understanding on the part of my academic collegues over the role of physical education. I can wax lyrical about the injustice afforded females in schools and societies. I can "carry on" about teachers not getting their due. And I do—often! But it is important for me to ascertain, as I am championing the cause, whether I am doing this because I believe it will help to rectify alleged wrongs, or if I am emoting to purge my own frustrations, or worse still, to create my own power grab by using the cause for self-aggrandizement and self-glorification.

I think you and I have been "had" with regard to the public school—college controversy. I have heard of the threats of former leaders who are going to form a new association to accommodate their needs. I have heard of college personnel who are going to join with associations of higher eduation to better accommodate their needs. I have heard public school supervisors who haven't taught in a gymnasium for 15 years, chastise college teachers who are suggesting models for change in physical education. I have seen college teachers be impatient with the eternal pragmatism of the elementary and secondary teacher who is concerned more with the "how to" than the "what for." There is no easy solution for these problems. I suppose we can be more discerning in our choice of leadership and can stop thinking that you have to be a chicken in order to understand how the egg is laid.

But more than that, we need to realize that all of us who profess physical education, who use activity as a modality of teaching, who are concerned about the total fitness of students, who see play as a viable mode of behavior which affords value interactions, are going to have to try harder to understand each other, to prize each other, and to trust each other. The fact that most of us are teachers, that all of us are concerned with physical education, and that each of us is willing to be committed and dedicated to a sense of responsibility larger than any one of us as individuals—these are the important factors. I do not live on my university island, enunciating theory and doing research in my leisure. My friend, Del Webb, does not live on her public school island, blowing whistles, guiding young people and recording grades in her little black book. We are both parts of a dynamic whole which is concerned about the human and professional interaction on the mainland. There are no islands anymore.

Another insular regard has been our understanding about the gender-oriented roles sponsored by physical education. I would want to stress that physical education is the only subject matter in the curriculum which has a sex identification. While it is true that home economics has traditionally attracted women and industrial studies have been attractive to males, there is no such thing as "girl's home ec. and boy's home ec.," nor is there "girl's shop and boy's shop," nor "girl's typing and boy's typing." Only physical education and bicycles have sex distinctions. And the locker room hasn't been the only place where sex differences have been exposed and sheltered.

Most of us have stereotyped our counterparts with generalizations such as "the men don't really care about teaching, they're lazy," "the women are a bunch of aggressive 'broads' who make me sick," "the men only care about winning," "the women don't care about coaching because they have never known what it is like to be skilled anyway," "the men are brutal martinets," "the women are all possessive and loud," "the men are male chauvanists," "the women are liberated lesbians," "who earns the money anyway," "who is really an educator in this group." There seems to be a mutual antagonism which has existed between men and women physical educators for many years. I believe there are some valid social reasons why this antagonism exists. Professionally, men and women physical educators tend to be the same sort of person. They have some congruency of personality structure, they are organized in like patterns, they espouse devotion to the same cause. This really should unite them with just the locker room being the acceptable social difference.

But by being the same sort of people, while sponsoring two different types of subject matter which is programmed to accommodate the stereotype gender expectation, the proponents of girls' and boys' physical education become antagonistic rather than synergistic. In addition, the traditional gender roles suggest that there *should* be differences, and it is difficult for a culture to adopt itself to a neuter personality which might be called physical educator—person. Hence, the social mores keep bumping into the professional enterprise. The conflict is manifested in who gets the gym, how much people are paid, who teaches whom, who teaches what, who gets new uniforms, who gets first call on the equipment, and a myriad of other problems which have plagued all of us for eons.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that physical educators could be an example by abandoning their islands of sexuality in return for better understanding and greater trust for the larger cause, which is personhood. It is a lot to expect, yet many of us have seen real examples of it in action. AAHPER is the only major educational association that I know which has continually guaranteed that leadership roles at the bureaucratic level will be alternated according to sex, not because of legislative mandate, but because of fairness. The Physical Education Division of AAHPER is the only place where I know that a group of people have felt secure enough to abandon the customary directive of alternating leadership by sex and are ready to accept the fact that the best person will be nominated for office, and the elections can now be conducted according to quality qualifications and a responsible feeling about the balanced makeup of the governing group. It is a big step in faith. Even those around us who proclaim that they still believe that "women have their place," or "men can really louse things up fast," are still willing to call upon the best person to do the quality job. And quality does not have a gender.

I will readily admit that there are times when it is very difficult for me to overlook the fact that I am a women, with all of the personality manifestations that that statement implies. I am sure it is equally difficult for my male friends to forget about their maleness in the midst of professional cogitations and problem solving. But many of us are learning to do just that, and the feeling of personhood which results from the voluntary emigration from those sexual islands is worth the effort and struggle. Let us learn to join hands at more than either the bureaucratic or romantic level. Gentlemen, don't force the ladies to go to court to gain rights which are educationally, socially and humanly theirs. Ladies, don't be unreasonable in demands that insure equality but answer no needs—you have no right to emasculate viable programs nor to dangle equality as a threat to gain more than you need. Really, there are no islands anymore.

We have traditionally created other islands which are impeding our operation. The islands of student and teacher are an example. Teaching has always been a reciprocal process and as such, has demanded constant interplay among the component parts. Each of us has been a student as well as a teacher. Teaching-learning is like a handshake—each hand is essential to the other or else there is nothing. Some of us have treated students as though they were lesser beings and as if they were all ignorant, whelped in a litter of stupidity and naivety. Some of us have acted as though all teachers are disciplinarians after the fashion of the Hoosier schoolmaster and Dicken's Fagin. We have initimated that all teachers are lazy moralists looking for opportunities to "shaft" all those whom they teach. Obviously, such generalizations are inaccurate and cause more misunderstandings that they create empathy.

Students and teachers are on the same continuum. The impersonal entities which determine the directionality and placement on the continuum deal with knowledge, experience and judgement. Our students are our colleagues, our teachers are our associates. We are both part of an interacting triangle which deals with specific processes and products called physical education. We move together toward common goals, we discuss together alternative methods to achieve common ends. Students must have a part in the planning of their lives, and teachers must no longer be thought of as merely tools of instruction. Artificial gimmicks and uncomfortable patterns do not bring about automatic respect and regard. Calling people by their first name does nothing automatically and having student and teaching behavioral objectives does not dissolve islands of distrust and doubt. Student-faculty committees, open-door administrators and student action groups are not magical agents for understanding.

Real concern and honest attempts at understanding, however, will certainly help. We must all remember that in any interacting situation there is never the opportunity for only one party to make a decision about anything. No one person calls the shots. Students have no right to make non-negotiable demands and teachers have no right to inflict their own value judgments upon students. But if people are of goodwill, if they are ready to trust one another, then we can reasonably expect to arrive at mutual acceptance and esteem which will wash the plots of insular establishments and will create a mainland of universal significance. Purposes have direction and a chance for fulfillment when we can say with honesty there are no islands anymore.

There have been other islands of concern than the ones noted. The concern of the school's relationship to the community, the dogma of town and gown. It is a concept which has many ramifications and which is being challenged, altered and rebuilt. The hurricane of societal change is mutating social institutions in ways that seemed impossible just a decade ago. The family, the church, the government and the school are all being altered. Some of the changes are long wanted and many of us feel that the alteration has come about finally; other changes are disturbing and disruptive and many of us wonder if the flames of discontent will not consume the structure, leaving only an ash heap of nihilism instead of a framework of substance and worth.

But there have also been beautiful examples of continental thinking in physical education which have made many of us catch our breath with the majesty of the endeavor. Our crystal paperweight, which has persisted over the centuries, has dealt with the opportunity to sponor activity and relevance in the doing. We are a group of people who act. We move, we play, we participate, we do! It is a concept which many others would like to adopt as their modus operandi. To cogitate only, is to foster static. To feel only, is to foster psychosis. But to move and act is to sponsor understanding and feeling, and to achieve joy and relevance in the pattern. It is the sort of pattern which we sponsor, it is the sort of process which Brunner suggests for all facets of the curriculum, it is humanism instead of contrived behavior modification. This is the substance of physical education which has been used by all who have professed an allegience to this disciplinary body of knowledge from the gladiators of Marcus Aurelius to the motor theorists of today. It is the joy of effort which sponsors the call of R. Tait McKenzie, the commitment of Amy Morris Homans, the drive of Dudly Sargent, the passion of Luther Halsey Gulick. Activity has welded us together in a unified approach (even when we were not sure of our destinations), an approach which has only built islands of the moment and has never demanded stepping stones to reality.

I have long ago abandoned my inclination to build that professional Sunnybank. I am content to know that I can exist without my fields of Elysium because what I miss in the beautiful symmetry of a perfected isle is more than made up by the exciting interaction of a volatile mainland which is being lashed constantly by educational hurricanes, disciplinary riptides and professional typhoons. I hope that we are willing to walk shoulder to shoulder in this physical education endeavor, eradicating the islands called practice, theory, students, faculty, public school, college, male, female, grassroots and treetops so we can create a mainland of unified endeavor which will speak well for our times, give our lives a sense of purpose and pride, and create a bedrock of relevant understanding for posterity. But Edna St. Vincent Millay said it better—

This little life from here to there-
Who lives it safely anywhere?
Not you, my insulated friend;
What calm composures will defend
Your rock, when tides you've never seen
Assault the sands of What-has-been
And from your island's tallest tree
You watch advance What-is-to-be.
(The tidal wave devours the shore:
There are no islands anymore.)

In that prognostication may we find richness and adventure for this area of endeavor which we share—may we be a part of a meaningful future for physical education.

"The Bent Twig"

Socio-Cultural Implications

The Christian Ethic and Sport

Today, we are almost at the point where the Christian ethic may be considered a part of the American counter-culture. The Jesus Freaks are the overt manifestation of such an assumption—people who exploit Christ for self. In a country where there is a real directive in almost every neighborhood store sign which says "In God We Trust—all others pay cash," there is certainly reason to suspect that God may well be dead and that the Christian ethic is a historical artifact of a defunct philosophy.

The ethic of Christianity is based upon the tenet of faith—a currently unpopular, anti-scientific and supposedly naive construct. It is an ethic which suggests that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom and the love of the Lord is the beginning of understanding. It is an ethic which argues that the Lord is a just, merciful, albeit jealous god, and that it would behoove mankind to acknowledge such a diety or suffer the consequences, with the sins of the father vest upon the sons, "yea, even unto the third and fourth generations." In return for such faith, man is promised that there is salvation and that the individual may be born again, even as he is washed in the blood of the lamb and accepted into grace. Such rebirth is found through a declaration of faith. The core of the Christian ethic is related to faith, hope and charity, and unequivocally states that the golden rule of behavior is that we must love our neighbors as ourselves.

Now, much depends upon how you view man as you attempt to apply the Christian ethic to his life style and social institutions. The images of man, that fallen angel evicted from paradise and saved from purgatory, have reflected five main themes.

Delivered at AAHPER Convention, Houston, Texas, 1972.

The first is that of *Homo Homini Lupus*. It is an image which suggests that man is inherently evil, and must be guarded against himself. The sophists, Thucydides, Machiavelli, Calvin, Hobbs, Schopenhauer, Audrey, Lorenz, and Morris all support this treatise. They differ as to the causative agent of man's evil nature—power, territory, egoism, hatred, genetic reasons, heredity; but they all concur that man is a slob.

In contrast to such an image is the one which suggests that man is a blob, a "*Tabula Basa,*" or a blank sheet. This point of view suggests that man is amoral rather than immoral, and that human nature is ethicaly neutral. Locke, Watson and Skinner all subscribe to this point of view, and like Chairman Mao, they believe that on the blank piece of paper that is man "free from any mark, the finest and most beautiful characters can be written." Obviously, written by the behaviorists themselves.

The third image of man supports the concept that man is a mixture of good and evil, being pulled into the inferno of Hades by Satan and being offered salvation by God. The Faust saga says it best, "two souls within me strive for mastery, "Hesse's Steppenwolfe is the 20th century Dr. Faustus.

The belief that man is good and capable of improvement is supported by Condorcet, Rousseau, Paine, Jefferson, Ruskin, Tolstoy, Schweitzer and Gandhi. Such an image of man suggests that he is like a partially filled glass, but believes that he has more goodness than evil, and suggests that even when the glass is filled to mid-point it is half full rather than half empty.

The fifth image of man contends that man can transcend himself. Emerson, Jung, Blake and Maslow emphasize that man has the ability to rise above his own perceptions and may "let the face of God shine through." The self actualizing person moves forward toward an integrated development of moral, aesthetic and intellectual aspects of his nature, manifesting himself through service for the good of humanity.

The Christian ethic can operate with all these images of man, but only when man's image enhances the value of good does action become relevant.

Sport is a value loaded phenomenon which operates continually seeking to interpret what is fair and unfair, right and wrong, good and evil. When sport is viewed as a value vehicle, it is necessary to establish an environment in which the vehicle may be employed. Sport can exist in the reality of the existing social conditions, or it can be structured as a part of a superreality and in that environment assume heroic dimensions. This is the dilemma of sport today, and it is an important part of the reason why there is the feeling in many quarters that sport has been betrayed, that sport has been raped, that sport has forfeited its birthright to the exigencies of avarice, greed, social control and political manipulation. Unfortunately, you can't have it both ways. If sport is to serve the reality of today, not only will the institution of sport be used, but so will the individuals who participate in sport. Hence, when the Olympic gold medals are a symbol of national importance in the international political arena, it is to be expected that athletes and sporting events will be manipulated so as to produce the prize. The presidential call of congratulations, the identification of bureaucracy with golf, even ping pong diplomacy are to be expected.

When sport serves society in terms of an economic operation, the Christian ethic rebels and suggests that "money is the root of all evil," and advances the proposition that any social institution structured to earn money as its primary goal will certainly have evil overtones. Hence, the buying and selling of players, the ownership of men's lives through contractual agreement, the legality of the reserve clause, the "winning is everything" slogan of the entrepreneurs, all are expected adjuncts of financial goals (which may support the reality of any social institution, but do not add to its sagacity).

If sport is to serve society as a means of social mobility and as an agent of social interaction, it is to be expected that there will be a slew of Dr. Harry Edwards and Leonard Sheeters, all suggesting, sponsoring, and endorsing the revolt of the black athlete, the Jewish athlete, the woman athlete, the amateur athlete, the professional athlete, and on and on.

On the other hand, if sport is structured in the social realm of super reality, it moves outside the actual world as we know it and measure it, and it is transplanted to the transcendental arena, where athletes are heroes and heroines, where the referee and umpire are fair judges, where the spectators are the privileged witnesses to the opportunity of seeing man at his finest hour. Sport then becomes a part of the Greek ideal, the mythical olympian, the painted fresco, the Egyptial frieze, which say, with Robert Rigor, "there is a holy alliance in sport which brings forth the maximum skill and strength, and striving, the classic greatness and dignity in man. . . .in the contest and clashing, in the struggle and the race, there is almost a divine accord of beauty and grace, a poetry in the harmony of all people together."

Depending upon your conceptual base as to the rationale of sport and on your subscription as to the image of man, you can find implications for the Christian ethic. Assuming the Machiavellian concept of man and the social realism of sport, the Christian ethic would suggest that sport might be a process to be used by man for his own salvation. Man would find purposes for his life beyond the actual involvement; he would learn to differentiate good from evil; he would understand the rationale of accepting penalities for wrongdoing; he would be forced to acknowledge both his opponent and his teammate as his neighbor, and through the process of cooperation learn to love.

Assuming the Maslowian point of view of man as a transcendentialist and assuming sport to operate in a superreality, the Christian ethic would espouse the belief that cooperation, competition and conflict are all interacting opportunities for men to achieve realization of self and to move in a sphere of concern which caters to rebirth and individual salvation through the auspices of a faith which passes all understanding and embraces love and mercy. In such a scheme, sport and man would be mutually symbiotic, each needing the other so as to fully realize integrity.

But to ruminate on the various combinations of man's image and sport's environmental projection, while intriguing, it not really tending to my assigned task. Consequently, I will make an assumption as to what the current socio-cultural scene suggests is man's image and the environment in which we seem to view sport. I would suggest that the ecology of sport and man in America today suggests that man is a mixture of good and evil and that sport is a real life social institution reflecting the actuality of life in its own microcosmic focus. If such is the case, (and it is a point worth debating), what can we say of the inferred influence of the Christian ethic upon sport?

The Christian would hope that sport would be a kaleidoscope of interacting situations, each of which would serve to regenerate what is good in man, while helping him overcome the satanic element. The overriding pattern of sport would have to be an element of fairness. There is the basic assumption that all parts of the sport situation would be equal in the sight of the omnipotent and that victory in the contest would belong to the individual or team who had honestly and justly vanquished the opponent by virtue of an apparent superior trait such as strength, endurance, coordination, agility or (with some reservations) strategy. The trait should ordinarily be one that is subject to public scrutiny and might ostensibly be gained by all who would be willing to work hard to gain a similar aptitude. The implication that hard work is a virtue is inherent in the Christian ethic—a factor which obviously sponsored that idea as a construct of the Protestant ethic.

Beating one's opponent through cunning would be circumspect. At worst, such cunning would be called cheating; at best, it would be called strategic scheming. The line of demarcation between these two extremes is obtuse and difficult to ascertain; it is a line which is subject to interpretation, with "honesty as to intent" being the key factor regarding each situation. Underlying all of the interpretative procedure would be fairness rather that slyness. Because of this necessary value assessment, it has always been necessary for supporters of the Christian ethic to talk about "the spirit" of the game. Rules only represent operational judications, but the spirit of the game gives credence to the moral and ethical factors upon which a game is to be predicated.

Under the Christian ethic, there would be tacit respect for all athletes and they, in turn, would respect their opponents and their teammates. The athlete would recognize that any morphological or tempermental advantages he had were God given talents; and he looked at this defeated rival, his inner conscience would suggest, "there, but for the grace of God, go I." However, the Christian athlete would know that his talents were brought to their apex by virtue of his own resolution and determination and that it was his job to develop his talents in ways that had meaning to both himself and his society. Sport would provide equality of opportunity, but would not sponsor the idea that all men are equal. Equality is only in the sight of God; the individual has the responsibility for his own self determination. The doctrine of predestination might go evoked as rationale for the outcome of the contest, but it would never be a substitute for striving—for to strive would be the glorification of faith.

Inherent in the strife would be the opportunity to "fight the good fight," and not give up in the middle of the contest. To "cop out" is to abandon faith in your ability. The dogma of the contest suggests that no man, and especially not your opponent, should be treated so ignobly as to have gained a prize when there was no opportunity for the pronouncement of self and God in self. Such a "win" is outside the bounds of fairness in a sporting situation. To quit is to degrade your opponent's effort. There are no quitters with reference to the Christian ethic—only losers who might find worth is a loss as well as a win. There would be no chance in the atmosphere of the Christian ethic for the occurrence of the Ohio State—Minnesota melee, for Ryan to step in the middle of a race, for any team to walk off the field before the end of the game, no matter the circumstances.

The Christian ethic supports the idea of the righteous and fair official. The game official would never be badgered, booed or criticized adversely, for the official is really above reproach. The official's only transgression could be ignorance, never deceit. The offical is deemed incorruptible, for his is truly an objective judge who deserves respect by virtue of both his position and his talents.

Under the auspices of the Christian ethic, the spectators would not dictate the game procedure, for the game belongs to the players. The spectator might enjoy vicarious experiences gleaned from his observations, for the "goodly man delights in the law, and in this law does he meditate." Projection techniques used by the spectator would only be second hand and could never substitute for the actual experience of being a participant.

The coach would feel that his was a role of guidance, rather than a role of dictate. His advise and admonitions would be for the good of the game and there would be a real effort made by the coach to avoid tactics of self aggrandizement which detracted from the spirit of the game. Humility would be a coaching virtue. The coach would be a counselor and teacher, rather than a boss, whip, an authority figure.

Player controlled games would rank high in a situation where the frame of reference was the Christian ethic. The players would train and be trained before the game, but when the game's moment of truth was at hand, when the game was to be played, there would be no autocratic decision maker, for values would be determined by those who were playing.

Insofar as the American ethic is congruent with the Christian ethic (and for a country which stamps its coins with "In God We Trust," there must be *some* congruency) there would be no clash of values with reference to sport. Insofar as the revolutionary ethic embraces Christian tenets, there will be no philosophical disagreement regarding the conduct of sport. Long hair, beards, no underwear, and love beads have nothing to do with the Christian ethic unless they are employed to degrade man, violate fairness, promote self aggrandizement and prostitute sport for amoral ends which foster a profound alternation between the good man and man's good.

It becomes strikingly apparent that much of our gaming ethic and theory has been based upon the precepts of the Christian ethic. As that ethic is violated, or ignored, by sporting agnosticism and revolutionary atheism, sport writhes in the throat of its own death convolutions. The attempts which have been made to use sport for a purpose beyond itself, for a purpose beyond that of the athlete's mission in the game itself, have conjured choas and horror in their caldron of discontent.

If another ethic is to replace the Christian matrix for sport, it is essential that it pay attention to man's absolute values of justice, faith, and respect—values which are yeast for the gaming construct. If situational values are substituted, if sport is predestined to become a means whereby man reaches devious ends other than those inherent in sport itself, it may be that we are hearing the litany sung by the swan. If those who follow Christian tenets are freaks, perhaps the eudaemonistic needs of man can be relegated to behavior modification and sport can be nationalized to achieve political ends. But if we can continue to subscribe to the truths of liberty, beauty and love, the clamor in the stands (even without the pom-pom girls) could be a hallelujah chorus.

A Threefold Cord

During this workshop we have been hearing about the product, the process, and the program, and it now becomes my turn to attempt to find some integrating threads which will help give design to the warp and the woof of such an involved tapestry. Perhaps some of the ideas which I will present will further tantalize, intrigue, interest, frustrate, and annoy you, and ultimately, you will be able to put it all together for yourself in a meaningful way, without the sometimes annoying circumstance of an established pattern built by someone else, a pattern with which you do not feel completely comfortable.

It seemed only appropriate this Sunday morning to take my general theme from the Bible, in light of both the day and the trilogy concept of the workshop. Product, process, program—"two are better than one because they have good reward for their labor, for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow, but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for the hath not another to help him up. . .and if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him"; and most especially, " a threefold cord is not easily broken." It seems almost too obvious that the program structures both the process and the product, even as it is structured by those entities and responds to them. The three are a trilogy of concern for those of us who attempt to find meaning in our professional commitment—a threefold cord which is not easily broken.

So, intrigued by such an admonition, I am pensive. I am pensive with regard to our professional problems and our potential possibilities. Having now reached the point in my career where I have already taught more years than I have years left to teach, I am feeling the responsibility of sharing my past experiences with my younger colleagues, in the hope that they will not feel it

---

Delivered at the National Association of Physical Education for College Women Workshop, Dixvile Notch, New Hampshire, 1972.

necessary to plunge into the same pitfalls which either I did not see or I foolishly dug for myself. The grey hair gives me the opportunity to share with the rest of you who are also potential Miss Clairol Grecian Formula stockholders, the overview of where we are in relation to where we have been, seen through the myopic eyes of farsighted middle age. In addition, I hope that my quarter century of professional probing qualifies me to project the bi and trifocal vision of those of you whose experiences are richer then my own and whose wisdom is more profound, and from whom I continue to sense the future. Thus, I propose to talk about our trilogy, our threefold cord, from the vantage point of what it used to be, what it seems to be now, and what it could become.

If anyone had asked me what I was doing teaching physical education to women in the ivied halls of higher education, back in 1946, I would have had a quick and ready answer. I had participated in a well organized physical education program in my public school years in Baltimore, and I had graduated from an institution of higher learning which had a fine reputation for an examplary program. I did have answers; and if I didn't, I sounded like I did. First, I always regurgitated the axiomatic statements of J.F. Williams and suggested that I was interested in the "sum total of man's activities, selected as to kind, and conducted as to outcome," and when I was pressed further, I usually said that I honestly believed that I was teaching women activities which would help them be better persons. I taught things called sports (both individual and team), aquatics, gymnastics, and dance, and it was my totally committed belief that as I taught young women to be proficient in those activities a bevy of positive values would result. I did not recognize my disciplinary model — but it existed.

I knew, without a doubt, that such activity as I taught contributed to an elusive state called "physical fitness" which meant that you were better able to meet the tasks of each day, every day so that you could "live most" and that meant that you were ultimately able "to serve best." I was absolutely sure that classes in physical education produced cardiorespiratory integrity, neural facilitation, and general systemic well-being. It was a good feeling, knowing that I was making a positive contribution to the longevity of life and doing my part with regard to the elimination of illness. It never really occurred to me to question my ability to foster health, to contribute toward physiological euphoria, and to sponsor the physically fit individual.

I must admit, truthfully, that I have some nagging doubts about some of my students' attainment of physical fitness, but I attributed that mostly to my own inefficiency as a young teacher and surmised that the real trouble with my classes was that I had the tendency to talk too much so that, consequently, my students did not have enough activity each class period.

I smiled the inner satisfaction of the smug when the college girls left the classes which I had taught with sweat glistening from their brows. Then, and only then, I knew that I had done the task which I was paid to do. My classes had perspired, and when they sweat enough to really need a shower, I had produced physical fitness. I had been schooled carefully with regard to the overload principle, and I was absolutely convinced that physical education was activity, that activity produced sweat, that sweat produced fitness, that fitness was good, and thus, logically, physical education was good. As a matter of fact, I was so enamoured with sweat that I had the secret conviction that if I, as the teacher, sweat, that meant that it was an extraordinary class and I had reached my goal of improved fitness for all.

I also believed in posture exercises. I had charted thousands of pictures of semi-nude women. I understood the Wellesley-Wisconsin analysis of posture, I had read Rathbone carefully, and I was convinced that well over 60 percent of the normal people had a forward head. It was beyond by ken to question how a normal population, over 60 percent could be abnormal. I only know that if the ear lobe didn't fall directly over the shoulder joint, a forward head was diagnosed and that meant all sorts of zigs and zags which fortunately I could correct. Consequently, I assumed that all of the girls needed some sort of general posture exercise, and I reasoned that if there were a few girls in the class who really didn't need exercise to improve their perfectly balanced heads, the posture program which I had devised would certainly not hurt them and might even help them to the point of preventing them from becoming victims of that horrible malady which affected well over half of the normal people . . . a forward head and a protuding abdomen.

I basked in self-satisfaction and in my ignorance. When leaders of the stature of Oberteuffer and Abernathy questioned the concept of physical fitness and insisted that someone respond to their constant query "fit for what?" I turned off their protests and instead hastened to hear McCloy expound on "how about a little muscle?" and was convinced by Cureton and Karpovich that physical education was one big heart — and if it wasn't it probably should be. To produce physical fitness was one of my stated aims. It was an aim which was reinforced by all of my readings and by the admonitions and pontifications of my teachers. It was a logical result of exercise, and physical education was exercise.

I also knew that as a teacher of physical education, it was my responsibility and privilege to induce behavioral change. Such change, I thought, came along almost automatically with the perfection of skill, so it was my obligation to improve skill and thus improve behavior. I knew that behavioral change for the "good" was concomitant to skill. It was perfectly obvious to me that one learned all sorts of things from activity involvement. If you played on a team, you learned to cooperate with your teammates, how to share possessions and talents, how to lose gracefully and win without pomposity. You learned what it meant to have confidence in your ability, to be empathetic with regard to the shortcomings of others, and to be honest, loyal, friendly, and kind. As a young woman who was dedicated to the principles of scouting, I believed that I had found the mature formula for the golden eaglet of education. I had found sport and games: I had found physical education.

I was not so naive to think that all of those attributes occurred absolutely automatically just through participation. I understood that good leadership was the core of a good program in physical education and that meant that there had to be good teaching. I was willing to work for performance and also competency. But I was a dedicated and sincere young teacher, and I believed in the positive values of activity, so I really did not see how on earth it would be possible for me not to bring about significant behavioral change — which would support what I believed was a "good person."

Obviously, there were times when all of my hopes, dreams, and expectations regarding behavioral change did not materialize. There was the girl who flung her tennis racket out of the court when she lost a crucial match, there was the young woman who used profanity when criticizing the umpire about a decision in a basketball game, there was the team where all the members were jealous and spiteful with regard to each other, there was the show-off who was forever hogging the hockey ball, there was the poor loser who actually blamed me for putting in the wrong combination of forwards. In spite of the fact that many of my students reached a high degree of skill, in spite of the fact that I carefully structured and planned all of my lessons, in spite of the fact that I was "a friend to all and a sister to every other girl scout," all of the behavior that accompanied activity was not what I have been lead to expect.

Of course, I was not so innocent as to believe that all behavioral change was always to be 100% positive, so I assumed that since nothing was wrong with respect to the activity I was offering, it was apparent that the negative aspects I was seeing must be related to my own limitations as a young teacher. I kept thinking that if I could just find the right formula, good activity would have to foster positive behavioral change. I would wait class after class for a "teachable moment" to occur, and then, always mindful of J.B. Nash's admonitions about utilizing such occasions, I would seize the infrequent opportunities to discuss behavior with my classes. We talked about honesty and fair play, and caring, and loyalty, and understanding, and love; and although we had some good discussions, and even sponsored some slight behavior modification, I started to feel guilty about the fact that I was talking too much in class and that meant that there was a paucity of activity, and that meant that there wasn't any sweat, and that meant — good heavens — that I was neglecting my primary task which was to keep people active.

I can remember also being very concerned about what was "desirable behavior." I had no problems making decisions about what *I* thought was desirable, and I did not hesitate to let my students know what I liked and what I disliked. What worried me was when the thoughtful and concerned students would quietly ask me to justify my value judgment. I thought that informing the referee that you had fouled was the right and proper thing to do until one young freshman once asked my why it was even necessary to have an official since we honestly didn't seem to believe that she had the ability to call line violations on her own. I thought that overcoming fear in deep water was noble and saintly until the day that one of my intermediate swimmers asked me if fear wasn't a virtue instead of a vice? I thought that empathy was a positive approach to understanding until the day a student suggested to me that empathy might be a manifestation of superiority with regard to value judgments. I usually responded to all of those observations and the hundreds of questions which bombarded me concerning behavior, with sure, direct, and what seemed to me to be logical answers. I was almost positive that I was right and I honestly believed that all of my students would eventually "see the light" after they had honed their skill patterns more sharply and after they had amassed enough experience to understand why I was right. I was vaguely aware of the fact that some behavior change fostered by activity, and especially sport activity, was not positive, but most of that I attributed to those wicked human beings subsumed under the genus "male coach."

In general, I felt sorry for my male counterparts. I knew that they had problems, but it was my inner contention, almost a secret conviction, that most male physical educators were a lazy lot of people who had a strange philosophical commitment which suggested that the situation was more important than the individual. They actually wanted to win games, above all else, and didn't seem to care about developing positive behavioral sets. As a group, they were all to be watched carefully because they were so warped with reference to behavioral change sponsored by activity that they seemed to enjoy "throwing out the ball" while they planned key plays for the varisty squad. Thank goodness I wasn't like that — I took my job seriously and was constantly concerned about perfecting skills im my physical education classes and the intramural programs. I wasn't quite as sure that positive behavioral change ever occurred in a varisty situation, but I was willing to induce behavioral change through play days and sports days.

Not many people questioned the concept of behavioral change being sponsored by physical education activity, and I was content in the knowledge that I was doing good "for God and country" as I taught college women to participate in activity. I was Watsonian without understanding Watson, I was Skinnerian without reading *Walden II*, I was the Juliet Lowe of physical education. It was logical to me that positive behavioral change and physical fitness were congruent objectives of physical education, and I tooled myself to become a better purveyor of skill attainment in the firm conviction that activity produced fitness and positive behavioral changes and that the two objectives were identical — totally congruent.

I had one other conviction about physical education back in the late part of the 1940s. That was that activity found in physical education had some sort of social spin-off. I wasn't really quite sure what it was, but I was convinced that there should be a sort of group processing in my classes which would suggest a like processing in society. In spite of the fact that I had had considerable work in social understandings and cultural cognizance, I wasn't quite sure how to put it all together in physical education, and I finally decided that social interaction was best exemplified by making sure that you served oranges at the half, and that through that act, groups of people were encouraged to bond with one another in a joint endeavor. Oranges promoted attitudes. It was obvious that physical education sponsored leadership, produced followers, and was structured to promote camaraderie amongst participants. If tea and cookies helped to promote that, fair enough. My office always contained knives for slicing oranges and a bag of cookies — often stale — awaiting the next time that social interaction seemed desirable. Social understandings were just "natural" concomitants of activity, and it was hardly necessary for the teacher to plan anything so obvious as the *espirit de corps* automatically developed in classes of physical education.

I read Cassidy carefully and was convinced that I too could develop democratic relations. I even believed the contentions of an NYU professor that concerns for motherhood, the American flag, and Abraham Lincoln's dog were logical social understandings gleaned from the activities taught in physical education classes —and especially *my* classes since I was a bit more knowledgeable than many about social interaction. Besides, *we* did not slice our oranges when we served them; they were always quartered so as to allow ease in gnawing the pulp — which I believe I felt would ultimately sponsor a special sort of social interaction. Of course, I had all sorts of disappointments regarding status identification, social mobility, social control and planning — but there was always the hope that I might do more with my quartered oranges as the years rolled by.

As I look back now, I wonder how I could have been so naive about what I was doing in physical education. I just assumed that the process was activity, that the product was the good life for the good person, and that the programs would reflect excellence if it was there. I evaluated my students on their ability to demonstrate discriminative recall as structured by my own biases. I knew that some of my academic colleagues questioned the worth of any activity program, but I always assumed that their questioning was a result of the historical dichotomization reflecting the schism between mind and body. Besides, I had been profoundly impressed with a remark made by Anderson from Minnesota when he addressed a group of physical educators and reminded us that we should be alert to the strong probability that our academic colleagues very often were men and women who had been poor in physical education themselves and thus tended to scoff at the real values which an activity program could offer.

I believe, as I reminisce, that I became initially concerned about what was happening in programs of physical education for college women one year when I had the opportunity to counsel with the young girl who lived across the street from my parents in Baltimore. Ann had been one of my charges during my baby-sitting days and she continually reported to me about her life and loves every time I set foot in Baltimore. She was about 15, and she dashed across the street that sultry August day excited and happy because, for her birthday, her Dad had arranged (pulling all sorts of special strings) that she would have the opportunity to enter a nearby college as a special student. She was to be enrolled in two classes of physical education — field hockey and modern dance. Ann was apprehensive about her abilities. "Do you think that I can really make it in a college program" she asked, "I'm scared." I tried to reassure Ann and suggested that whe was quite skilled in both of those activities and that if she worked hard and cared enough to practice and learn, she would probably be able to "take" college physcial education. The next time I saw Ann, I inquired about the college classes in physical education and wanted to know how she was making out as a student behind the ivied walls of higher education. "Oh, it's a snap," said Ann, "Really, college physical education istn't any different from what I do in high school," she commented. "Think I'll take something a little more exciting next time," she concluded.

At first I rationalized and said to myself that there really wasn't any reason why college physical education *should* be different from high school physical education. But then I thought about other bodies of knowledge, history, English literature, biology, mathematics. I had to confess silently that there were differences between high school and college courses. I knew; I had taken them. The process of educating were different, the products expected were different, and most certainly the programs were different. Then I realized that all of the aforementioned areas had more material to feed their students, and I just had the same games year after year. I know that there was something wrong, but I couldn't put my fingers on it and I had to content myself by suggesting to Ann (and thus myself) that she would probably realize later on how much she had learned and how meaningful it would be to her. Ann's retort was "Yeah, I guess."

I was slowly becoming disillusioned, frustrated, unbelieving, and at times bitter. The research suggested that physical education classes did not produce the physiological integrity that I had believed, and that the best I could hope to do in my physical education classes was to engender an attitude which was disposed to seek activity as a part of the individual's life-style. Activity, lots of it, intense enough to produce continual and systematic overload might do the trick, but that was the only way. I watched some of my colleagues (mostly male) establish fitness programs which depended primarily upon jogging, sprinting, and racing; and even when I acknowledged that they might be "doing things" to people, I didn't feel comfortable about such a program being called physical education. Besides, one of my students had asked me why we didn't have "treadmill running" as a part of the physical education offerings — and I had been so appalled and shocked when I was unable to give her a reasonable answer that I had felt uneasy for weeks.

In addition, and really quite incidentally, I was having certain problems about gender role identification. It seemed to me that my own teachers had done a great deal of "pontificating" about "sex identification problems" but no one had told me what to do when they occurred and how to handle them. I had learned that it was the obligation of all women physical educators to look and act like ladies. In those days, that meant that you wore hats and gloves to meetings, you never donned jeans except in the inner sanctum of your own living space, and you tried very hard to emulate the standards suggested by the college community with regard to what women were expected to do. I really felt that I had a mission in life to be womanly, and I certainly had an obligation to physical education to act in such a manner that never, ever, might "others" cast aspersions upon the field which I represented. There were fleeting moments when I wondered how on earth I could ever act like anything other than what I was, a woman, and there were more puzzling moments when I couldn't think of any good reasons why my students should not wear jeans, low heels, and cut their hair short. I tried to make them feel guilty about their interpretation of gender role but I always felt more guilty than they did, since the only rationale I could ever honestly offer for "being like all other women" was the fact that I liked it, and "think what others will say."

As I looked around, I saw some of my mentors, many of whom really hated all men (even though they continually claimed that this was not true), and I became more alert to Shakespeare's observation that "methinks you protesteth too loudly." Being determined to avoid that pattern of behavior, I went to the opposite extreme and courted the understandings of my male colleagues by convincing them that I was not a threat and that I was there to help them, even as they helped me. In all cases, I purposely avoided the role of the "feminist." I did not want to be "pushy," or aggressive with regard to women, and on those occasions when I made assertions with regard to the equality of women, I usually apologized about my behavior and assured all of my listeners that I really wasn't a man-hater, I just thought that there should be justice about such things as salaries, gymnasium space, departmental budgets, promotion, and teaching assignments. I must admit that I made very little inroad on the consciousness of any of my administrators, but anyway, I was a "lady," and that was something worthwhile, according to my reasoning! It didn't get me very far, but I was justifying my teachers' teachings, and I was sure that they would be pleased with my professional stance. I certainly felt comfortable and noble — and a little sticky.

It has been a perplexing role which I have played as a teacher of women's physical education in higher education. However, I would not want you to believe that it has been a role of misery. I was happy in my ignorance, I was content with my dedicated concept of service, I was comfortable with my professional life style, and I was convinced that others might do well to follow in my professional footsteps. Most of my doubt and concern was introspective, and I usually did not attempt to articulate my apprehensions. As long as I could convince myself that all was going well, I was sure that it was. And I must say, that I am still not totally antagonistic to such a philosophy of positive thinking — it has certain merit!

Then slowly things began to change. There really wasn't any dramatic instance in my life when I suddenly awoke one morning and declared to an unlistening world that things were going to have to change. Rather, the evolution was much more gradual, and I only realized that I had changed when some of my old friends started to say to me "You don't sound like you used to sound—you're not saying the same things." At first that sort of comment disturbed me. Perhaps I was a chameleon and vacillated from point of view to point of view with no rationale for sound change. There was always the inference that my friends were stable in their convictions and that suggested professional and moral strength.

But stubbornly, I refused to identify with the chameleon analogy and was truly convinced that change was necessary, not just for the sake of innovation and novelty, but for adaptation which meant professional survival. I had been horrified one day when I returned to a high school after 25 years and observed the girls physical education program doing exactly the same things that the program had sponsored a quarter century before. It had been a "good program" and that goodness carried through for 25 years. A quarter century of no change.

I knew that it was impossible to mark time in education like that, and I started to organize my own concepts to see how they could be woven together into a meaningful design which was intellectually honest, which utilized the best of what had been, and was not afraid to turn to a present which was radically different from the educational past. I was seeking a new model which I felt existed, but I could not name. Obviously, I was not able to come up with a "grand design" on my own, and I had to turn to the ideas of many others to help me see what patterns I am now in the midst of establishing. If what I say now doesn't sound like me (whatever that means) then I would suggest to you that I am not the same person that I was a decade ago—or even a year ago. Stability does not cause stagnation, but it fosters it; intellectual mobility does not sponsor growth, but it does provide the environment for growth.

I am sure that each of us has reams of people from whom we have extracted ideas and it would be hard to pinpoint specific individuals and suggest only those people who were responsible for your professional growth and development. But I would be irresponsible if I did not suggest to you specific members of our group who have helped me with my thinking about the "now" physical education.

Certainly Eleanor Metheny has been the foutainhead of much of the exiciting thinking which is now going on with regard to physical education. From 1958, when she first published her philosophical research article with Betty Eldfeldt, this woman has been plaguing the thinking of us all. Laura Huelster has expanded horizons which I was never sure really existed. Ruth Abernathy has been the perpetual devil's advocate and just when you are sure of an idea, she pulled out the intellectual rug, and you went flying. I have had the benefits of the disciplinary demands of Del Oberteuffer, John Nixon, Roger Burke, Ann Jewett, Pearl Berlin, Katherine Ley, to name only a few. I have had the operational push from people such as Gail Hennis, Ross Merrick, Caroline Sinclair, Minnie Lynn, and Ellen Griffin. There have been legions of students who have forced all of us who teach to clarify our positions and to be logical and honest in our assertions. I guess there must be pockets of educational organization around the country where it is still possible to intimidate students and have them accept your enunciations without question. If such caverns do exist, I seem to avoid them because the interaction which I am privileged to share with students always demands justification for statements made, and thoughtfull challenges regarding positions taken.

So, today when people ask me what I am doing in teaching physical education to women in the hallowed halls of higher education, I still have some answers. They are not so positively asserted, nor do they have the backing of professional prophets, but the convictions are just as strong and the interest just as keen. I now suggest to my inquisitors that I am teaching people to be responsible for their own well-being, and that I am using activity, processed via the cognitive, affective, and motor domains of human behavior, to effect such a goal. Now, that may not seem very startling to you, but I would want you to know that to me, there is a vast difference between teaching people skill patterns with the tacit assumption that there will be concomitant values as a spin-off, and teaching people to be responsible for their own value formulation through the use of activity patterns.

I no longer think that fitness accrues as a result of my physical education classes, no matter how much sweat I produce, but I do believe that I have the ability to facilitate the formulation of a student's value structure and that I have some rather convincing evidence that activity contributes to the total well-being of an individual. If the heart has greater integrity, if the neural system has greater capacity for integrating stimuli, if the respiratory system is able to withstand more intense stressors, I am delighted because then I am reasonably sure that the value of activity does have relevent meanings to the individual in the pursuit for physiological adaptation and total well-being. But the physical education class introduced the concept, it taught the process and it shares the expected result with all other areas of education.

I now know that behavioral change can be processed via activity, but that it can also be processed through the feelings of participants as they engage in activity patterns and understand their reactions to such patterning. I know now that the sponsoring of behavior patterns which are termed as "positive" by the cultural milieu are not automatic adjuncts of carefully planned physical education classes and concomitants of perfected skill. Behavior has to be taught and activity is a powerful vehicle for such a teaching-learning situation. I finally realize, and no longer feel guilty about the fact, that activity can be a vehicle for teaching undesirable behavioral patterns as well as desirable ones, and that the determination of the good or the bad of behavior is not solely a teacher responsibility. Both teachers and students have the obligation to determine their objectives in the teaching-learning reciprocal, which is symbolically like a handshake—each participant both receives and gives simultaneously.

I now attempt to structure my classes with behavioral objectives as primary factors of the reciprocal. We try to understand when you cooperate and when you compete, when you assume a leadership role and when you seek a leader whom you can follow, when you have status responsibilities and when you challenge such responsibilities. In many ways, it's a whole new ball game. It's a social reconstruction model with humanistic methodology. For example, take the concepts of aggression, superiority, apathy, alienation, power, strategy and see what you can do with them through the use of activity. We've hardly scratched the surface of such thinking, and it has all sorts of promises. I am still a novitiate in this process, but I am still titillating over the success which a class and I had as we attempted to learn about force by using badminton and then making application of our learnings to the war in Southeast Asia. I am still excited about the insights which a class and I gained regarding status roles as we experimented with our feelings regarding coeducation through the media of volleyball. I am still wide-eyed and bushy-tailed about what happened in a body mechanics class as the class and I studied the concept of conformity.

Now, I no longer wait for Nash's teachable moments to arrive; I plan for them to appear, and I use activity patterns to help with our understandings. It has been a revelation to me to finally come to accept the fact that you don't really have to always shake hands with the racket so that you have a correct tennis grip. I have dared to ignore the Bibles of skill learning and teaching, and I am teaching social interaction as a concomitant of activity, but as a primary focus, using activity as my process to reach a specific product.

I have stopped dosing my students with posture improvement exercises, or cardiorespiratory conditioning exercises, or sportsmanship tenets, and I am attempting to help people formulate problems which reflect their nature, needs, and desires and which have some possibility of being solved, using human movement as a process.

I have a whole new idea about the social implications of activity. The socialization of groups of people through the media of quartered oranges is far down my priorty list. I am now looking at dissonance theory and attempting to find its implications for physical education. I am fascinated with the meaning of movement as an interpretation of self to others, and I am intrigued with the social motivations which help determine participation in motor behaviors. My classes and I are experimenting with the meaning of strategy in terms of group behavior and value judgment, and we are attempting to extract such understandings and see if they are applicable to situations other than those usually structured in the form of games, aquatics, dance, and gymnastics. It's another world—the social implications of activity—and physical educators have a potent program at their fingertips. We don't just think. We feel and we do and that puts it all together in a way that many other bodies of knowledge would wish to emulate.

I am excited about some of the theoretical conjectures being advanced by physical education. We are well on the way toward more acute understandings regarding movement theory, but we have done little to understand play theory. At this very moment, we are once again locked into two camps of thought which many are suggesting are antagonistic to one another. I have some serious intellectual altercations with Kroll, VanderZwaag, Locke, and others who seem to be convinced that physical education must have a monolithic theme and who have chosen sport as that theme. I have just as serious disagreement with Brown, Fraleigh, Waltz, McKenzie, and others who seem to have put all of their eggs into the movement basket. Although I have done some work myself in attempting to find structural models for the theoretical framework of physical education—and most of that work has been concerned, to date, with the idea that the human movement phenomena are the core of physical education programs—I would want you all to know that I am now reasonably convinced that our disciplinary framework is multi-theoretical and that we are coming closer and closer to identifying the interacting threads which bind together this misnamed, misunderstood, mystery which we call physical education.

All of which leads me to my final speculation regarding what it is that we may be. How are we going to weave together a threefold cord of process, product, and program, and be comfortable in its strength, knowing that such a threefold cord is not easily broken?

Long before the advent of physical education upon the world scene, there were people who believed that man was composed of body, mind, and soul. Hopefully, we laid that analysis to rest with the Greek development of reason. Then there were those who were convinced that man was thoughts, actions, and feelings, and that such behaviors were exemplified by the separate strands of twine which had different colors, different textures, and even different lengths, We still cater to such an entwining concept when we believe that motor learning is different from cognitive learning and that the affective behavioral experiences are sponsored more by motoric involvement than they are structured by abstract reasoning.

But the humanists are helping all of us in education get over that particular hurdle and we are almost at the place where we are willing to twist the separate behaviors together and present a simulated cord which, as long as it is held together by faith and concern, will present a strength not heretofore dreamed of and which may sponsor the paragon of a humanistic model. I would like to suggest this morning that we are now moving in an era where the twines will be woven together so intricately that they cannot be dissolved. We will not believe that our bodies are temples to house the self, but we will be committed truly to the positive belief that "I am my body" and that it is the wholeness of what I am that makes what man is.

In the millenium approaching, physical education will finally come into its own. We will be concerned about nonverbal language in the same way that we have been concerned about verbal communication patterns. The language of movement will be recorded by a notation system which will make it possible to study the phenomenon in ways which we can not even envision. At this momen., we are (as Laura Huelster has suggested) at the same stage as music when it had to depend upon the minstrels to carry tunes from place to place and where the heritage of music was completely dependent upon the memories of one generation to the next. They physical educators of the future will be reading notation patterns in the same way that most of us follow stick figures today. If we heed the admonitions of Laura Huelster, we will get started on tooling ourselves for this task immediately. The recording of the process of movement is a stark necessity and it will advance our understandings significantly.

Already the psychologists are acting as if they have just discovered body image and movement concept, and if we allow these very human understandings to be relegated to rat mazes or be structured for interpretation of behavior pathology, we will have abandoned our disciplinary birthright. I have no desire to clutch ideas and not allow anyone else to study them, but on the other hand, I have no desire to run panting after behavioral scientists who have only recently discovered that man is his body, and who are just beginning to realize that the play of man is one of his most comprehensive behavior patterns. Psychology is acting as if it has hit a gold mine of new knowledge. Let *us* lead the way with regard to the understandings about which we have already amassed a significant body of knowledge.

Tomorrow will surely promote forms of movement which insist upon a comprehensive understanding of agonistic behavioral patterns found in sport. We will be engaged in organizational operations which seem frightening this minute, but which will seem run-of-the-mill tomorrow. Educational athletics will surely be distinct from programs of physical education even as it maintains its essential philosophical allegiance. Women coaches, women athletic directors, sport designed for people rather than sexes will emerge. And the changing role of women will have dramatic implications for our programs. Many of us will not feel guilty about insisting upon equality, and we will not get upset with ourselves when we act like people. We will know that acting like a lady means being a woman.

The threefold cord will be plaited together and will utilize the threefold objectives found in the biological, psychological, and sociological components of holistic man; it will sponsor alteration and adaptation in the threefold behavioral commitment of people to their cognitive, affective, and motor domains, and it will process total human movement in generic, ordinative, and inventive forms. The threefold cord will be concerned with process, product, and program and as such, will not be easily broken.

Not too long ago I had the opportunity to talk with the vice-chancellor of my univeristy and I suggested to him that it was about time in the history of higher education that physical education was accepted as an integral part of the programmed offerings, and that meant, as far as I was concerned, that physical education would share in the academic pay off in the same way that all other bodies of knowledge shared in the total system. Specifically, at my institution, that meant that physical education should be accorded quality points and should be granted credit hours in the same way as other subject matter. When the vice-chancellor realized what I was suggesting, he chuckled and said, "Do you mean, Miss Ulrich, that you would want three hours of credit for three clock hours of physical education activity classes?" "Precisely," was my quick reply. "But," said the administrator, "that would be impossible. Why, if we offered the student the opportunity to earn three hours of credit by taking organic chemistry or physical education, there just wouldn't be any doubt but that the student would opt physical education." "Of course," I agreed, "and that ought to tell you something." The vice-chancellor looked startled, a bit worried, and then *almost* excited.

That really should tell us something, ladies. If you and I will listen to what is happening in higher education, if we will attempt to truly understand our process and our product, if we will be willing to alter and adapt our programs, we will have the unprecedented opportunity of weaving a threefold cord which could have the power to support education in exciting, meaningful, and relevant ways. You and I are on the verge of a big breakthrough, if we do not break down with our own lethargy and stubborn adversity to change. Let us be willing to focus on the future as we concoct the makings of our threefold cord. The prognosis for our own future will be actualized by our concern for process, product, and program. It is a threefold cord not easily broken!

One Crowded Hour

When I was a great deal younger and a little more romantic than I am now, the haunting opening of Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Renascence* used to catch my heartstrings and create poignant sessions of philosophic meandering. Perhaps you too recall:

All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood;
I turned and looked the other way
And saw three islands in a bay.
So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine,
Straight around til I was come
Back to where I'd started from;
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood.
Over these things I could not see:
These were the things that bounded me;
And I could touch them with my hand
Almost, I thought, from where I stand.
And all at once things seemed so small
My breath came short and scarce at all.

At that time when the world seemed so big and wide, I scarce could believe that boundaries could ever be set in terms of the visible and discernable aspects of a life.

Delivered at the meeting of the Western Society of the National Association of Physical Education for College Women, Alderton, Washington, 1966.

My friends chided me for being an incurable romantic, my parents ascribed to me philosophical insights which were based more on their fond hopes than any demonstrated ability on my part, and my teachers cautioned me about the realities of life and admonished me to be alert to the fact that youth looks at life through a different colored glass than does maturity. The teachers suggested that perhaps I should attempt to assay the real meaning of Millay when I was old enough and wise enough to understand the limitations as well as the visions of life.

So now a quarter century has passed since first I was enamoured with Millay and while I cannot make claims about having gained in wisdom, my greying hair and accumulated birthdays do ascertain the fact that I have grown older. So it seems quite appropriate today that I attempt to look at "the examined life," remembering the Socratic admonition that "the life which is unexamined is not worth living." What has our life meant in the crowded hour of professional commitment?

How often all of us, caught in the hurry-scurry of the age, forget to look at our lives, forget to take a reckoning, forget to find our bearings and check our course. Lots of us are reasonably meticulous about our financial records and have some idea of our indebtedness and our securities. We keep records if for no other reason than to present to the watchers of the Internal Revenue, and within certain limitations we could tell you how our salaries have increased throughout the years how our savings have accumulated or depreciated, and the state of our worldly goods. Yet, when was it that you last looked at the reflection which checks you each morning as you comb your hair and "fix your face" and said to yourself— who am I, where am I going, what can I see from where I stand, what are the things that bound me?

Sometimes I believe that we direct our professional lives in much the same way that I used to go swimming when I was a child. When the weather seemed warm enough, I would make a tremendous decision. Today was the day for the first swim of the summer. My decision was based upon lots of things—my ability to swim, the availability of water, the temperature of the day, my swimming clothes my parent's consent, and a myriad of other reasons which were intrinsic to my judgment ability regarding such a momentary enormous decision. Having decided, I'd plunge in catching my breath as the first shock of the water chilled my bare skin. But once in, I found out that if I stayed reasonably near the surface and did not plunge to the icy depths I could float along with the current of the river. As a matter of fact, after I had established my position, I could float with little effort, stay reasonably warm, and a few flicks of the waist or a flutter or two of the legs would keep me in the main current. Then before I realized it, I'd look up and see that I was yards from my entry spot and drifting with rapidity in a direction that I had only vaguely charted. If things were not too frightening or too far afield from some unrecognized plan, I would continue to drift with the current and if I did not have other obligations, I might finish my swim a half mile or more from where I had first plunged into the stream.

There are times, I think, for all of us, when the professional decisions which we make with regard to our future follow a course similar to that swim. We decide that we want to teach and to teach physical education and we get ourselves prepared for the job with the right credentials. Then we plunge into the field and after the initial shock wears off we discover how we can best keep afloat with a minimum of effort. And the years roll by as we drift with relative ease on our course, a course never really determined by anything other than the drift of the current. Then suddenly four years have gone by and we look about and realize that we have come a long way from the beginnings of our professional life and we wonder how on earth we arrived where we are. Lots of times we are pleased with the flow of the current, for indeed we did choose a river which flowed in what *seemed* like a sensible direction. Then there are other times when we are not impressed with the direction that we have taken and we feel "put upon" that we have become such a fickle leaf in such a strong current. We are not sure what we should do, we don't have the strength or the time to swim back to where we started, and we begin to wonder if we even wish to take the energy to swim to the side of the river bed—after all, the current is going someplace and the water is comfortable and remains inviting.

But no matter how secure we are in our professional role, there is something that doesn't like a drifter and so usually we decide that we must take the situation in hand. So we propel ourself to shore and look about. Five years is a short time when you are over forty but it can be an eternity when you are under the age of where life begins.

In a panic, we decide that we must not become the drifter that we seem to be becoming and a decision is made to take a radical step. The step can be in a number of directions. For some of us it is the step to forsake any further professional commitment and turn to a husband and family. And certainly societal approval would endorse such a decision. In making that sort of choice it is possible to follow the direction of what Friedan has called the feminine mystique and while there may be problems inherent in such a decision, there is always the comfort of a deep, abiding relationship which should sustain you throughout a lifetime. And in this way, often one river has been traded for another river with different current and direction.

A different radical step can result in changing jobs. It may be a change to a different location or a different level of teaching or it may be a change of professional emphasis. Many of the women in physical education turn to guidance for greater satisfactions than teaching seems to provide. In changing our focus and emphasis one cannot help but wonder what it is that we are escaping from or maybe what we are escaping to. I am sure that other fields have problems about personnel who depart from the ranks to seek their fortunes in allied professions, but physical education seems rampant with this type of personality. You wonder about the worth of any professional river that cannot reattract its swimmers after they have left the main current of action.

Yet another path which we may follow when we determine that we shall not continue to drift all of our lives involves going to do advanced study, usually at a graduate school and usually with some degree objective in mind. We make this sort of a decision for a multitude of reasons, and I am sure that each of you could provide reasons to the list. We usually decide to do further study so that we can improve our teaching ability, or improve our financial situations, or improve our status, or improve our image in the eyes of both ourself and others, or satisfy our intellectual curiousity, or obtain the right credentials so that we can say what we wish and do as we wish with some sort of educational aura. There are even a few of us who feel that the Ph.D. may substitute for the M.R.S. and thus find a method of sublimation for daring to defy the feminine mystique. But regardless of the nature of the reason, many of us do make the decision to take the step toward advanced study and, from that plateau, secure for ourselves positions in colleges and universities—and hence we find ourselves where we are today.

Then after arriving at the graduate school for the numerous reasons suggested, we find that life is not the bed of roses that we thought it might be and there are times when we long for the "good ol' days" of swimming and floating in a professional stream that was at least comfortable if not always tranquil.

So, I would like to suggest today that many of us have now made our third major life decision. We have already dared to swim for the first time, we have already dared to get out of the current and assay the situation and make a decision about our future, and we have then decided what we shall do with the rest of our professional life. And it is to that third major decision that I would like to direct our thinking with regard to our one crowded hour of glorious life.

It is true for some of us that we merely plunged back into a similar stream and have coasted for most of our professional life, but I believe that our presence at this meeting negates that course. As a group, most of us are the women who have been concerned about ourselves and our profession and we have felt that it was our obligation, periodically, to make examination of the stream, of the current, of the river bed, and of the terrain which surrounds our adventure.

So let us look with candor at ourselves and see what we see. There will probably be some images which we would like to put aside and like King Richard the Second, we would want to break the glass that reflected a face that did not reflect the man. But there should be other aspects of the self-examination which are pleasing and exciting and, hopefully, will give us courage to seek with heart and soul the meaning of the professional stream of life in which we swim.

As women physical educators, our first obligation is to examine our own womanhood and see there some of the problems that are inherent in sex identification.

Like all people, we women are interested in achieving selfhood and in this particular era of our history this is no easy task. We seemingly have so many things in our favor these days. The United States census report reveals that all jobs are now filled on the basis of talent, and this would indicate that there is only minor discrimination with regard to sex. While some of us might scoff at that declaration and claim that it is a "words only" edict, I do believe that we would have to admit that there now exist opportunities for women professionally which our grandmothers and even our mothers never dreamed would be available. It is no longer completely a man's world and if we needed an event to "clinch" that observation, the election of Indira Gandhi to the prime ministership of India provided much. I am sure many of you heard Mrs. Gandhi respond to the question of a reporter who asked how she felt being the first elected woman head of a large state. You will remember that Mrs. Gandhi said that she did not think about sex in relation to the job, for in India, all people were Indian people first and only women and men in terms of social mores and societal boundaries. And this from the citizen of a country where *purdah* was practiced officially up until a decade ago!

In seeking selfhood, many of us have had to make a very real effort to discover our abilities and our limitations independent of our sex. This is a difficult thing to do. I guess in many ways no more important thing has ever been said about you than when the physician announced to your proud father, "it's a girl." Those three words tend to govern our role in so many things that when we attempt to operate without the cloak of this identity, we feel undressed. But in achieving professional selfhood, I think that we must learn to function in the "people role" first and the "sex role" second.

All of us see so many violations of this each day and many times I am sure that we are guilty of the same violations which we look at with such contempt when they are practiced by others. For example, I am convinced that there are many women physical educators who essentially do not like men, who do not trust men and who fear men. There are probably lots of psychological explanations why such an attitude exists, but regardless of the reasons for this anti-men feeling, the fact remains that it is a tremendous stumbling block in the cause of selfhood and professional understanding. I know of universities where the women's department is on one side of campus and the men's on the other, where one department is one side of the river and the other department is on the other, where the women's department is up the hill and the men are down the hill—and where not only the terrain separates these two departments that are supposedly interested in the same thing for the men and the women whom they teach.

Undoubtedly this male-female battle is enhanced by the attitude of many men who feel insecure and threatened by a group of semi-militant women who tend to be self-righteous and ultra-professional. But even where the men are cooperative, we still can find problems. There is almost a basic distrust. I suggest that we examine this attitude carefully in our own lives and actions and attempt to change such an attitude for the good of the profession and the self.

Some others among us go to the other extreme in the man-woman professional relationship. We act coy and semi-helpless in the presence of our male colleagues. We turn to them "for help" to do the things that we have always taken care of ourselves. Now I am not talking of the social amenities when I suggest this cute and coy approach; I am talking about the fact that we indulge ourselves in the "you-big-strong-man-take-care-of-little-old-me theory." I believe that when we do this we are reneging on our dignity as professional people who are interested in a common cause.

I am sure that there is a little of the "man-hater," "man-lover" concept in every woman and being a professional physical educator does not erase a psychosocial attitude—but if we are honest enough to examine our lives with candor, perhaps we can start to seek selfhood by attempting to act as a human who may be a woman rather than as a woman who may be human.

As physical educators, our obligation is also to the discipline which we profess. There are times when our failure to examine the attributes of life with regard to our professional obilgations leads us to such a complicated maze of problems that even the most intelligent white mice would have trouble mastering the maze.

For example, what responsibility do we feel for being intellectual people? The connotation of "college professor" carries a status symbol which suggests that we possess intellect of a superior sort. Is this really true for us? I keep being annoyed and discouraged by the absence of abstact thinking in our field and I am tired of always feeling an obligation to answer the question "What's it good for?" We have not let ourselves deal with ideas enough—we have spent too much time with actions. We need to read more in related areas; we need to sensitize our intellectual surfaces by taking advantage of the numerous offerings from other disciplines and areas.

However, on the positive side, I do honestly believe that college women physical educators represent some of the best thinking of our field, and I know of no more intellectually critical audiences than the ones which ally themselves with the NAPECW and each of its district associations. I look with great pride upon the contributions which have been made and are being made by such college women as Eleanor Metheny, Ruth Abernathy, Laura Huelster, Catherine Allen, Marion Broer, Minnie Lynn, and Ruth Glassow, to mention only a very few.

Another of our professional responsibilities deals with the concept of energy. Many professions have to cope with the fatigued individual but somehow I never really expect this in physical education teaching. Surely our fitness level can be measured by the vigor which we bring to each task and the verve that we have to meet each day. I truly believe that we should have the energy and enthusiasm to be vital people in our jobs and if such is missing, then we must find new wine for old bottles. I don't mean to be a perennial Pollyanna about zest but I have been horrified with the tiredness found in professional groups. I read a research report not long ago which suggested that fatigue and boredom could often be ascertained by listening to people when they sat down. If, as you throw yourself into a reclining position, you accompany the act with an involuntary "phew" or groan, the psychologists believe that there is more than just a suggestion of fatigue. I have caught myself doing this time and time again and I am beginning to believe that we can acquire a habit of fatigue—almost an expectation.

On the other hand, I think that most of us still hear from our family and friends the comment, "Good heavens, where on earth do you get all that energy?" And when I look around at other women my age who are not teachers of physical education, I begin to feel as if we really do have an enthusiasm and effervescence that distinguishes us from many others. As a matter of fact, there are times when I look at my students and feel as if I have ten times more energy than they do. And if this is true, I attribute it to the fact that I am a physical educator.

Still another aspect of our professional life deals with what I will call the concept of dedication. We grow up with the idea that there is a certain nobility in dedication—and I am sure that I could never ever lose that value judgment no matter how hard I tried. But there is the possibility that at times we are too dedicated. I shall never forget the true story that Caroline Sinclair, formerly of Madison College, told me a little over a year ago. She said that one of her better sophomore majors came to her one day and announced that she had decided to change her major field. Dr. Sinclair was willing to oblige in making the change but she was anxious to know the reason. The girl's grades were quite good, so obviously there was no scholastic reason for the change. Upon asking the young woman, she found out that there was no personality conflict between the student and her peers and the young lady asserted that she had nothing but respect and admiration for her teachers, for she thought that physical education was a most significant field. "Why, then, do you want to change?" "Well," said the student, "I looked about at all of you and the kind of job that you do and I decided that I just didn't want to be that dedicated!" Isn't there the distinct possibility that we give too much of ourselves to our professional field and at times spend ourselves so fully that we are left with bankrupt personal lives? I know that it is impossible for any of us to live a balanced life day by day, but we could live such a life year by year and decade by decade. Let us pledge to ourselves that this year we will do at least one of the non-professional things which we wish to do—let us learn to become better people through rational stroke-glide dedication rather than the emotional all-or-none sort of senseless service.

As we are examining our lives in terms of our professional commitment, it is also wise to look not only at selfhood, but professional methods and job responsibilities. Each of these techniques comes to bear on our lives, and as educators, we need to take some of the tried and true ideas off the shelf and look at them.

One of the concepts regarding our profession which we need to evaluate is in reference to the limits of our job responsibility. Sometimes we act as if there is nothing that we cannot do and we seem to take delight in the fact that we are jills of all trades—and perhaps masters of none. We in the colleges and universities have less of a problem with this than some of our public school colleagues, but the problem does exist even for us.

Part of job limitation deals with the concept of speciality. To many of us who have grown up in a different era, the idea of a specialized physical education teacher is something that has a slight taint. Yet we have been forced to look for specialists in dance, specialists in the biological bases of physical education, specialists in health, specialists in evaluation, specialists in camping, specialists in recreation, and on and on. I honestly believe that the day of the specialist is just beginning to dawn and as I have had opportunities to teach in a number of the well-known graduate schools during the summer, I am convinced that graduate programs are being structured to accommodate and educate professional people for *very* specialized work.

When a graduate student comes to graduate school to specialize in physiology of exercise, there no longer is the feeling that he must take courses in organization and administration, current literature, camping, or even principles and philosophy. That student wants to spend his time in physiology, and when you have accepted him with the assumption that his background has been general, then you must allow and encourage him to specialize.

I will predict that in the next decade we will be employing masters and doctors who are specialists in evaluation, physiology, motor learning, organization and administration, and teaching method, to suggest only a few. These people will head up special departments or areas with the schools of physical education and they will not be expected to be conversant in all aspects of the program. This is already being done in many of the well-known and important graduate schools and while it brings certain problems of communication, it also brings an abundance of scholarly endeavor. Just as medicine had to finally acknowledge that the general practitioner could not know the answers to all questions and had to rely upon the specialists, so physical education has come to realize that our discipline it too complex for general practive. I will wager that from 1970 on, graduate work will deal purely in specialization and colleges and universities will be seeking experts more and more.

This makes us come face to face with the fact that our jobs have limits just as we ourselves have limits, and the day of being "the good and understanding professor" who will tackle any problem which concerns the welfare of the student is long gone. As Mary Channing Coleman admonished me years ago, "You must learn to say no!" and while I have not been especially successful in executing her advice, I believe that the profession is beginning to heed it. And well it should!

Another professional enigma which deals with our examined life is that regarding evaluation. The subject of grades is filled with potential dynamite but it is a subject which we must scrutinize. We claim that we are a part of education but we really do not want the responsibilities that go with that claim—just the privileges. Most of us operate in the midst of educational circumstances which suggest that the process of evaluation is meaningful to the student and teacher alike. All disciplines that I know have standards of performance and insist that their adherents meet those standards in order to qualify for a rating within the discipline. If you want to claim that you have passed French, you have to meet certain standards of performance in terms of translation, grammar, conversation, and facility with the language. If you want to claim that you have passed biology, you have to meet certain standards of performance in terms of understanding, identifications, analysis, and comprehension.

But if you want to claim that you have passed college physical education, often you really just have to try hard and be a nice girl. I have made no official survey of the grades given for college physical education for women, but I would bet that throughout the country not over one percent of the students ever fail the course. That either implies that people are really good in physical education, or that our standards for performance are so nebulous that we have no choice but to pass students—especially when you consider what poor backgrounds they have had.

There are students who enter mathematics classes with poor backgrounds and no aptitude for mathematics. They try hard, they are nice people, they are morally fit and socially sound, and they take showers—but they fail mathematics because they can't demonstrate their ability to meet the standards. There are students who enter German classes with no background, with a poor ear for gutteral sounds, with a real hatred and fear of foreign languages. They try hard, they come early to class and stay late and spend hours in the language laboratories listening to German records, they are intellectually alert, they are nice people, and they are good sports about the entire venture—but they fail German because they don't understand transposed word order and they can't pronounce the vocabulary. They can't demonstrate ability in German. Perhaps we professors of physical education should take a lesson in evaluation from our colleagues and set up standards of performance, analysis, understanding, facility and comprehension. We often sell ourselves short professionally because that which everyone can have with no effort is attractive to no one. One of the best concepts about the idea of a varsity team is that in order to qualify, you have to "make" the team. Isn't it about time that we college women in physical education started to study our evaluation techniques and prepare for change? The only direction that we have to go is toward improvement.

Speaking of competition, here is another area of professional concern which should affect our examined life. We have known for sometime now that we in the echelons of higher education would have to relook at our intercollegiate offerings and proceed with our heads in the clouds of this time in history and our feet planted firmly in the soil of sound standards of practice. There are still a few among us who feel that the late Gladys Palmer opened Pandora's box when she started the Woman's Collegiate Golf Tournament 25 years ago. But there are many more among us who believe that Dr. Palmer and her successors were years ahead of their time in professional judgment and gave us the entree not to have to "back into our own future" as Minnie Lynn so cogently expressed it. We are on the perimeter of new ideas with regard to women's intercollegiate competition and it will behoove each of us to be flexible enough in our thinking to evaluate new practices in terms of today's world rather than in terms of what we like to think was the past. The DGWS [now NAGWS] has made gargantuan strides in taking the leadership for this complicated planning and each of us will be called upon to give the best of our thinking and experience to insure the meaningful, continued direction of college women's sports.

A final professional problem deals with the concept of good teaching. I am sure that each of us desires devoutly to be a good teacher—yet how can this come about and how can it be determined. Two summers ago I heard John Lawther, retired dean of the Physical Education School at Pennsylvania State University, state that there was no known way to measure the good teacher. Tests, evaluations, case studies all seem to have such limitations that they are next to meaningless. I guess that the only way the effectiveness of teachers can be measured is in the contributions and achievements of their students and that takes a lifetime to occur.

So then, how can we attempt to improve teaching in our field and how can we improve ourselves? One of the ways, it seems to me, is to make sure that we do not accept as colleagues any substandard people. We are the people who for the most part have control of the sort of professional graduates who leave our institutions of higher learning and I believe that the time has come when we must make very sure that every student we graduate is the sort of person who has the potential to add distinction to our field rather than a person who has such serious limitations that the best we can expect is for them to hold things together without allowing chaos.

I would suggest that we make sure our prospective colleagues were people of intelligence as well as understanding and that we stop graduating nice little girls who are not very smart but certainly understand how to teach. Teaching cannot afford to be populated with artisans—we need real artists, and while there are many scholars who cannot teach, there are even more teachers who are not scholars. Don't we have an obligation to good teaching to insist upon both attributes?

For ourselves, it seems to me that academic freedom has granted too much freedom, and I would like to suggest that administrators and faculty committees start once again to evaluate the teaching prowess of their colleagues. There are times when I would welcome criticism about my teaching methodology, about my knowledge of the subject, about myself as a teacher, and I believe that good departments could set up the mechanism by which such criticism could be available. Supervision is not snooping and criticism is not catastrophic if it is offered in a way that will enhance teaching talents rather than destroying personality and ability.

Oh, my friends, the examined life insists upon a crowded hour. But as Walter Scott suggested, "one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age." A tranquil river does not insist upon examination, but a lack of scrutiny can lead to satisfaction that has no basis and can provide a false security. So to each of us there is no choice but the examined life, for the unexamined life is not worth living.

If these are some of the problems that provide our boundaries—if these are the facets of our living which are seen in "three long mountains and a wood"—indeed, life will probably be much too small and our breath will surely come short and scarce at all.

But the things about which we have been talking are but artifacts of the examined life, for in truth, the crowded hour is one of glory. You will recall that Miss Millay declared:

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Further away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through.

And there my friends is the value of one crowded hour of glorious life for this teacher of physical education. You and I have within our understanding both heart and soul and with these two concepts, who is to say what are our limits, what are our potentials? My teachers were probably right when in my youth they cautioned me about the boundaries of life and the fact that all the world is not seen through the rose colored glasses of the incurable romantic. Yet 25 years later I am still convinced that our examined life is not set in terms of visible and discernable boundaries, and I share with you a professional heart and soul which are convinced that there is more than meets the eye in this lifetime of professional service.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.

Ours is the wide heart and the high soul. Ours is the examined life. Could this not be, then, our crowded hour?

Heart of Fire-Love

The quest of Charles Edward Stewart to regain the crown of Britain is recorded in history as the ill-fated adventure of a young and reckless lad who had visions which were out of tune with reality. Yet, the songs and prose record that magnificent crusade as a romantic idyll and they extol the verve and dash of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The historian sees the fact of failure, but the poet has the passion for possibility, for a cause that was right but missed its moment in history. As a reasonable educator, I suppose that I should accept the erudite recordings of historical interpretation, but my heart hears the plea of the poet and my sympathies are with that dashing "braw gallant" who captured the fancy of the Highlands and stirred the hopes of men, for generations after, that the impossible was worth a try.

You will remember that the standard of the young Stewart was raised at Glenfinnan with the Highland Scots rallying to support the cause. At the Prince's side were two men, Lochiel of the Camerons and young Macdonald of Clanranald. For a while things went well, but eventually the young pretender met the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden, and the rout of the Highland troups still stands as the supreme symbol of betrayal and gore.

As it became evident that George the Second would retain his crown and that the "forty-five" was no more, Charles Edward Stewart realized that he must flee for his life. Alone and discouraged, he turned to his Highland followers and landed on Benbecula, an isle of the outer Hebrides, to seek shelter and comfort.

Delivered at the DGWS National Conference on Girls Sport Programs in Secondary Schools, Estes Park, Colorado, 1971.

It was not be accident that Charlie chose Benbecula. That was the island fortress of the Clan Clanranald, a small and shining jewel in the archipelago of the Outer Hebrides. For almost five months the prince hid in the Outer Isles amid folk who were poor beyond our wildest thought of poverty today. The crown had placed a reward of thirty thousand pounds on the head of the young pretender, yet not one of the loyal Highlanders thought to betray the prince and the cause they loved so well.

At the risk of their own death, it was the Dame Clanranald and her kinswoman, Flora Macdonald, who disguised Charles Edward Stewart as Betty Burke, an Irish spinning maid and spirited him "over the sea to Skye."

Eventually, Charles made his way back to France; the king's general, Campbell, ravished the Clan Clanranald; and Flora returned to her life in the croft at Milton. It was a tepid ending for the conflagration which had almost claimed a throne and which had burned a swatch of allegiance from Stornaway to Derby.

But the fact of failure cannot erase the memory of the passion of possibility, and another time, another place, another people might provide the spark of an idea whose moment has come. The cause is never truly lost as long as there are people who care, and the Highland lament of "will ye no come back" again weeps for passion instead of fact.

The Clan Clanranald, the followers of the prince, worshipped their chieftain with a devotion that was inspired. He was to his island clansmen "Heart of fire-love," a title not easily accorded an absolute ruler, a man who has the power to determine life and death. But the Clanranald-Himself was a man apart, and it is of monumental significance that as Campbell was razing Borve Castle (the Clanranald stronghold), demanding that the clan renounce the Stewart prince and pledge allegiance to the teutonic Hanover, the crofters defiantly stood their ground, amid the burning crofts and the ravished shieldings, and with loyal hearts accorded their bonnie prince the cherished title, "Heart of fire-love." It was an occasion when royalty was honored not for its godly status, but for its humanity. And the Clanranald-Himself lead the ovation.

The aborted attempt of Charles Edward Stewart and his Highland following, the bestowal of love, as an act of loyalty, may seem like a far cry from the National Conference on Girls Sport Programs for Secondary Schools. The turbulent Minch, the Collins of Skye, and the bracken fens of Benbecula may seem apart from the awesome majesty of the Rockies and the rolling plains of mid-America. The loyal and dedicated Stewart followers who made up "the forty-five" may bear little resemblance to the high school teachers of girls physical education. But I think not; I suspect that there is greater congruence among all of those elements than appears on the surface. I would like to suggest that we explore the passion of our own possibility to affect the lives of young women, so as to avoid an ill-fated fact of failure, and instead to fashion the faith of the future so that excellence ensues. Let us attempt to understand how we can structure our responsibilities so as to elicit from posterity the acclamation "Heart of fire-love"—not as a personal adornment, but as a professional commitment.

All causes, professional or political, are built on ethical principles and a moral code. To ascertain what is included in such a stance is difficult because the stance is influenced by the cultural milieu and societal interpretation. The cultural pattern of American society in this seventh decade of the twentieth century is complex, and because we are so close to it, because we are a part of it, it is hard for us to gain the same insights as we can gain by perusing the literature of the heritage of quests for the British crown. However, you and I cannot afford the luxury of waiting for the future so we are obliged to see what meaning we can ascertain for the present.

The moral code which supported Charles Edward Steward was inundated with loyalty, belief, trust, concern, adventure, risk, commitment, self-discipline, and courage. The moral code of our civilization is also concerned with those principles, albeit we must interpret them according to our moment in history. The quest for the crown provided the Highlanders their model for morality. We find our model in our attention to the emergence of the self, in a confused and, at times, contrite age. The rising of "the forty-five" provided the occasion for testing the Highland mettle. The opportunity to participate in meaningful sports programs may provide the occasion which is the testing ground of selfhood for the youth of today.

Values are always ascertained through "taking a chance." Until you risk belief, you can only proclaim values, never know them as a part of your inner fiber. Hence, the opportunity for participation in sports programs is a "natural" for value assessment. It is very hard to pretend a belief in the middle of a game.

Most of us learn to play the roles expected of us as a part of the social structure. If the desirable role is based upon love of family, country, and convention, we play that role. If the expected role is based upon love of self, style, and deviation, we play that role. No one is consistent in the role that she plays. We have both public and private roles—and often these roles do not dovetail with each other, as a matter of fact, they sometimes do not even complement each other. When the situation delegates that opportunities for role selection are minimal, there may be the opportunity for a close fit between the public and private self. That is, perhaps, one of the reasons that there is such a feeling of wholeness, of completeness, in a sports situation. Players do not have time to structure the situation and their reaction to it; therefore, they just "are." In our plea for self-actualizing opportunities, the opportunity to participate in sports may have a tremendous significance.

The girls whom you teach, who seek opportunities to participate voluntarily in sports programs, are daring to ask themselves of what stuff they are made. Such a girl wants to know about her assets and her liabilities. She wants to experience being "one with it" instead of "outside." She wants to test herself against the best that can be offered to see if she is capable or if she is wanting.

Your students are risking their very selfhood as they participate in sports programs, and for all who find satisfactions, there are as many who find frustration. It is frightening to risk your essential worth, it is debilitating to find yourself wanting, it is sheer ecstasy to find yourself capable. But is is this sense of insecurity which the young girl wants as she attempts to identify self; she likes the thrill and the risk. In a sense, participating in sports programs is like playing "chicken" on a moral interstate. You test the ethical speed of life as you are a part of the situation.

Inherent in most sports programs are the concepts of loyalty, belief, trust, concern, adventure, commitment, self-discipline, and courage. We might think of risk-taking through sports as the "Clanranald syndrome," for in the actions demanded by sport are all of the qualities of that clan of Scots who cared for belief more than expediency, involvement more than safety, and activity more than lethargy.

Sport insists that you must make decisions, that you must live with the decision that you have made, and that you must accept the consequences of that decision. You have to decide where to send the ball as you dribble down the court, you have to live with the topspin that you have put on the tennis ball as it is placed at your opponent's backhand, you have to accept the slice which landed in the rough because the decision was wrong.

The consequences of skill decisions are relatively easy to ascertain and judge. However, the consequences of ethical principles in a code of morality are not easy to distinguish or to weigh. Yet, there is no way to avoid moral judgments in either a game or society. Without such judgments there is anarchy. The group welfare is always dependent upon the group understandings and group acceptance of values.

Often it is the teacher who designs the general matrix for value formulation. Along with the family, the teacher has gargantuan potential for influence. Therefore, it is essential that as teachers of young women, we understand how to sensitize our girls to the moral code of the complex society of which we are a part. Games are governed by rules which are the law of the sport reality. But games are also governed by "spirit" which is the ethical imperative of morality.

The moral code of our society is evasive and mutable. It is based upon the Christian-Judeo ethic and subscribes to the worth of the individual. It is a code which helps each of us structure the spirit of the game, and teach for moral involvement.

But, let us make practical some of our theoretical conjectures and find actual examples of how a teacher of secondary school girls can find ways of making morality relevant. How can we communicate to the young women who choose to ally themselves with our programs? How can we convince them that risking their all is the best way to find themselves, and that the understanding of the "Clanranald syndrome" might indicate meaningful direction in relation to self-discovery?

There is a deep-seated belief in the American heritage that there should be equality of opportunity for all. That does not mean that all things and people are equal, just that the opportunity for all to find meaning is equal. Such a standard suggests that there should be opportunities for all, but not necessarily at the same level of involvement. The British organization of secondary school sports which we see manifested in the programs of our Canadian neighbor is a perfect example of the tenet which espouses freedom of opportunity. There are many "varsity type" teams—all of which have the same opportunities for play, but at different levels. There are teams formulated at advanced and beginning levels and all ranges in between, and each team has a schedule to play which involves action outside the school as well as within the school.

In the United States, where our opportunities for participation have been built on a pyramid structure, the individual at the apex of the pyramid, that is, the varsity player, has been granted opportunities which the individual at the base of the pyramid has never enjoyed. The opportunity to be coached, the opportunity for regularly scheduled practices, the opportunity to have a game called by highly qualified officials, the opportunity to visit other schools and meet other people are all concomitants of playing on the "varsity squad," while only a few of those opportunities are available for the intramural program. I wonder what would happen if all of us would throw our intramural programs away and structure an all-encompassing extramural program which could accommodate all girls of all degrees of skill who wanted to be a part of the extracurricular sports program. The results might be interesting and might support freedom of opportunity in a way that we have seldom used. It might be worth the chance and might even justify the expense.

Equality of opportunity affords an individual to be the best that she can be. It is not diluted with exaggerated suggestions that those who are good owe service to those who are not as good. There is nothing wrong about training officials, providing teaching experiences for prospective young physical educators, and having program assistants who help with equipment, dressing rooms, score books, and organizational matters. However, there is no reason why the majority of that personnel must come from the ranks of the highly skilled.

Another of our deep-seated American tenets is that the welfare of the individual must be placed above the welfare of the situation or the group. This does not mean that the individual is always right, nor does it indicate that the group must be neglected so that the indivdual has the opportunity to "do his thing." Individual welfare is cognizant of the welfare of all individuals and, as such, insists that no person has the "right" to destroy people in searching for personal self-identitiy. Hopefully, there has never been a time really when sensitive and intelligent conductors of sports programs have ever knowingly placed the good of the game, the good of the institution, above the good of the individual participant. However, there have been many times when we have allowed and even encouraged the good of one individual to be foremost in our planning, even at the expense of another individual.

When girls are not allowed to play because the ones who are already playing are so successful, there may be the hint of amorality. When do you put in substitutes? Perhaps such a decision should not be a coach's decision completely; perhaps it should be the decision of the participants, made at a time when there is the opportunity for reason and contemplation to govern the decision rather than passion and emotion. What would happen if players were used in the decision making opportunities usually reserved only for the coach? I can recall suggesting to a basketball team which I coached that it was going to be their responsibility to determine who should play and who should not play. The girls did not want that responsibility and really begged that I make all the decisions for them. However, if part of our obligation as coach is to attend to the moral imperative, perhaps we should not accede to the wishes of the group to avoid the responsibility of decisions. Perhaps we should insist upon involvement. I remember that I finally compromised with the team and had a small group counsel me with regard to strategy decisions. As I recall, the playing situation did not suffer, and I suspect and hope that the learning with regard to individual welfare was relevant.

Another deep investment in our moral code is the principle of self-determination. In the democratic society in which we live, the majority has the right of governance. One of the adverse criticisms being made against sport today is that it is not truly a democratic institution. Jack Scott and others claim that sport is dictated by a group of authoritarian-oriented people who manipulate individuals to achieve ends which may be suspect. Most of us wiggle uncomfortably at such accusations, because we know there is the very real possibility that there is truth in the accusation.

As long as a quarter centry ago, Frederick Rand Rogers and others were advocating player-control games. The idea is to teach the players all that you can *beforc* the game and then let them play the game on their own. Hence, the coach would sit on the bench or in the stands and watch the development of the contest without having the opportunity to alter its course. For many people, the above situation has great appeal. It is the format which essentially is used in most individual and dual sport situations, but is seldom used in team sport contests. There are many who argue that it is the coach's obligation to direct the contest, much as the leader conducts the choir or the orchestra. There are others who suggest that we have never really attempted real player-control and that we will never be able to ascertain its worth until we give it an honest try. Maybe you and I could structure sports situations which relied upon player-control, as well as sports situations which were based upon coaching direction. It would seem that such a condition might be built into the schedule plan just as easily as level of skill, age of participants, and gender identification.

Another ethical tenet of the American cultural system insists upon placing human values above material rewards. We have usually thought of this in terms of not offering material properties in the form of monies or expensive trophies for the attainment of success. Thus, we often reason that no extrinsic awards shall be offered.

This ethical principle does not really limit itself to such an interpretation. Placing human values above materialism may be in terms of exploitation rather than in terms of prizes. Some sports programs have exploitation built into the pattern. There are times when the exploitation is subtle—so subtle that it is hardly recognized— or it is rationalized as a "good thing and a natural outcome of all play." There are innumerable times when the extension of the self-awareness of the player is perverted to meet the needs and demands of the coach, the situation, the crowd. When the emphasis is only upon winning, there is a good chance that the individual player and his value are subservient to the material assests of the situation. At times, the player may feel like a social commodity, to be used, manipulated, and ultimately replaced.

The American society does not encourage the extension of the "school girl athlete" into a mature life style for the adult woman in the same way it does for the male athlete. This difference in gender expectation has a number of liabilities, but in this instance, it is an asset for the girls whom we teach. Athletics, for girls, is delegated to the school years, for the most part, and the emphasis upon "using girls" for material ends beyond the school years is minimal.

Yet another ethical principle which makes up the moral code in this country is the idea that human personality is the central component of the moral code and that respect for that personality is guaranteed. As Pullias has suggested, "the human being in contrast to all other living forms must be made; he does not come into full being simply by growth." Humanity is achieved by experience, with each personality being unique. Respect for the personality is an aspect of human dignity, and any time we ignore this in sport situations, we have violated the morality of the situation.

Just recently, in North Carolina, one of the members of the State Department of Public Instruction issued the edict that all public school athletes must abide by a dress and appearance code which was to present a stereotyped image of what that particular educational official considered desirable. The fact that the image suggested was far from reflecting the current styles and fashions seemed immaterial to the official from the State Department of Public Instruction. He was that sure that he was right. It is true that sport inflicts a rigid discipline of its own with regard to conduct during a game, but that does not extend to either conduct or appearance outside of the game situation. There is no sound reason why sport should be used to enforce lumpish conformity.

There must be the opportunity for personal autonomy within sports programs. It is difficult to accept the personality structure of the deviant; it is hard to entertain dissent and disagreement; it is exasperating not to be able to enforce personal standards which have served other generations for eons. Yet, if the moral dictate regarding respect for personality is observed, there must be a place for a potpourri of personality forms, hair styles, dress patterns, and various conducts—including those of the director of the sports program.

Respect for the personality is a reciprocal. It is a reciprocal better caught than taught.

Freedom is yet another tenet of the moral code which governs our actions. Freedom is not a license; it is a responsibility. Freedom must include the freedom to restrict one's own freedom, for restraint is not the antithesis of human freedom, but rather an integral part. One of the attractive things about sport is that it insists upon restraint in order to achieve freedom. Perhaps that is part of the magnetism of sport. You cannot force people to play by the spirit of the game; they must make that commitment themselves. At best you can enforce the rules of the game; at worst you can dictate behavior. The player is always a free spirit with regard to process and purpose.

The American moral code is also predicated upon status mobility. We who have been interested in girls sports programs are just beginning to see some of the consequences and responsibilities of true mobility. The stratification of sports has been rigid. Sport has been stratified with respect to the importance attached to specific situations, it has been stratified even as to playing positions. In addition, the elements of skill, experience, age, and sex have all provided status levels within the programs accommodating sport. As some of these status strata are broken down, we are beginning to realize that status mobility inflicts change, which, in turn, alters responsibility.

The status of girls sport programs contrasted to boys programs has always been a lamented concern of women physical educators. Yet when there has been the opportunity for status mobility we have been hesitant of losing more than we might gain and have been reluctant to assume the responsibilities demanded. I wonder if we really do have anything to fear in encouraging certain teams to be people-oriented rather than gender-oriented. Such activities as tennis, badminton, swimming, bowling, and diving, to mention only a few, might well be organized with respect to competence, skill, and understanding, rather than sex, age, and experience.

Almost two decades ago, the Supreme Court declared that there were no such things as "separate but equal" experiences, and it would seem that such an axiom might extend to segregation fostered by gender as well as racial characteristics. Girls sports programs would not suffer universally with the advent of teams chosen with no regard to sex identification. There might be an important place for programs which were based upon faith in ability, rather than distrust sponsored by biological identification. Katherine Ley, of Cortland College, has proposed an interesting idea whereby both men and women might have assignments for the sports program, predicated upon their coaching and teaching ability rather than the sex of those whom they teach. It would be an exciting declaration of human faith if we would ever give it an honest try.

As the practices and behaviors which reflect ethical morality in sport are amassed, it is evident that they are not just absorbed—they must be taught. Sport programs provide the opportunity for the experience of the "Clanranald syndrome"; they do not provide the directionality of that set of behaviors. The Highland followers of Bonnie Prince Charlie had to find their own patterns of meaning for their cause, just as we must find our meaning for our cause in our era. Only as we feel responsible for teaching meaning, can we hope that the young women with whom we work will be willing to offer the ultimate accolade to an experience which was relevant and see their involvement with sport as a personification of "Heart of fire-love."

When you plan to teach values, you yourself must take a stand. You must make an operational declaration to a moral code which supports freedom, human value, and the opportunity for self-government. Then, when moral judgments are demanded, you have to use the following pattern of operation for value transfer.

First, the situation must be analyzed so that all choice can be identified and explored. Do you play to the rules or the whistle? What is your attitude toward your opponent to be? Can idealism be maintained in the reality of conflict? Who shall you please—coach, parents, peers, or self? The scanning of alternatives is fascinating, especially in the present world of existentialistic emphasis. There are often as many alternatives as there are people, and each alternative has a rationale which suggests value and endorsement.

Second, the consequences of the value choice are explored. The values are studied in terms of individual satisfaction and the social conscience. The stakes which are involved are pointed out. At this phase there should be dissent and disagreement. Should the runner slide into second with her spikes up? Should the game be structured so as to force the opponents to foul? Should everyone play sometime during the game regardless of the consequences? Should the coach make all of the decisions as to strategy and substitution? The study of consequential behavior opens Pandora's box and forces all to assume some degree of objectivity which is a natural result of interaction.

Third, it is necessary for a decision to be made with regard to the expected behavior. This is the course of action which the group, in its most democratic operation, decides upon as being the most meaningful behavior in a specific situation. In most instances, the group also decides that all subsequent behavior of the same nature shall have the same interpretation. You decide to play only those players who are effective at that time and bench the rest of the team. You decide that it is sporting to attempt to confuse the opponent throught psychological channels as well as skill technique. You decide that whatever the umpire calls, it is to be accepted as correct. You decide that there are more ways to win a game than to have the highest score. You decide that you will play your opponents' type of game and beat them with their own tricks. The popular excuse that "it all depends" cannot carry you through the agony of decision making. There is the point when the moment of casting your lot arrives and at that moment, no ambivalence is tolerated. You decide upon the directionality of the "Clanranald syndrome."

Fourth, you must begin to generalize about your decisions. It is essential that you learn to say—out loud—this is right, this is fair, this is the pattern, this is cheating, this is questionable, this is wrong. Unless the generalizations are derived from the learner's experience and thinking, the generalization has little worth. Values are always internalized and are seldom foisted on people. When a generalization has been formulated about a decision, a step of signal importance has been taken. Such a generalization provides an overt expression of an intrinsic belief. It provides the communicated basis for future decision making. After a number of generalizations have been made, the individual learns how to extract concepts from specific instances and is then capable of understanding and interpreting the value of a moral code and the creation of ethical principles.

The final step in value transmittal is to formulate a philosophy which is usually a synthesis of many generalizations. A moral philosophy is a characteristic way of looking at all decisions which involve the risk of moral, immoral, and amoral judgment. Concepts which suggest that fairness is based upon respect for others, that restraint is found in the spirit of the situation as well as its rules, and that the integrity of the game is to be found in the participating individuals are a set of ethics which form a moral code upon which a life style can be patterned. There is no such thing as a value-free decision. Each decision that is made, each risk that is encountered, insists upon value formation and attention to a moral code. Philosophies are created through reason rather than emotion, althogh both processes come to bear in interpretation.

Sports programs sponsor the opportunity for both the establishment of a moral philosophy and the interpretation and application of its tenets in the meaningful aspects of behavior enactment. Philosophies created via the drug culture fall apart when scrutinized with regard to the real world. They lack reason, they lack organization and they lack continuity of application. Drugs insist you medicate instead of meditate.

The "Clanranald syndrome" sponsors risks in order to ascertain value. It insists that commitment replaces expedience, it values involvement more than safety, and it fosters activity instead of lethargy. The "Clanranald syndrome" enthusiastically uses sports programs as natural models for self-actualization.

The passion of possibility that was Charles Edward Stewart's belonged to the youth of the age. It failed, not because it lost its passion, but rather because it had no support from the established leadership.

If you and I have the wisdom to make use of the "Clanranald syndrome" which is a natural facet of the idealism of the young, we may be able to salvage the plan of a great adventure which will pay respect to the meaning of sport and will encourage the risk of value formation.

In a mutating world, there is little to which to cling as established rationale for behavior. But in the sports programs for the young women with whom we work, there is still a place for the bestowal of love and the involvement of loyalty. Like the Clanranald-Himself, those of us who have within our purview the guidance of the youthful cause to bring meaning and concern to a turbulent world, need to command the respect of those who undertake the great adventure with us. The passion of our possibility is in our belief in the worth of the cause of sport. The ill-fated fact of failure will only emerge if we betray the trust of the young who see us as their mentors as well as their antagonists. The faith of the future is found in our attention to a reasonable code of morality which takes into account the affective as well as the cognitive aspects of man.

May all of us at this conference so conduct our lives and so structure our responsibilities for the lives of those with whom we work that we would chance to risk the possibilities of betrayal and indifference in order to be a part of the reciprocal address, "Heart of fire-love," knowing that we had earned the faith of those who dare entrust their lives to the sport crusade.

May yours be the visionary adventure which is based on understanding, which utilizes the "Clanranald syndrome," and which proclaims to an empathetic and sensitive world of youth that yearns for belief and dedication, "Sport is with you, Heart of fire-love."

The Mystery of the Invisible Female

Reading has always been an important part of my life, but never more than when I was about ten years old. At that age, I read everything that I could get my hands on, including all that was pronounced contraband by my teachers and parents. I read Big-Little books (you have to be a certain age to even know what I am talking about). I read children's stories, I read *Gone With the Wind* (the biggest book imaginable to hide under the bed covers late at night), I swooned over what I thought *The Prophet* meant, I chuckled with *The Cheerful Cherub*, I rejoiced with Mary in *The Secret Garden*, I could describe The Place as if I had been there and I knew every one of the Sunnybank collies, I kept *Wind in the Willows* in my school bag, I adventured with Tom Swift, and further fed my lust for adventure by association with my Dad's spineless, coverless, yellowing series of the Rover Boys. I was not above rereading *The Bobbsey Twins* and *Eight Little Peppers*. I was horrified with fascination at *True Confessions*. I read *Little Women, Popular Mechanics, The Jungle Book, The American Girl*, and all of my Grandmother's Charles Dickens classics (which were deceptively long because the print was so small).

I was a literary garbage pail and I loved every minute of it. Everything that I read was exciting. I was totally undiscriminating and it never occurred to me that I should not finish anything that I started to read because everything got better and better as the pages flipped by. It is amazing to me that I can still remember so much of what I read when I was ten (nowadays I can forget a research article twenty minutes after I have read it.) Although there are some books which remain fuzzy in my memory and there are some characters which I forget all about until someone mentions their names, there is one literary

---

Delivered at a meeting of the Eastern Branch of the National Association of Physical Education for College Women, Connecticut, 1974.

figure who shines bright and clear—a silver light flashing through forty years of literary gluttony. Nancy Drew! You gentlemen who missed Nancy Drew, missed an important literary figure.

Nancy was the alpha and omega of all girls. The Dana Girls were OK (but really washed out images of Nancy) and Judy Bolton was a good back up while you were waiting for your next Nancy Drew, but it was Nancy herself who commanded my adoration. She had such freedom as a girl sleuth. Hannah Gruen, the Drew housekeeper had implicit faith in Nancy's intelligence and propriety; Bess Marvin, Nancy's plump friend, was awed by Nancy's quick thinking and clever deductions; George Fayne (with her boyish haircut and mannish name) never quite equalled Nancy's stamina and skill; Ned Nickerson was a charming nincompoop; and the numerous other characters where mere shadows and paled in the sun of Nancy's universe. The only person who dared challenge Nancy's authority and wisdom was that paragon of virtue, Carson Drew, criminal lawyer. Obtuse as Attorney Drew was, he too was like a radiant light (through slighty muted)—always on hand for help and advice, always reinforcing Nancy in her surge for freedom, always making difficult things easy, and never overly protective. After all, wasn't it Carson Drew himself who had given Nancy her "robin blue roadster" in an era when not even boys had their own car and provided all sorts of financial support for Nancy's sleuthing!

Three decades after my fascination with Nancy and her friends, I found out the Carolyn Keene was male instead of female and that all of the Nancy Drew books have been "updated" to fit today's readers. The robin blue roadster is now a sky blue convertible, Ned has become Nancy's fiancé, George is athletic rather than manly, and Hannah is a surrogate mother who may be eying Carson Drew with more than housekeeperly intentions. However, the reality of the seventies can not dim the magic of the thirties, and Nancy still remains in my inner heart as a model worth adoration. Reading Nancy Drew was like putting a literary silver spoon down a disposal. Although the subsequent years have mangled the shape, she has not been destroyed.

So this evening, allow me to indulge myself and evoke Nancy Drew techniques as we attempt to solve the Case of the Invisible Female. Undoubtedly, it will be the most difficult of all physical education cases and consequently a mystery worthy of the best sleuthing of this inspired imitation of Nancy Drew, girl detective.

You and I have been called to this case for this meeting because it has been a mystery as to the whereabouts of all women in education. There have always been allusions to her being, but she has been exceedingly hard to locate. With certain notable exceptions such as Margaret Mead, Esther Lloyd Jones, Meta Glass, Virginia Gildersleeve, Mildred McAfee Horton, Kathryn McBride, Estelle Ramey, and a few other who dared to transcend the isinglass barriers, it has been very difficult to find women in education. It has been an enigma, for education has been a female dominated field. Most of us were educated by dedicated, erudite, demanding women who changed our lives. Yet when we attempt to identify them, they all pale into a nebulous stereotype which at its best elicited cheers for Miss Bishop, and at its worst was the creme de la creme of Miss Jean Brodie (or maybe it is the other way around).

One of the few areas of higher education in which women were guaranteed a position was in departments of physical education. Since those few women leaders who emerged in education were attached to colleges and universities, it would seem that somewhere in history we would find a female physical educator. As we read our history, it would appear that here were some powerful women who headed women's departments of physical education in the colleges and universities of the country. They were women of stamina, strength and intelligence—women who might have expected to etch their image in the annals of education and hence in the chronicles of history. But in spite of the established calibre of the likes of Mabel Lee, Mary Coleman, Gladys Palmer, Anna Hiss, Ruth Elliot, Helen Hazelton, Elizabeth Halsey, Laurentine Collins, Blanche Trilling, Gertrude Molton, and a handful of others, there are few signs that the early women in physical education have been visible beyond casual references in Association histories and the paucity of their writings found on library shelves. Only Rosalind Cassidy is vaguely visible and she had to span two generations of leadership. The invisible female physical educator is an important mystery because if we can discern why she was invisible, we might be able to understand our own heritage better and we might have some clues of how we can change the image.

What happened to those women? Why did they stay invisible? What were the forces which kept them subdued? And, most important, are the forces still powerful enough so that they will continue to operate and continue to set the mold of the future female leaders in physical education? Let's employ Nancy's assumptive techniques and see where the Drew sleuthing logic will lead.

It is popular to attribute the "shrinking violet" character of women in the 19th century and the early part of this century to the general social conditions which made it difficult for women to be considered as people and which suggested that they be the chattel of what has been called the Victorian era. I used to think that the generalizations about women's place were fairly accurate because they were employed so often by historians. But Ann Scott, the eminent Duke University historical scholar, has opened my eyes and I am beginning to wonder if our rationale has been valid.

First of all, it is important to note that when women were characterized as chattel and as subservient to males, it was usually the married woman to which the generalization referred. English Common Law always differentiated between married women and unmarried women. Once a woman married, she gave up her rights to be considered as a person and henceforth was for all intents and purposes her husband's possession. However, this was not true of the unmarried woman. She was recognized by the law as a person in her own right and treated quite differently from her married sister. She was allowed to own property, to enter into contracts, to inherit wealth, to dispose of worldly goods, and to sue in her own name. While it is true that she was often the subject of ridicule and scorn and even pity, she did have a legal independence which social custom urged her to give up for the security of a home.

Because the job market for unmarried females was quite limited and because the social dictates suggested that women's only real fulfillment was in the bearing of children, there were relatively few women who avoided marriage and the bearing of children in order to elect independence. If was difficult to be independent if there was nothing to eat and no place to live. Besides, there are few individuals who can live with social indignation, disapproval, and pity without some emotional support.

Quite apart from the personhood of the unmarrried woman, there are many hidden suggestions that the married women of the Victorian era were not really the weak and ineffectual beings which they have been portrayed as representing. Much of the reported swooning and fainting may have been due to the tight corseting or the expected behavior of the era; but I suspect that the swoons were really the pill for the Victorian era. When it was sanctioned that a man had a right to use his wife at any time he wished in order to satisfy his "manly pleasures," and when every use or abuse carried with it the possibility of pregnancy, it would seem that some sort of birth control devise was needed. It could not be expected for a man to abate his sexual desires since satisfaction was a pleasure which one would not wish to abandon and children were an asset instead of a liability. Wives could be replaced if they were used up. Therefore, it seems reasonable that the ever-enterprising woman saw the possibility of limiting pregnancy by swooning. If one fainted, or was so weak that she needed rest, only a brute of a man would insist upon his husbandly privileges. No intercourse, no babies.

In addition, it would also appear that many married women played sham roles. Unlike today, the young wife was not the center of the Victorian household and children were expected to be seen but not heard. The married woman of the Victorian era was merely one of the cogs in the extended family. I was not unusual to have a *grande dame* as the head of the extended family, a woman who wielded a heavy influence on her sons, grandsons, and their wives and children. She was also the guardian of her unmarried daughters. *Grand Ma-Ma* had as her model the Widow of Windsor herself, Victorian, a woman supposedly shackled by her grief brought on by the death of her dashing consort, but a woman never willing to hand the throne over to the man child whom she and Albert had created in partnership.

I bring as evidence all of these historical data to suggest that perhaps the role of our professional foremothers was not as glum and restricted as we have once thought. Most of the women in physical education were unmarried and had never really lost their independence. Many of them fancied themselves as the matriarchs of extended families called departments. In addition, many of our former leaders had earned degrees in medicine or education which were far in advance of the social expectations for women. It is to be assumed that these degrees were earned at considerable sacrifice, a sacrifice which did not endorse milk toast. Delphine Hanna did not become a physician by hanging back and winning her degree by default. Amy Homans was not a dutiful secretary who kowtowed to her rich benefactors and thus hid her light under a bushel. Why then were they invisible?

The answer can be found perhaps by looking at two concepts. The first deals with the fact that these women dealt with physical education and the second concept is related to social conscience.

The fact that our foremothers were physical educators is probably the most powerful reason why they never emerged into visibility. Physical education was gymnastics and sport. Both of these activity forms smack of things physical and, the work of James and Dewey notwithstanding, there was still the academic tendency to differentiate between reason and passion, between thinking and doing, between the mental and the physical. Thus, all proponents of physical education—both men and women—were judged to be low on the academic totem pole. Their leadership was associated with lower order learnings and unless they were also allied with other areas such as psychology, medicine and physiology, their enunciations, even their very presence was taken with a grain of salt. Women in physical education had gained their right to be employed on college faculties not through superior achievement or even unusual tenacity but by virtue of the social suggestion that it was necessary to have a female supervise the locker room of female students. The fact that the women employed were achievers, had tenacity and strength, and were proponents of equal opportunity made those leaders that much more unusual and hence threatening. The conservative academic world has never been interested in revolution as a change agent. It was relatively easy for administrators to keep in check these odd women for, after all, they were merely "gym teachers." Even at the prestigious "seven sister" colleges of the Eastern seaboard, the physical education women became a part of the total academic scenery. All physical education women had two strikes even as they came up to bat. In retrospect, it is amazing that they ever scored.

Of equal importance, I believe, was the attitude of our leaders about themselves as individuals. The majority of them were ignoring the typical life style suggested by the existing culture—a life style which supported marriage and a family. Because their life style was atypical and because suggested innuendos regarding "queerness" sponsored the necessity to stress the idea that singleness did not necessarily support perverted behavioral patterns of sexuality, our physical education foremothers assumed a more conventional behavioral role than their married sisters. They insisted on the social propriety which was associated with being "ladies." Being a woman was not enough. Flamboyant hats, decorous gloves and *very* proper manners were the rule for all public gatherings. There were strong and absolute directives regarding conduct. The life of the leadership appeared to be one of decorum, decorum which was used as an example for young staff members and students alike.

I believe that underlying much of this behavior, and the over-reaction to social convention, was the unstated fear that somehow or another, female physical educators and homosexuality would be linked in the public mind. It was an unbearable threat, a threat which extended beyond simple "difference" to "immorality." It seemed to provoke terror and disgust in the very beings of our pioneers.

Staff members were forbidden to live together, close female relationships were viewed with alarm, departmental unity was stressed as being essential, and the department became an extended family with the department head being the grand matriarch—Grand Ma-Ma herself. All other members of the staff were children as Grand Ma-Ma talked of my staff, my majors, my department. Most of our leaders ruled with an iron hand in a socially accepted glove of velvet. They demanded to know how their staff spent time outside of school, what students wore, how hair was cut, the color of uniforms, the propriety of the vocabulary used, who lived with whom; they even regulated the format of address—a lady never ever called another lady by her last name unless it was preceeded by Miss.

What the private personal life styles of each of these women was, we have no way of knowing. For the most part, I suspect that they were exactly what they exhibited. A favorite pastime of late of some of the lesbians among us today is to find hints and clues regarding the sexuality of our early leadership—always suggesting, of course, that homosexuality was rampant among the group. It is possible to read whatever you want into relationships, but I am inclined to think that the longing to identify latent lesbianism as a characteristic of the past leadership is really a desire on the part of today's atypical group to find support for their own choices by citing the past as prologue.

But regardless of the validity of my conjecture suggesting that the incidence of homosexuality among our early leaders was low, I would certainly admit that their fear of being accused of sexual perversion was great and that they literally were obsessed with demonstrating that they were "ladies" and "normal." They thought of themselves as the story of the Roman matron suggests, surrounded by their gems—their children: their staff, their students, their alumnae, their girls!

The life of our foremothers was further complicated by the men with whom they worked. In many ways, the male and female physical educators were the same person. Their personalities, their love of activity, their respect for human biology, thier desire to blow whistles and command people, and their devotion to service were patterns cut from the same cloth. The main difference between male and female physical educators was their sex—and that made for all sorts of problems. Many of the men recognized as our masculine leaders tried to be the epitome of the male stereotype. They were strong, enduring, and practiced domination. It was not unusual for them to think of themselves as "coach" and what they suffered in the academic arena from a lack of educational respect, they were determined to gain form their colleagues and students. Most of the men were married and it was a frequent pattern to find that their first and early marriage did not last. Their gender orientation must have been very difficult many times. On one hand they were often married to women who were desirous of being taken care of and who were content in finding themselves through children and husband, and on the other hand, they worked with women who were demanding, domineering, autonomous, and sometimes damning.

It is no wonder that there were so many anomosities developed. At the University of Washington, the men's gymnasium was at the bottom of the hill and the women's on top of the hill (there was a lake at the bottom!), at Iowa the gymnasiums were separated by a river, at Illinois the women's gym is in Urbana and the men's near Champaign, in Nebraska there is a campus between gymnasiums, and in North Carolina for years the men's gym was in Chapel Hill and the women's gym was 56 miles away in Greensboro. It was all probably just as well. The women didn't like the men; the men don't like the women. The men thought the women were queer, the women thought that the men were unprofessional and dumb. The women gathered their flocks under their wings and retired to their own coops. The men strutted forth to create bantam empires around the concept of athletics and thus made more noise than anything else in the educational barnyard as they crowed themselves into public prominence.

The mother hens succeeded in secreting themselves in the purity of their professional hatchery and they resorted to social intercourse with the roosters only when they wanted something. Thus, the physical education woman became at best a demanding, dictatorial chick, and at worst a wheedling, manipulative biddy. She was a woman, she was a physical educator, she was different. For all concerned (sometimes including herself) it was best that she remain invisible.

Being invisible had certain advantages. By staying cooped up, we did not have to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous insinuations, we did not have to fight for our existence, we could maintain a Camelot of a coop. We almost didn't have to interact with our male colleagues—many of us just ignored them, hated them, and often envied them.

Our relationship with those women who were faculty members in other departments of the school was ambivalent. We often felt insecure with them because of our physical education label. We failed to realize how much those women needed our help and never knew how strong we might have been if we had joined some of them in their lonely appeals with regard to sexual discrimination in their own disciplines. Instead, physical education women continued to subscribe to isolation and looked to each other for camaraderie and solace.

And the role models set by collegiate women physical educators in those strong centers of influence of teacher education was so pervasive that it manifested itself in the public schools. Although the public school situation was somewhat different (lots of faculty women but always a man as administrator) the male-female envy, fear, hatred was there and was expressed in demands for space, equipment, and pay supplements. The public school situation was further complicated by the fact that a fairly large number of physical education women were married and had families so although a desirable personality might be found wanting, their sexuality could not be questioned. In exchange for this comfortable identity of normalacy, many among us were only too glad to accede to the wishes of the athletic director or male department head and comfort ourselves with the thought that if things got too bad, we really didn't *have* to work. A great many of the public school female physical education teachers were the most astute, polished, successful manipulators known. They often had had lots of practice at home!

Then slowly a revolution started to come about. It was a slow evolving revolution and was fostered by many forces. It was fostered by a post World War II attitude which suggested that an existential philosophy was the natural attribute of our national pragmatic pattern. People started to believe that the fulfillment of self was more important than the general good, and thus we began to assert ourselves in ways which ignored or challenged the group norms. As many believed that they were answerable to no one other than self, less and less concern about social expectations was evidenced.

Such existential concern gave rise to the unified attention to individual rights—human rights. People who knew that they were discriminated against started to assert their demands. The black revolution became a full-fledged conflict. The black movement had documented proof that there was social discrimination, there was legal discrimination, there was moral discrimination. Such a gross outrage had to be rectified and the time had come when the inching-slow evolution of change was not fast enough. So the black movement erupted and taught all of us that radicals bring about faster change than the conservatives, and that conflict is a viable force is social interaction. In less than a decade we saw an entire national philosophy changed and we began to see the social effects that were spawned as a result of that change. The black revolution gave other groups the courage to seek to alter discriminatory practices.

The feminists were such a group. In the sixties, the feminist movement resurged from its dormancy and started to copy some of the more successful tactics of the black movement. The radicals moved the conservatives faster than they might have wished; the conservatives tempered the radicals more than they might have hoped. And congruent with such revolutionary postures was the change in the legal status accorded females.

The Equal Employment Opportunities Act and Title IX of the Education Amendments Act of 1972 are in the forefront of such legislation. With the imminent passage of the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution, the legal battle will be over. Then it will take a century of interpretation to sort out what sexual equality means. Clare Luce suggests that in spite of such breakthroughs, there will still be a great deal of difficulty to change the superior male-inferior female relationship of American men and women. She suggests that "the American male is not yet ready to take his foot off the female's neck. He has believed for too many centuries that that is what nature intended his foot and her neck for. But as a liberal, a humanitarian, and a democrat, he is not really happy in that ancient posture—nor, he has begun to see, is she. . . . She is not looking up *to* him with the eyes of a loving dog anymore. She is looking up *at* him with eyes that are full of contempt for the person who looks down on any other human being as his inferior. A hundred years from now, she may be on her own feet in the Dawn of the Age of Equality."

It is an Age of Equality which has been sponsored by legal change. There used to be some precedent for the fact that laws were enacted as a reflection of established social patterns, but the current legislation is the directive of a new society and its tenets are still to be tested in the social milieu. And physical educators will be a very important part of that testing process.

Where then is the invisible female physical educator of today? She is beginning to emerge from her coop. Bouyed by the belief that she represents a viable area of concern and an acceptable domain of behavior, she is beginning to feel comfortable in her role as a physical educator. She is still probably close to the bottom of the academic totem pole, but some of that is her own doing. For the most part, she is part of an academic community which accepts her contributions to an individual's welfare and which is covertly jealous of the fact that her subject matter area is so joyfully sought by students.

We are emerging from our coop as we feel more comfortable in our life style, a style which is being adopted by an increasing number of women. We do not feel quite as defensive about our sexuality because we know that our professional choice does not ordain sexuality patterns which are significantly different from those of the normal population. What is more, deviant patterns of sexuality are being tolerated by society—not sanctioned or sponsored, but tolerated rather than condemned.

But if our conjectures under the cloak of Nancy Drew have solved the mystery of the invisible female, there still remains the problem of what is to become of that person now that social conditions, educational emphases, and her own sense of destiny have made her visible at last. You and I have the task of getting it all together in ways which will enhance and enrich our lives instead of limiting them. It is not any easy task, but it is a challenging and exciting one.

It is essential that the female physical educator see herself in the clear and lucid light of reality. There is evidence for us to acknowledge that most of us *have* adopted different life styles from the normal expectation of our culture. Many of us are unmarried, childless, and self-supporting. Those of us who are married are in the vanguard of carving out new relationships in the family which support equalitarian concepts that will eventually formulate significantly different roles in a marriage partnership. Those of us who are single will continue to serve as models for an alternate life style which has a viable, if limited, future. Obviously, our life style provides no continuity for the social order (except in terms of an idea) and as such, its limitations for all but our own life must be realized. Because singleness is more a product of the advantaged than the disadvantaged, there will be social consequences in the abandonment of reproduction which will no doubt be significant.

Hence, because many female physical educators still represent differentness in our life style, it will be our obligation to translate the meaning of that difference. It is no good to say that alternate life styles have nothing to do with our professional commitments. They have everything to do with those commitments. Educators are seldom merely purveyors of knowledge; they are also social models. As we exist in different models we are proclaiming that such roles are possible alternatives to those which are acknowledged as the norm. To me that means that we have an obligation to suggest both the assets and liabilities of our life styles. It is hoped that we are comfortable in that scenario. I assume that we can tolerate the extremists among us regardless of our moral persuasion. Those who court deviant patterns of sexuality must anticipate the problems of such deviance and not believe that the world must be remade to alleviate their sense of misjustice. Those of us who are the Cooley disciples can not blame the world if it reflects an image we wish it would not want and if there are any here among us who are of Freud's persuasion and see us as truncated males I believe you will get what you deserve.

In addition to knowing ourselves, it is absolutely essential that the emerging female physical educator know how to operate in a nonsexist arena. This is going to be an extremely difficult task. Most of us are fledglings with regard to asexual thinking. To further complicate our task, the two great concerns of physical educators, sport and movement, have each had sexual connotations.

Sport has usually been viewed in androcentric concepts while the movement within physical education has had certain very strong gynecocentric leanings. The masculine world of sport, a world in which all successful athletes possess those attributes attributed to the most manly of males, has until recently been almost the exclusive property of men and boys. Many of us in physical education have protested this assumption, we have complained about it, we have tried to alter it, but until recently, we have had little influence. On the other hand, the movement movement was imported by women from a British female training school. It was imterpreted by women, it utilized the elementary school child (a human still lacking strong, established gender patterns of behavior), and it was studied and demonstrated by women. Although there are some excellent examples of males who feel comfortable with the movement ideas, to this day there is the feeling that movement education is gynecocentric—as is indeed the entire subject matter of teaching physical education. It has been popular and chic to acknowledge that women physical educators were teachers in the real sense even as the males were struggling to just keep up. Conversely, it has been acknowledged that men are coaches in the real sense while women are stuggling just to learn. In many places, there has been a tacit understanding that if the women would keep their fingers out of athletics, the men would leave the teaching situation to the women.

Such a trade-off no longer has a place—or even a possibility—in the educational institution. Women are rightfully clamoring for more opportunities to participate in athletics and men are demanding that their physical education classes stop the mickey mouse and provide real substance. As a result, it is necessary for male and female physical educators to travel up and down the hill, across the river, over the campus, and from Urbana and Greensboro to Champaign and Chapel Hill. Through such treks, a working relationship will emerge which is ennobling rather than suspect.

As these journeys are being forced by the law and the times, some very exciting and satisfying concomitants are happening. Male physical educators are beginning to acknowledge that there are many different kinds of women with many different kinds of life styles and that professional relationships with women can be as stimulating and rewarding as they have been with male colleagues. Women physical educators are learning that their male colleagues are thoughtful and even gentle human beings who are as concerned about the well-being of the student as women ever were. Men and women are beginning to respect each other as professional people who have contributions to make. It is a heritage of understanding which had its beginning in 1932 and is finally coming to fruition in 1974. As offices are shared, as courses are team taught, as role reversal situations are sponsored, men and women are realizing that their human problems are greater than their gender differences. We are understanding and respecting one another, and even liking each other.

I do not mean to infer that there are no problems. There are plenty of problems and most of them revolve around power symbols—status and finance. These problems are reflective of the social system at large and in many ways are being resolved faster and with greater honesty in physical education departments than in many other branches of education.

There will be, or course, pockets of noncompliers who will use every ruse to avoid professional interaction. There will be both men and women who are too insecure to try a new interface and who will retreat to their sanctimonious roosts to brood, to plan revenge, and to connive for a return to what was. But I believe that there will be larger groups of people who have decided that they will chance the brave new world and will etch out a pattern which will be rich and fulfilling. These are the men and women who have dared already to abandon sexist policy in national organization sturcture, in departmental governance structure, in administrative function, and in status assignment. Theirs is an interface of trust.

It would be foolish to think that all of that trust would be vindicated. There will be violations. But if you and I can make those violations minimal and chastise the violators, we might really be on our way.

What does this all mean in terms of the nitty-gritty which you and I face each day? Specifically, it means that avenues for interaction will have to be established. Men and women cannot be isolates. I know all of the arguments about females maintaining our own pure identity so that we are not taken over by our male colleagues and males banding together to withstand the female onslaught. But the time has come, my friends, when the august sexist associations—NCPEAM, NAPECW, NCAA, AIAW—must take the first step to invite the other sex to come along. As women's associations invite male participation, it will be necessary to insist upon contracts of unity which are structured by equals and which have built-in guarantees to insure constant reviews to ascertain sharing.

Specifically, this means that we must help structure the day in the not too distant future when NAGWS will be willing to forego its sexist orientation and either welcome male membership or disband and join a nonsexist group. It means that NAPECW will join with NCPEAM in an organizational stucture which is nonsexist. And it may mean a whole new collegiate athletic association for the nation.

Specifically, it means that you and I must look to the day in the near future when amateur sport organization is controlled by nonsexist groups who have the welfare of the participants in mind. Personally, I gulp whenever I think about working with anyone the likes of the leadership in NCAA, but once I have learned the ropes, I think that I must be willing to hoist the sails in situations which do not always cater to my navigational knowledge or its lack.

Even as these interactions are being planned, it is absolutely essential that each of us make sure that the invisible female within us emerges. It is a debut which will not be all sweetness and light. It will mean still living with some innuendos. It will mean that we will have to continue to make requests even when we believe that such requests should not be necessary. And most upsetting, it will mean that we will have to take advantage of the law and bring to litigation all cases of deception and malpractice which are found. Individuals who practice illegally must learn from example that such behavior does not "pay off."

It isn't an easy era, my friends. The consequences of being a super sleuth are not fame and laudatory accolades. Instead the reward is found in knowing that the solution of one mystery merely makes you more willing and better prepared to solve another. But Nancy Drew knew that four decades ago—at the last count she had solved an even fifty.

Women need no longer remain invisible. We have gained the right to be seen and, even more important, we are now willing to accept the consequences of our image. As a matter of fact, we court visibility and encourage it as an important facet of self-actualization.

This is an exciting era of discovery. We are finding new patterns of interaction for ourselves and others. There will be times when we are frightened, bewildered, frustrated, and confused. But it is worth the disquiet. The reward is a feeling of worth and the opportunity to hop into our robin blue roadsters (or sky blue convertibles) or even our battered blue Beetles and write a page in the history of understanding that will takes its place in all educational history. Move aside, Nancy, the invisible female physical educator is invisible no more. Look at us; we're "for real!"

The Old Order Changeth

Long before Lerner and Lowe discovered the potential magic of Arthur's Round Table, I was a lover of Camelot. The "glorious company, the flower of men" which "served as a model for the mighty world" and was "the fair beginning of time" intrigued my youthful romantic spirit and I devoured Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* as my young nephew today inhales comic books. Arthur's desire for perfection delighted my imperfect mind and soul and I thought how noble it would be to "teach high thoughts, and amiable words, and courtliness, and the desire of fame, and love of truth, and all that makes a man." I swooned over Lancelot, was awed by Galahad, feared Modred, admired Gawain, respected Bedivere—but it was Arthur, he who was the giant of the great Pendragonship, who captured my spirit. So, when Arthur died, a victim of his own humanity, I wept with Bedivere as he lamented:

Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have not been since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.

Delivered at the Midwest Association of the National Association of Physical Education for College Women, Illinois, 1967.

It seemed to me then that with the demise of the perfected Camelot that all that promised good was gone and I was appalled at the mutating patterns of a world which would permit the destruction of a small isle of perfection. But then, as always, it was Arthur the noble king who gave me the answer. From the barge, where he, and Camelot itself, lay dying you will remember that Arthur slowly answered Bedivere and admonished us all,

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

That lesson, learned from Tennyson's *Arthur*, has piqued my imagination for years and this evening, I would like to share with you some of the ways in which this nebulous shadow of change continues to haunt my professional cogitations.

Like many of you, I am just about at the point where I have already taught almost as many years as I have left to teach, and from this vantage point it is possible to see where we've been and perhaps the direction of where we appear to be going. Frankly, there are times when I feel that the "days darken round me" as I go forth among "new men, strange faces, other minds." And then I remember Arthur's admonition that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new" and I take heart in the creation of a fair tomorrow which holds great promise and wondrous challenge.

Think with me of all of the change in our profession during the last quarter century. Think of the change in attitude, understanding and direction and let us speculate as to what meaning such change may have for our futures. But let us be specific and examine some individual concepts and their implications.

Some of the most far reaching change deals with the discipline of physical education itself and its design. When I first learned of the meaning of physical education, it was from the writings of Williams, Nash, McCloy and Sharman. Like hundreds before me I learned to mouth the definitions, too often without understanding. I can remember well pondering the arguments concerning the education *of* the physical as contrasted to education *through* the physical—and even at that stage of my student thinking, I used to wonder why, if man was indeed the unitary being claimed by all our leaders, it made any difference how he was educated. We used to think that activity *was* physical education and that the values amassed from activity were concomitant. It was a confortable feeling to believe that sports and games were discrete subject matter and that a good curriculum in physical education utilized these activities with the wealth of concomitant value, accruing simply because they were an artifact of the activity itself.

But then we were challenged in our interpretation of disciplinary integrity. It wasn't the old time-worn challenge regarding our worth which had put us on the defensive for so many decades; instead this challenge, acknowledging our worth, insisted that we find our cutting edge as a discipline, that we identify our unique method of contributing to general educational aims. Suddenly some of our holy honored claims evaporated in our cupped hands. It was shockingly apparent that the elusive state called "physical fitness" did not come about because of two 40 minute periods of physical education per week. We learned that sports and games did little to encourage cardiorespiratory reserve and there were a multitude of findings which indicated that lots of physical education programs had minimal activity involved in their context. This was certainly true for college women especially where one research reported that less than seven minutes of vigorous activity was clocked, on the average, per instructional period. We were challenged with regard to our claim for "development of sportsmanship," for our claim of the "carry-over values" of activity, for our overstated claim about the development of ethics and morality through game situation—and we found ourselves floundering for answers.

I can well remember Dr. Glenn Olds, the former president of Springfield College asking a group of physical educators just to explain to him what the unique contribution of physical education was—what would truly happen to an individual if suddenly there was no physical education offered in the schools of the country. The group of physical educators took offense immediately to Dr. Olds' questions and we countered with our usual belligerent posturing, evoking the sacred cows of fitness and sportsmanship as *raison d'etre* for our being. We talked about big muscle activity (although to this day, I am not sure what muscles are "big" and wonder if the originators of that concept didn't really mean "big activity involving muscles"), we talked about "mental stimulation and social soundness." When we were asked if other disciplines were not equally as interested in such high blown concepts—and what "edge" did physical education have in the teaching of such eternal verities, we were uneasy. I can well remember leaving that session, along with 15 other physical educators, feeling "the days darken round me" as I went forth companionless "among new men, strange faces, other minds."

But that challenge, and hundreds that were similar, evoked thinking on the part of our leadership and people began to turn their attention to the basic rationale for our disciplinary integrity. Many of you have participated in the conferences and meetings which were held by the Physical Education Division of the AAHPER, by the American Academy of Physical Education, by the national Association for Physical Education of College Women and you explored the meaning and interpretations of our field. And in that exploration we realized that indeed we have never really conceptualized our theoretical structure. We have been so busy being and defending our being that we have not always known why we were being.

So the old order changeth, and we are now attempting to examine the inner soul of our professional being. We are just beginning to feret out the design of disciplinary integrity. We are looking into the meaning of movement in its broadest sense and we are beginning to realize that we have a powerful and unique pattern of human behavior as our priority *modus operandi*. We are examining the rationale of play and we are realizing that we need no longer be ashamed of this pattern of movement, that indeed it may be the most basic keystone in the arch of operational man. We are reexamining our commitment to organic integrity and assessing how both movement and play have cyclic influences on functional worth. Physical education speaks to itself in terms of movement education, motor learning, play modalities, sport sociology, physiology of exercise and dozens of other terms which have discrete meanings in a disciplinary taxonomy. Perhaps in the long run, such an interpretation design is not too far afield from that implied by Williams, or Matthias, or Gulick, or Nash, or McCloy—but the significant thing is that today the profession is willing to change the order itself and is no longer waiting the annunciations of prophets to find our concept of disciplinary design.

We are also beset with change in attitude about many aspects of our job. Certainly the most noticeable change is connected with the attitude of the students whom we teach. It is difficult to assess student attitude from the past. Like all people over 40, I tend to envision an aura about "the good old days." Having grown up in a less permissive atmosphere than today's students, I find myself constantly shocked at student autonomy and the rebellion against direction which are the hallmark of this generation. I keep casting a golden glow around the past generation, remembering *our* concern for morality, the sense of service with which *we* were imbued, our deferment to recognized authority and our feeling that education was indeed preparation for life. I keep deliberately forgetting the gold fish swallowing, the pantie raids, the camp followers of the campus community during World War II, the draft dodgers and the general student rebellion against a classical influence in education which we felt had no kinship with reality. I tend to identify today's students with riots and sit-ins, with unwashed necks and uncombed hair, with draft card burning and dropouts, with sexual amorality and drug habituation and with the apparent disrespect evidenced toward wisdom and authority. I tend to forget the impassioned dedication of Peace Corp members, the sense of intellectual acuity which chooses libraries over stadiums on fall Saturday afternoons, the concern about international affairs which is commendable and the feeling that education is life—a vibrant life. But even with these sins of commission and omission on my part, I still contend that during the last quarter century, the old order of student attitude *has* changed.

Specifically, in our interest area, there has been a change in sex identification patterns. I am sure when our ancestors fought the good fight for sexual equality, they never dreamed how equal women would finally get. Today's sexual identification patterns range from the flaunting of sex-oriented differences via dress (or lack of it), interests and responsibilities, to the cloaking of sexual differences via the same means. On one hand, we have boys in tight jeans and open shirts and girls in mini everything, and on the other hand we have baggy slacks and sweat shirts on long haired, shoeless individuals who could be either male or female—it is often difficult to tell. On one hand, we have girls afraid to be too smart or too athletic or too agressive for fear that they will not embrace the feminine mystique, and on the other hand we have girls desiring to take on any job, challenge men in all fields of endeavor (including football) and very pugnacious about their abilities.

It is difficult to know which direction is the more desirable and women college professors themselves are caught on the horns of this dilemma. I would venture to guess that there is not one among us here this evening who at sometime in her academic life had not thought that there was a lack of equality with regard to sex and have resented that condition. All of us have had to contend with problems regarding salary, hiring practices, administration and representation—and most of us have chaffed at the proverbial bit of feminism although we try to be sophisticated in our understandings. This sort of antagonism is as old as time, and will probably persist in some degree from here to eternity.

However, the opposite side of the coin, the lack of sexual identification is a relatively new social pattern and many of us are at a loss as to how to understand it. Sometime last spring I had the opportunity to fly into Washington with a psychiatrist from the government's mental health center and he suggested that the lack of sexual identification pattern which is being seen in many countries provides many attendant problems for psychiatry. He felt that teachers had a strong responsibility to foster sex identification and he suggested that when we did not do this that we were contributing to the potential mental health problems of our students. In our endeavor to explore the social perimeters of sexual equality, there appears to be the distinct possibility that we have neglected sex identification. In the past, regardless of the spitefulness which attended many man-women controversies professionally, there was a clear pattern of sex identification inherent in some ideas and practices. However, as the old order changeth and as we work together in a profession for the common good of all, it might be wise to remember that in spite of the many similarities, there may well be sexual differences of professional identification and we should not hesitate to explore the differences as well as the similarities.

Another change of the student which has dominated the mutating scene is that of individual autonomy. I keep being haunted by the scared, wide eyed, belligerent little gnome created by William Steig—a prototype of individualism, who crouches in his packing crate declaring to unlistening world, "Nobody gonna tell me what to do." Perhaps we in physical education have a special obligation in this changing order of self autonomy. There are times when you are told what to do. My university and department head tell me what I am to teach, where I am to teach and to whom I am supposed to expound knowledge. The United States Internal Revenue Department tells me yearly what I must deposit in their coffers. The red light tells me when to stop at an intersection, the air line schedules tell me when I must arrive at an airport, the postal service tells me that I must zip code my mail. As a matter of fact not a single day goes by that I am not told by someone what I may and may not do—and I have not found this intolerable, though there are times when it has been frustrating. Therefore, even as we support the student's search for autonomous selfhood, perhaps we also have the obligation to talk about direction, about boundaries, about a code of behavior. No one has a better model to use than we do in the game situation. Games involve boundaries, games have rules, games have directions and they have penalities—and in order to be autonomous as to skill pattern which you may elect, you must first abide by all of the directions insisted upon by the game. Such an understanding might ameliorate some of the problems created by autonomy and might send young people into the constructive garrets of creativity rather than into the destructive catacombs of Haight-Ashbury.

An exciting change of the student has been in the direction of scholarship and expertise. Probably some of you have had the same experience I had this summer as I was clearing out the files. I glanced at a packet of examinations which I had given in the early 1950s in kinesiology and in principals and philosophy. I could hardly believe that I would have ever given such elementary examinations. The material which I covered 15 years ago, I now can cover in about half of the course and our intellectual depth of exploration is significantly greater today. Now, I know that this is not due completely to the accumulated wisdom of the teacher—I rather suspect it is because the students of today are so much more demanding in their intellectual acuity. There was once an era when I would mention the term "existentialism" and have to spell it out for graduate students. Now my graduates take issue with my interpretations of that term and quote Kierkegaard and Sartre to back up their arguments. We used to barely mention parabolas and trajectories in kinesiology and now the students calculate proposed trajectories so as to analyze gravitational forces.

As the old order changeth in the realm of abstract thinking and conceptual theory, the time has come when physical educators must be themselves intellectually acute. I was talking with Virginia Moomaw, our dance professor, last week and she told me that about 20 years ago she was delighted when she had a girl in her class who had had as much as two years of ballet—she thought it was wonderful to have students who had that sort of knowledge to build upon. Nowadays she claims that it is not unusual to have an entire class where every single student has had some formal dance instruction long before she arrived at the University and where 9 to 11 years of formal ballet is not phenomenal at all. She says that tomorrow's dance educators will no longer be able to be individuals who are merely interested in creativity and aesthetics—they will have to be persons with great skill experience and a wide scope of understanding if they expect to be able to teach their students anything at all. And of course the same is true for teachers of physical education.

So as the old order changeth with regard to scholarship and expertise, it would behoove us all to get our credentials in order. I would like to suggest that for many of us this can be done by making sure that we utilize every single opportunity given us to increase our own intellectual understandings. We need to read, we need to go to concerts, exhibitions, demonstrations and lectures, we need to discuss ideas—we need to think. And all of these things we must do with our educational colleagues as often as we are able. When was the last time that you took a course which was not directly connected with increasing your teaching skills? Do you have a self study plan which will enable you to learn new areas of knowledge even if there isn't the time to take a formal course? Do you feel a real responsibility for improvement of the intellectual self? And what are you doing for our profession with regard to the inept students who work under you? Do you still say to yourself, and sometimes even out loud—"she's not very smart, but she'll make a wonderful teacher"? I do not think that a person who isn't very smart can make a wonderful teacher.

There are some of us who might have gotten along in academic circles because of desirable personality traits, but that day is fast vanishing. Wholesome and balanced personalities are the expected equipment of any teacher and that means that we must make demands for intellectual keenness. Every time that you or I graduate a young woman from a teacher education program who has a delightful personality but who lacks intellectual competency we have decimated our disciplinary integrity. We must stop peopling our field with likable, understanding, kind, extrovertish mesomorphs who really aren't too bright. Let us continue to make demands for personality attributes, but let us insist that such attributes be accompanied by knowledge and wisdom that will reveal a thoughtful educator and that will be able not only to cope with the intellectual sophistication which is becoming increasingly apparent, but will be a shining example of such sophistication, an example which will attract some of the brightest young people in our professional direction rather than repelling them.

The old order has also changed with regard to commercial aspects of education. Personally, I still feel slightly tainted every time that I hear of teacher strikes or when I hear of foundation support fostered by the commercial interests of private concerns. However, I realize that as I meet with "new men, strange faces, other minds" that what I have interpreted as days which darken about me, are interpreted by many thoughtful people as a bright new dawn, the advent of a common concern of community, business and government in the larger aspects of education. The old order has already changed with respect to money—it has yielded its place to a new concept.

Like many of you, I grew up thinking that education was a step above the debasing ideas expressed by finance. I believed that teachers should teach for love and service, that education should struggle on tax supported funds, that industry supported research was circumspect and that there was no such thing as extra pay for extra services, because extra services were the job. I had been taught that there was something sinful about money—almost as if association with legal tender was akin to Judas' betrayal for 30 pieces of silver. It has taken me a long time to acknowledge that perhaps my orientation was biased.

Today, we see a new order prevailing with regard to the country's economy and it would behoove all of us to find the rationale for such an order. Many universities now are building complexes and employing erudite faculty with the funds made available through private industry. The AAHPER has seen fit to endorse the concepts of foundations supported by free enterprise and we have lent our professional aura to the educational endeavors of those companies. Teachers are striking all over the country for better working conditions, for more help and for better salaries and their requests are being heeded for almost the first time in the history of public education. Extra services by educational personnel have been accorded extra pay and the National Education Association has given tacit endorsement to such a concept. Educators are acting as though they have a worthwhile product to sell—knowledge—and it looks as if there are buyers on the market.

Frankly, there are parts of this new order which I do not like. My puritan soul rebels and I cannot ignore my emotional distrust of commercialism in education. On the other hand, it hardly seems fair to inflict my biases on my students and I try very hard not to be shocked when I hear young doctoral candidates, hardly dry behind the ears, proclaim that they will not even consider a position that pays less than $12,000 (which in my section of the country is the salary of a tried full professor). I try to act knowledgable and blasé when I hear of research grants for 50 and 75 thousand dollars, and I swallow hard when I hear of coaching supplements which equal as much as a fourth of the established teaching salary. I have had to learn that foundation support is not evil in and of itself and that many more people are having the opportunity to learn about golf, tennis and mentally retarded youngsters because of various foundations' interest in those subjects. There is a whole new world of professional finance and I believe that we must look for the good which can be a part of such a change. However, in our desire to advance our boundaries let us not be guilty of personal avarice. I cannot help but think of the numbers of college professors whom I have heard scorning government spending and expressing antagonism toward invasion of the fedral government into education. Many times they are the identical professors who have applied for a research grant from Health, Education and Welfare, or have accepted a Fulbright lectureship. Let us not be guility of speaking out of both sides of our mouth—but let us look for the merits as well as the liabilities which can be found in the commerical aspects of education.

The old order has also changed with regard to faculty loyalties. There used to be a time when a college professor was committed to the institution which he served. It was the era of the Mr. Chips and Miss Bishops. But with social mobility there came a subtle change in that loyalty pattern. Scholars now have little loyalty to their institutions—what loyalty they have resides in their faith in their discipline. I can hardly keep track of our university faculty in

Greensboro. The old core of scholars has died off or retired, and department heads and deans change with the rapidity of car trading. Our full professors are often teaching in India or Iran or France or they are conducting research in South America, in Newfoundland or Egypt. The younger faculty members are in and out before you have mastered their names.

Apparently women faculty members, and especially women physical educators are much less mobile than the general educational population—and perhaps this makes us a little less tolerant of other people who do tend to move with facility. One of the prominent deans of physical education once told me that if he could he would offer the potential candidate enough money that he would be able to entice almost any male physical educator in the country to teach in his institution. This dean was in a "bind," because he had found that women physical educators did not take that financial bait and he wanted to know how he could lure competent women to his campus. I didn't know the answer but I suspect that it was related to working atmosphere to a far greater extent than it was related to money.

This lack of mobility on the part of women physical educators is not necessarily desirable. I am sure that all of us have had young women on our staff who should have left but did not. In institutions where there is an "up or out" policy, some of this absence of desirable mobility is resolved. However, at those institutions where there is no such policy or at those institutions where administrators care more about staffing their departments than they do about the individual welfare of their staff, problems of immobility can exist—and do. Dr. Laura Huelster once told me that if you kept any single woman on your staff for four years or more that you ought to be very sure that you wanted her forever, for the chances of her leaving after that time were very slim. Single women tend to build their pseudo-families within staff relations and to uproot such an allegiance is too traumatic for most of us even to consider. Staff mobility (and its lack) is in a state of flux and it would be wise for us to understand better the causal relationships which foster attitudes toward either mobility or the lack of mobility. It is a changing pattern.

The old order has also changed with regard to specialization and generalization within the discipline. There used to be a time when physical educators were supposed to be generalists in the widest and most complex sense of the term. You hired the best physical educator that you could find and then assigned her courses to be taught, always making allowances for perhaps one course in which she did not feel quite as comfortable as she thought that she should. I am reasonably convinced that my own professional generation is the last of the generalists and most of us just squeezed in under the wire. The emphasis upon graduate work has been the underlying cause of specialization—that and the intellectual sophistication of the students and the discipline. When you look for university faculty these days, you seldom look for an "all round" physical education teacher; you are looking for an expert. Then, after the primary need has been answered, you hope that you have someone who can do a little bit of something else in the program. However, dance teachers usually just want to teach dance, health educators are not interested in activity courses, physiologists cannot concern themselves with philosophy and philosophers are no longer concerned with the badminton serve. That means that to find an activity teacher you usually have to find a person who has specialized in the teaching of activity courses and that person does not expect to be burdened with the theoretical teachings.

In some ways specialization seems like a headache and yet in other ways it is the pattern which holds the discipline's best promise for scholarship. It would appear that there will always be room for the generalist in grades K through 12, although there is increasing evidence that even in this area there is specialization with regard to age level of teaching rather than subject matter content. Hence, the elementary education specialist does not prepare herself for high school teaching and the high school specialist can seldom be pursuaded to teach at the elementary level. In professional education, for both graduate and undergraduate work, there is little room for the generalist and I feel that I should admonish everyone here under the age of 40 to find for herself a specialized interest and to prepare herself carefully in that interest—if she hasn't already seen the handwriting on the wall. And let us not spend our professional lifetime in bemoaning the fact that specialization has reared its ugly head. The old order changeth, yielding place to new—and the age of specialization has great promise for university oriented programs. All of us here have already committed ourselves to college and university teaching, and thus we have, in a sense, committed ourselves to specialization.

There used to be the time to "pick up" a speciality as a part of your "in-service" teaching program—but that too is changing. You used to learn administration by being an administrator but already it looks as if we must prepare our administrators in ways other than "on the job." The college women's area of teaching is sorely lacking in available administrators (as many of you have good cause to know). We have thought that we could take the best teacher, the most able lecturer, the most profound researcher, the most prolific writer, and make that woman an administrator. Such logic was often faulty. Perhaps it is about time that we alerted ourselves to the fact that administrators can be created through knowledge and that there are undoubtedly lots of potential administrators if they are given the opportunity to specialize in administrative concepts.

Specialization does not exist with regard to the approaches of research and/or teaching, for today's college professor must use both approaches. Specialization is with regard to knowledge. The age of the generalist is gone, let us welcome and understand the era of specialization.

Related to the change in general-specialized patterns is a more subtle change in the emergence of leadership within the profession. I would like to suggest for each of you an exercise in speculation. Look about this country and pick out for yourself the 10 most promising young women under the age of 45 who you think will have a relatively profound influence on the direction of our discipline. Now, if you have been able to find 10 to whom you can subscribe, identify them according to their credentials. For the most part you will find that they are people who speak, write ot teach about some identifiable feature in physical education. Now, find for yourself the ten most able women in physical education over the age of 55 and see if you can identify their speciality. It is a much harder task. What then makes for a leader?

Part of leadership is based upon hard work and tenacity, part upon the smile of fortune, part upon acceptance by the profession and part upon the times. However, it appears to me that professionally we are now no longer willing to accept apostolic leadership and we are even more loath to accept self-proclaimed prophets. This means that some of the clarion voices will no longer ring; it means that we are no longer willing to swing upon a star in the heavenly radiance of philosophic triteness. It means that we are beginning to insist that our leaders of this generation represent erudition rather than rhetoric, that they present ideas rather than truisms and that they have proved themselves by being blooded with professional challenges and tasks. Perhaps this means that the days of the giants, Nash and Williams and McCloy, are indeed gone with the snows of yesteryear and that we are entering into a new professional era where leadership will proliferate and where a profession will be thinking rather than following the direction of a few individuals within the group I shall miss the trumpets blasting the main theme, but I believe that I can learn to revere the counterpoint.

The old order has changed with regard to dedication. I have already hinted at this when I talked about the invasion of commercialism but there are more subtle reasons for this change. In the early days of professional women in physical education, there was the idea that once you had chosen a professional direction that you should engulf your whole life in that choice. And our professional grandmothers were indeed such people. I think of Amy Morris Homan, Delphine Hanna, Mabel Lee, Gertrude Molton, Mary Channing Coleman, Elizabeth Halsey and many, many more who gave a lifetime of service to advance the professional integrity of physical education. At what personal cost they did this, I suppose that few of us know but the evidence suggests that it was great. Today, there is reason to believe that dedication can be as devastating as it can be rewarding, and it would be wise for many of us to heed this change in pattern.

One of my favorite true stories was related to me by Dr. Caroline Sinclair, retired department chairman of Madison College in Harrisonburg, Virginia. It seems as if a junior physcial education came to Dr. Sinclair and announced that she wanted to change her major. Dr. Sinclair, never wishing to have anyone in the department who was not committed to physical education, was more than willing to accommodate this young lady, but she was interested in the girl's reason for changing her major emphasis. The young women's grades were well above average and her personnel report was a delight to read.

Suspecting that there were personal problems, Miss Sinclair asked the girl if her family was against her majoring in physical education. "Oh no ma'am" the student assured Dr. Sinclair "they are all for it—they agree with me that it's a perfectly wonderful field." Dr. Sinclair then suspected problems with roomate, colleagues and peers, but the girl assured her that she "just loved" all of the major group and that she thought that her roommate and the girls with whom she lived were "just super."

By this time, through the process of elimination, Dr. Sinclair was sure that she had pinpointed the reason for the girl's desire to change her major, and she said to the student, "you've had some problem with one of the staff, haven't you?" "Oh no," declared the young woman, "Why I think that this is just about the best staff that a person could have to help her—and they are all kind and understanding and thoughtful." At her wit's end, Miss Sinclair, to satify her own curiosity said to the student, "Well, if there are no problems, if you think so highly of physical education and if you so admire the people who teach this subject, just why on earth are changing you major?" "Well," said the young girl with some hesitation," I looked at all of you and saw all the things that you do for all of us day after day and week after week—and well, I decided that I just don't want to be that dedicated." A rather interesting concept.

There is the distinct danger that many of us are still so enamoured with the concept of professional dedication that we do not realize that we tend to hurt ourselves and physical education as much through too much dedication as we can through too little. There are times when we just don't act with any sense about such a commitment. Each of you think of how many weekends you spend doing professional things and consider how many evenings and nights are spent in extracurricular activities. Try to remember how you feel week after week because there just isn't time for anything other than physical education.

Perhaps we need to heed the changing concept with regard to dedication. It is about time that we got off the horns of this particular dilemma of super-professionalism. Too many of us placed ourselves squarely on the horns of our own volition—throwing ourselves dramatically over the bull's head and then spending a great deal of time complaining about what we have done and inferring that the bull really gored us by chasing us around the arena. I know that we can't live balanced lives every day, but I do believe that we can keep a realistic balance for ourselves on a monthly and yearly basis—and if we do not heed the admonition of old order change, the wages of overzealous dedication are professional death. Let us be mature about engaging help to free us in our personal lives. There is no need for many of us to scrub the bathroom floor, do all of our own washing and ironing, tend to the garden and cook all of our meals. Choose to do those things which interest you and then find someone to do the rest of the chores for you. After all, some people are taking care of wife and children on the salaries which we make, and if we are not willing to spend the money that we earn to help relieve ourselves of menial drudgery that we dislike and that consumes our time, we are unintelligent.

This leads me to the final order of change which I feel that we must recognize and that is the change that has been inflicted by fatigue. Like most of you, I often wonder where all this leisure time is that experts keep telling me I have to occupy—but then I start to calculate and I realize that all too often I have chosen to fill my leisure with work. No one forced me to accept that pattern—it was self determined. As a result, I find that it is easy to be tired, to be a victim of fatigue. Think back over your last year and see what you have done with you life. Has there been time for bridge, gardening, reading, travel, chatting or any other of the dozen things which make up the non-professional you? Fatigue comes from functional exhaustion or psychological boredom and if you are constantly tired, I would suggest that you attempt to find the reason. Each of us should make plans for a leisure that we should find. There are some among us who have so steeped ourselves in our work that we do not know how *not* to work and there are others who are so tired from self inflicted tasks that we do not have the energy to spend a fruitful leisure when and if it becomes available.

You and I are living through an era of change. We are seeing the evaporation of one Camelot even as we build another. The nebulous pattern of change casts a spell of magic over all of us and it is up to each of us to decide if "now the whole Round Table is dissolved" as we forth companionless in darkened days among "new men, strange faces, other minds." Or will you share with me a renewed faith in the belief that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils himself in many ways, least one good custom should corrupt the world." We have behind us a past of glory,—but we have in our future a quest for the grail of professional selfhood and I can think of no more exciting adventure of satisfying experience than to stride forth with a heart for any fate and thus follow the gleam.

"Hills To Climb"

Prognosis for the Future

A Ball of Gold

There is something about pessimism and futility that is intriguing and fascinating especially to the young. Such feelings certainly nipped my imagination and captured my empathy a quarter century ago. Perhaps, when we are young we have not been a part of enough adversity and thus we long to see what it is all about and to participate in the emotional pathos adversity harbors—even as we dread the consequences.

As a college student I wallowed in Arnold, Blake, Wordsworth, Whitman, Dickinson, and Millay. I suffered their agonies, I shared their doubts, I was a part of their frustrations, I too believed that "the world is too much with us." And then slowly, I began to recognize my misery for what it was—the passion of youth learning about the unknown and feeling sorry for oneself in the acquisition of the knowledge. And after that horrible self-realization, I decided that if I wanted more subdued agony, less doubt, fewer frustrations, and a part in the creation of a personal and professional universe, I had better go about some positive plan of action and involve myself not in the destruction and lament of being, but in the construction and exultation of becoming. In a sense, I guess that was a part of the way that I began to grow up. And it may have some implications for some of you who are in the throes of doubt about yourself, your work, and your world.

However, even as I gained a broader perspective on life itself, even as I matured, there was a bit of poetry by the caustic and perceptive Stephen Crane which continued to haunt me and to challenge my scope of maturing understanding. Crane wrote:

Delivered at University of Nebraska, 1969.

A man saw a ball of gold in the sky;
He climbed for it,
And eventually he achieved it—
It was clay.
Now this is the strange part:
When the man went to the earth
And looked again,
Lo, there was the ball of gold.
Now this is the strange part:
It was a ball of gold.
Ay, by the heavens, it was a ball of gold.

I am sure that bit of poetry has remained with me because it describes so well for me the professional area in which you and I are interested, physical education. So, share with me the search for understanding and meaning as we explore our professional commitment.

In many ways, the heritage of physical education has been a ball of gold. I do not mean to imply that we have always been self assured and secure in the worth of our contributions, but we have, at least, believed in what we were doing. I look back on the writings of Luthur Gulick, Joseph Lee, Eugene Mathias, Clark Hetherington, Jesse Williams, Thomas Wood—and I see individuals committed to a plan of action and a way of life which had merit and truth. I look back on the leadership tendered by Tait McKenzie, Dudley Sargent; Mary Coleman, Elmer Mitchell, Delphine Hanna, Amy Morris Homans, and Mabel Lee, and I see a profession committed to a plan of action and a way of life which had merit and truth.

Our heritage was of certain things. We *knew* that physical activity was a positive adjunct of health and that a healthy life meant an active life. We were sure that even limited activity had a physiological value and that the biological integrity of the human organism improved as it was exercised. We were positive that desirable behavioral patterns accrued from participation in play and sport and that there was a morality about the gaming ethic which almost automatically suggested sportsmanship and fair play as its core. We were positive that we made a meaningful contribution to the lives of people.

Oh, to be sure, there were times historically when we felt "put upon" in the educational world. The dichotomous belief in the separate identification of mind and body haunted our reasoning and although we did not subscribe to the concept, we had a tendency to implement the concept in our plans of discipline organization. We were perfectly sure that not all people (and especially people in the educational world) liked us and we knew that they tended to believe we were incidental and a frill, but *we*, we physical educators, felt that we were important, that we had value, and that we had meaning in the lives of all people. What we knew was for real.

The simplicity of history in no way records the tumult of past strivings, and I do not mean to infer that our past has a clear-cut direction which was happily followed by all. I am a student of "the battle of the systems" of 1889; I have studied the anthropometric, anatomical, physiological, behavioral, and sociological emphases which gave shape to our endeavor; I am historically alert to our tenuous alliance with the National Education Association and our consequent action to include both health and recreation as adjuncts to our professional physical education family; I know of the personality and some of the philosophical interactions and differences of the leaders of the past. Yet, it still remains as a uniquely stark and realistic fact that in spite of the many diversions, there was an essential commitment, by all, to the worth of the endeavor which was physical education.

Our leaders spoke with clarion voices and trumpeted their enunciations to a band of followers who were content to render discipleship to such articulate and wise paragons. In essence, we chose our mentor and then accepted his/her philosophic commitment as our own, acknowledging that other leaders and their disciples might be lesser gods and provide perimeters to our frame of reference.

In the 1930s, if you were a McCloy follower, you believed that the physiological integrity of the human organism was paramount and tantamount to any program of meaningful physical education. Your "battle cry" was "How About a Little Muscle?" If you were a Williams follower, you believed that behavioral change was the core of physical education and that the concomitants of activity were much more important than the muscular contraction and its resulting sweat. Your battle cry with Williams was "Education *Through* the Physical—Not Education *Of* the Physical." If you were a Nash follower, you believed that the intelligent use of leisure time was physical education's contribution to the good life, and that only as man knew himself well enough to know what to do with himself, would the "good life" be achieved. Your battle cry with Nash was "Re-creation Through Activity." If you were a Homans follower, you believed that activity was as important for females as it was for males and that it was possible to conduct sport and activity programs and still be a lady. Your battle cry with Homans was "A Sport for Every Girl and Every Girl with a Sport."

Of course, there were numerous other leaders who did not demand quite such a disciple allegiance and who were a bit more eclectic in their tenets. The feminine leadership abounded with such personalities—women who kept an iron hand in a velvet glove and who patterned their students after the best that they themselves had been taught.

Yet in spite of, and because of, the struggle of a young discipline and a very old professional endeavor to assume its place, there was universal strength of purpose and an obvious awareness that there was indeed a ball of gold in the sky—a ball of gold which had the ability to bring richness and light to the educational scene, a ball of gold which had the ability to dispel darkness and to illuminate man's life in such a way that greater meaning accrued and greater worth resulted. Oh yes, that ball of gold was sure and it was absolute. It had reality and in order to accept the reality, all one needed was faith!

But then, we started to climb for the ball of gold. We wanted to get closer to its meaning, to hold its worth in the palms of our hands, to touch the reality of what was. So we climbed for it, to achieve it.

We subjected our faith to the religion of the age. We sought to understand ourselves in physical education through the didactics of science. We found out that health was not merely an absence of disease and we found out that activity was not the magic we had once thought it was. Activity did not prevent heart attacks, it did not eliminate colds, it did not eradicate nervous breakdowns, it did not cure cancer. The ball of gold was clay.

We discovered that three forty-minute periods of physical education each week had little effect upon cardiorespiratory integrity, it only slightly altered the neuromuscular system, it did not abet digestion and elimination, and it hardly even changed the homeostatic balance. The ball of gold was clay.

We learned that many classes in physical education only had minimal time for any activity, and we began to think that we were really *talking* about the physical much more than we were educating through the physical or developing by the physical. We were moving only minimally; we talked most of the time. The ball of gold was clay.

We were horrified to admit that play sponsored unethical and immoral behavior just as readily as it sponsored ethical morality. We knew that there was cheating on the football field, dishonesty in the athletic departments, questionable gamesmanship in the gymnasium. We saw the rise of the athletic czars and watched the proliferation of postseason play which suggested that the Rose Bowl really had its inception in the opportunity for a squad of undergraduate men to visit Disney Land. We saw athletic scholarships renamed grants-in-aid and we had to acknowledge that there was hardly a college male athlete in the United States who was playing "for fun"—the gravy was there in many forms, including lots of "under the table" tactics. The gaming ethic was *not* based upon fairness and equality; instead, it seemed to be based upon exploitation and opportunism. The ball of gold had turned to clay.

We saw that as a nation we lacked stamina and strength. We had failed to produce the things about which we had pontificated. California, with its famed black-top playgrounds and its compulsory physical education law, was seeking to get rid of the law and to park cars on the blacktop. The President's Council on Fitness was riding bicycles along the Charles River and shunning elevators in the Merchandise Mart—but the armed forces were still rejecting the weak, the tired, the nonenduring. The ball of gold was clay.

The clarion voices were stilled and there no longer blared forth the trumpet call of the McCloys, the Williamses, the Nashes, the Homanses. Instead we were weighing the wisdon of Oberteuffer, Steinhaus, Metheny, Cureton, Abernathy, Lawther, Essinger, Huelster, Lynn, and others who were skeptical of omnipotence and admonished their followers that blind faith was to be avoided and a personal rationale for action must be developed. They suggested that there was a counterpoint to the main theme and that professional truth was not to be found from the pulpits of prophecy but instead from the reaches of reason. These leaders continually told us that their feet were planted in quicksand and that they had few answers; they only had more questions. The ball was not gold, the ball was clay.

And in the process of discovering the "truth" as it really is, we noted the proliferation of interest in physical education. Not only were we dealing with the areas of health and recreation, but we had also gathered driver education, safety, and school nursing unto our bosoms and had become utterly confused as to who we were and what we were about. The reality of the ballof gold was clay.

To further compound the issue, each of our dependents was struggling to escape our fond embrace, and those who had once sought physical education for "protection" now were wiggling to free themselves from what appeared to them to be a smothering strangle hold. Like a bewildered parent, physical education could not understand why certain independence was needed by health and recreation—an independence which still had operational support, but only loose philosophical and curricular ties. The ball of gold was clay.

And then there was the gnawing doubt of physical educators themselves as to their "right" to be included in the educational matrix. The defensive suspicion of all of us grew as we began to lose our requirements, as we were called mickey mouse, as we were challenged as to our intellectual contributions, as our personnel did poorly in Graduate Record Examinations and Teacher Education tests, as our staff escaped to guidance and administration. We began to doubt ourselves and our worth. The ball of gold was indeed nothing but a clod of clay.

The sensing of the ball of gold was an exciting era, filled with faith and hope and promise. The finding of the ball of clay has been a frustrating era, filled with doubt, apprehension, and bewilderment. And because we are just at the end of the ball-of-clay era there are many physical educators who are bathing in self-doubt, despair, and the realistic horror of "telling it like it is," of believing this is for real.

Some of this doubt was epitomized for me several years ago when I was teaching at a Virginia college. We had a good staff, a fine program, intelligent and believing students, yet we were constantly questioning our being and always doubting our own worth. One day, at the meeting of the faculty council, it was announced by the dean of instruction that the general college curriculum was going to be reviewed and that all of the "frills" were to be eliminated immediately. Being excellent students of game strategy the physical education staff rushed back to the confines of our regal and ample facilities surrounded by our voluminous equipment and decided that a good offense indeed would be our best defense against total extermination. We gathered data for several weeks to support our worth. We had the *Research Quarterly, Journal of Applied Physiology, Science and Medicine of Exercise and Sport,* *Interpretations of Physical Education*, graduate and undergraduate conference proceedings, dozens of beautifully valid research articles and books written by our most erudite leaders all to support our claim of worth. Asking for an audience with the curriculum committee and the dean well before the "head lopping" was to take place, we sent our best informed and most articulate staff members to "make our pitch." The assignment was well done, the staff spokesmen were magnificent, the curriculum committee was receptive to ideas and concepts, and the dean was awed by our display of studied erudition. As we finished our extravaganza of presentation, which lasted for about two and a half hours, the dean commented" Thank you very much for going to so much trouble to pull together the wealth of information which you have just presented. I am sure that the committee shares with me the awe I feel as I attempt to understand the breadth and depth of an area such as yours, an area which is obviously so important to all of education, and indeed to mankind itself. I would want you to know, however, that never at any time have I or the curriculum committee even considered dropping physical education from the program offerings." You see, the ball of gold was made of clay—but only in our own minds.

But now we are teetering on that fine edge of the omega of one era and the alpha of yet another, and we are almost ready to go to earth again. And it is my absolute and committed belief that when we finally return to the proper perspective and look up we shall see that "lo, there was a ball of gold."

There are so many things heralding a new day for physical education, so many factors which are announcing that we are on the verge of an intellectual and behavioral thrust which has all of the idealistic, pragmatic reality that anyone could wish. Let me share an understanding of some of those vectors with you.

First of all, we have finally acknowledge that while we have individuals with vision, individuals with intelligence, individuals with wisdom, and individuals with behavioral competence, we do not have self-proclaimed prophets nor do we have leadership that is larger than life. We are willing to find ourselves through the reason and study of those who have worked with us rather than for us; who have thought with us, rather than for us; who have dreamed idylls as well as nightmares with us, rather than for us; and who have a commitment with us, rather than one for us. Herein is the basis of our leadership for the future.

The quicksand of the base is not as frightening as it is exciting. It challenges us to continually keep stepping if only to find greater security for our foundation. We are beginning to understand that the continual shifting of position may indeed be the finest stability that any discipline might desire. We are no longer interested in idols made of gold, or steel, or even bronze. We want the warmth and vibration of living beings as leaders who will reflect our posture even as they direct our change.

We have matured, as a discipline, enough to know that leadership is not like cream which rises to the surface, but instead it is a part of a professional homogenization process which causes the texture of the whole to have a greater richness even as each particle retains the integrity of its cream-like makeup or its milk-like structure. Leaders are being identified in different ways than heretofore known. They are young, they have a speciality, they ask questions, they are interested in cognitive as well as motoric understanding, they share responsibility, they reflect what is even as they direct what may be. Ay, by the heavens, it is a ball of gold.

We are now looking into the meaning of movement. We are no longer teaching sport skills, aquatic skill, gymnastic skills, and dance skills. We are teaching physical education in its finest sense—we are teaching the art and science of human movement and we are using skill learning as a modality for such an experience. What does a person learn when he/she learns to move? One does not just learn where to place parts of the body and where to apply force and where to induce relaxation. The mechanics of movement are interesting, but only when they are put in the human context do they have meaning.

The game is played by men and women who are more than mechanical robots and because that is true, there is the concept of success and failure. Aquatics require the psychological acceptance of a new environment in which man can work and because that is true, there are fear cases in swimming even as there are Olympic champions. Gymnastics is performed by people who are apprehensive and exalted, dance is done by people who seek movement expression or feel emotional inhibition.

As we learn the meaning of movement, we are learning about the concept of self, and the concept of human interaction. Have you ever thought why a man can swivel hip down the football field in shoulder pads, hip pads, a numbered nylon jersey, knicker length, tight nylon britches, and handsome colored knee socks and feel like a hero—and yet put that same man in a leotard, take away the pigskin so he can not hide himself behind the simulated bladder, and ask him to swivel down a hundred-yard stage—and he'll feel the fool and move in a way totally different from what you might have anticipated. Or ask a tennis player to don the garb of a fencer and note the restrictions of move which are not really due to the fabric cut, but instead are due to the interpretation of the costume. Ask a dancer to bowl and give him the ball and the restriction of the lane, and notice what happens to the free flowing swing, the easy glide.

As we learn about the meaning of movement we learn about what it means to feel "easy in your own skin." For many of us this phenomemon seems so familiar and "right" that we have little empathy for the person who is uncomfortable with himself. The uncoordinated who never does what is intended—misses the bird, fans the ball, stumbles over his/her own feet, pants with early exhaustion—is, in one's own words "a motor moron." Think of what it feels like to really dislike your own body. The blubbery fat, the angular bones which stick out at the wrong places, the ungainly height which permits people jokingly to ask "How's the air up there," the stunted feeling when you realize you always are looking up at people in order to see their faces, the damaged masculine ego when there is little strength and a paucity of endurance, the frightened wondering when the feminine mystique has been violated because one likes to run and leap and jump even as an adult.

Being easy in your own skin does not come about by administering 50 push-ups, 10 abdominal curls, once around the track, and 20 more free shots. And it doesn't come from being chosen captain, or helping the teacher check showers, or sparking the goal line drive. Being made to feel easy in your own skin takes the skill and understanding of a physical education teacher who is committed to the use of skills as a modality and who wants to help with the meaning of movement.

As we learn about the meaning of movement we learn about ways to transfer our knowledges of skill patterns. We do not believe that you get to be a better diver by working out on the trampoline but we do believe that you can understand some of the laws of motion a great deal better when you learn about them from trampolining—and that such knowledge can be utilized in an understanding of all movement patterns which emerge from the use of any outside force. We understand about the meaning of leverage and balance and we apply these concepts to the meaning of movement in such a way that they have individual and even random utilization as new patterns are recognized. No one teaches the baby boy about center of gravity as he teeters in his playpen, but he understands about that center of gravity over the base of supports from experimentation and thus his walking is made possible. We can intellectualize some of these learnings, we can motorize others—but we have to integrate all of the learning sequences if we seek to understand transfer and reminiscence. Such can be the meaning of movement. Now this is the strange part; it is a ball of gold.

We are now making a real attempt to understand the true meaning of fitness. For decades we have had a microcosmic attitude about this idea, acting as if cardiorespiratory integrity is the *sine qua non* of all existence. If such had ever been the case, we would surely have included the tread mill and the bicycle ergometer in our skills classes long ago. Especially with the sophistication of today's computations, if fitness was our "thing," it would be perfectly possible to take into account height, weight, ponderal index, morphological classification, functional integrity; place our students on giant treadmills or on a bank of exercycles, put the properly key punched card in the correct slot, push the button, and "let her rip." But, in truth, all of us have always known that cardiorespiratory integrity is not the all of physical eduation. It too, like skill learning, is just a modality of teaching about the science of human movement. Individuals must understand how their bodies work—not just when they hurt, not just when they are sick, not just as they pant and sweat, but as they live. Why is it that a man in optimum physical condition with strength, endurance, flexibility, and coordination to spare can be too tired to do a term paper or too lethargic to attend a meeting on international problems? How is it that a man with a resting pulse of 60 and an after-exercise pulse of 68 can be a tyrant in his home and have his wife and children in tears minutes after he arrives? How is it that a girl who plays on the basketball, hockey and tennis teams can not get along with her roommate? Why is it that the woman who dances with ease and grace across the stage as she seeks to interpret herself to her world can not run to catch the bus without gasping for breath from the unaccustomed push?

Fitness is not measured by the guidelines of the AAHPER fitness tests, it is not measured by the Harvard step test, it is not measured by the Kraus-Weber test for lower back pain, it is not measured by laps around the track, color of your gym trunks, a profile sent to parents, isometric contractions, maximum oxygen uptake, or even jogging and anaerobic exercises. Fitness is measured in how you meet your life each day, each week, each year—all of your life. Are you tired all of the time? Do you always feel "put upon?" Is the alarm clock your hated adversary? Do you continually long to nap? Do you snap at others when things do not go your way? Are you understanding in your demands and thoughtful in your requests? Can you tolerate the intolerable? Are you fit to live most so that you can serve best? This is the macrocosmic concept of fitness to which physical education now subscribes. Obviously, we do not have an easy formula to produce fitness, but we do have at our disposal the science of human movement, and this may be the most potent and powerful force available to effect total fitness for each individual and even for a nation itself. Now this is the strange part; it is a ball of gold.

We are now coming to understand the significance of play in the pattern of human interaction and we are rapidly approaching the point where we no longer need be ashamed of the fact that we teach people through play. The old protestant ethic which suggested that work was duty and therefore to be revered over play which was passion is now slowly passing out of existence. The play group is one of the most fundamental peer groups of all society and it holds within its purview the germs of societal interaction itself. Play has no cause to serve, it has no master to heed; yet it is structured, it has meaning, and it sets its own standards. Play insists upon human movement of some type and it fosters the art of such movement.

Play, in the form of sport and games, has a sense of reality even as it deals with the irreal. There are lines on a tennis court and you know what happens when you step on one or the ball goes outside one; there is a way to shoot the basketball and when the rules of the technique are ignored, the basket is missed; there is an umpire who determines the ball and the strike and his word is final even when you disagree; there is a time limit to a football game and even if another second would have enabled the goal—too bad, time's up. There is a morality to golf and even if you are only playing yourself, you know when you haven't counted a stroke. Not one of those tidbits of coercion make one iota of difference to the life of any one individual—yet each is representative of a set of social mores, customs, and laws and each therefore is an atom of the life experience. Play has within its makeup all of the social processes of mankind; it has the potential of acculturation, it has the essence of human interaction. And this is what physical education uses as we examine and teach the art of human movement. It is a ball of gold.

We are on the verge of exciting curricular understandings. It is quite conceivable that the physical education curriculum of the next decade will no longer be parceled into activity-oriented skill courses. When you "sign up" for physical education in the future you will be signing up to understand the meaning of movement in its truest sense. It is possible that we will be following the conceptual model being formulated by the Physical Education Curriculum Study of the American Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, under the able direction of Ann Jewett. We may be teaching courses in generic movement, ordinative movement, and creative movement. Now lest these words sound like gobbledygook to some of you today, let me remind you that just a decade ago we had never heard of perceptual-motor learning (let alone had a conference about it), we had never known of the affective domain of human behavior, we were just beginning to talk about motor learning, and we were ignorant of sports sociology and sports psychology (let alone having associations for the furthering of such subdisciplines). The conceptual framework for the curriculum in physical education is powerful and exciting stuff—it is the stuff upon which dreams may be made and hopes fulfilled. There is a ball of gold.

In physical education we are now coming to believe that we have enough to handle in just attempting to understand the art and science of human movement and that we need no longer cling to the loved siblings of health and recreation or to the ungrateful stepchildren of "you name it—we do it" identification. Let safety, driver education, school nursing, and civil defense seek their own rationale. Expect our understanding and expect our support, but do *not* expect our time in the curriculum or our teaching personel! In physical education, there is a ball of gold.

At long last we are beginning to have some understanding about gender identification. For years physical education has been the only subject matter in the curriculum which has a sex identification. And the locker room hasn't been the only place where sex differences have been exposed and sheltered. Many of us here have sterotyped our counterparts with generalizations such as "the men don't really care about teaching"; "the women don't know how to coach"; "the men only care about winning"; "women are just not skilled"; "who earns the money anyway"; "who's a real educator."

There are some valid reasons why this antagonism has existed. Professionally, male and female physical educators tend to be the same sort of person, they are organized in like personality patterns, they espouse devotion to the same cause. But traditional gender roles have suggested that there *should* be differences, and it has been difficult for us to adjust to a situation in which personhood supersedes sexual identification. However, federal legislation, court decisions, and a cultural understanding of individual rights are changing that picture. It is a picture that needs change and the change will not be comfortable.

There are times when it is very difficult for me to ignore my female image with all of the manifestations of personality that implies. It is equally difficult for males to forget about masculinity and their expected roles. But many of us are learning to do just that and the feeling of personhood which results from the voluntary emigration from those sexual isolated islands is worth the effort and the struggle. We are learning to join hands at the bureaucratic as well as the romantic level. In physical education we may find new patterns of interaction. There is a ball of gold.

We are beginning to see the worth of specialization as well as some of its perils. We are now willing to educate exercise physiologists, sports psychologists, administrators, evaluation experts, philosophers, sport sociologists, and learning theorists as well as general practitioners who are able to make application of the findings on the cutting edge of disciplinary promise. To be sure, we still have in our midst physical educators who are teaching as they were taught, who are still using last decade's lecture notes, who refuse to believe that the essence of our meaning is found in philosophic as well as biologic mobility. But the number of such people is on the wane and we are seeing a new breed of physical educators emerge not from "teacher *training* colleges" but from "teacher *education* institutions," who dare to question because they know that it is the only way to learn and to teach. Yes, the texture of the ball is gold.

The new day for physical education is vested in the fact that we move so that we can learn even as we learn to move. It is predicated upon the educational worth of the art and science of human movement, it is dependent upon the behavioral edict which says that the human organism must adjust and adapt or it will perish, it is based upon the holistic acceptance of man, and it finds its rationale in its relation to the eternal verities of human life—understanding, being, and becoming. This is for real.

Oh my friends, you and I are on the brink. We have behind us a rich and worthwhile heritage, we are in the midst of perplexing and troubled times, but we have before us a sense of reality, tinged by faith, tempered by truth, and taunted by promises. Let us return to the earth from whence we came once again and then look up and see the yellow, clay like orb which is our ball of gold. Ay, by the heavens in which it is, and the earth from whence it is seen, physical education is a ball of gold.

And Strength for Climbing

"Excelsior!" whispers the climber as gasping for breath, fighting the dizziness of ascent, ignoring the pounding within the core of his chest, forcing aching, trembling muscles to respond—he climbs. "Excelsior!" intones the climber as reaching, grasping, clinging, pulling, heaving—only to reach and grasp and pull and heave once again—he lifts one foot and then the other, hoists one leg and then the other, reaches with one arm and then the other, grasps with one hand and then the other—he climbs. "Excelsior!" pleads the climber, with his eyes on the peak, his belief in the eventual attainment of the summit and his faith in his body. He climbs to the haunting whisper of "Excelsior!"

We who are interested in physical education are much like that mountaineer, but instead of Everest, Kilimanjaro, McKinley and Die Jungfrau, we find our heights in ideas and concepts. The attainment of our mountains demands an exacting toll in terms of spirit, body and understanding. But the climbs are well worth attempting and the heights are satisfying to contemplate. So, today, I would like to explore with you our heights, our strengths, our weaknesses, our promises, our hopes, and our dreams and our way.

Almost every person when starting on a meaningful life adventure has intoned, "God, give me heights to climb." So, let us first identify and select our mountains so that we may anticipate the day that our own "Excelsior!" may be whispered in the face of the wind and may float down to the valley of novitiates who will follow the trail that we break.

But how do we undertake this adventure and which mountains should we climb? I am quite sure that one of the primary peaks we must scale is the crag

---

Delivered at Sargent College, Boston, 1960.

of "Self-understanding." This particular mountain really takes a lifetime of ascent, but a very special part of the rugged terrain must be reconnoitered during the early years of one's life. To follow the Socratic admonition to "Know thyself" is not easy, but it is the first thing that any person must attempt to do, for to know oneself is the only trail up the slope of "Self-understanding."

The bedrock of the trail is composed of the physical being. How much do you know about your physical potentialities and limitations? How good are you when just one more step is needed to attain the ledge? In this day of pseudo-intellectualism we tend to scoff at the concept of the physical components of self. Without the physical being, we have nothing, for it is within the body and its remarkable integrated systems that adaptation to life is accomplished. The physical being is capable of behavior patterns that may be spiritual or social in nature and which are but overt manifestations of the integrated organism which we label *homo sapiens*. The pulsating heart, the elastic lungs, the vascilating temperature, the sensitive glands—all compose the beauty and wonder that is man and it is the privilege of each of us to use this tool—this complex, related, functional, dynamic instrument called the human body. You study about it in your courses which are called biology, chemistry, health, self adjustment and physical education. And as you gain knowledge about your body, so you gain understandings about yourself and thus the beginning of the assault upon the mountain of "Self-understanding" becomes a reality.

While the wonder of the body intrigues us, it is with this wonder in action that we are mainly concerned—and hence, "Self-understanding" can only be ascended as we know our skill abilities. These are the formative years and now is the time to expose yourself to as many skill experiences as you are able. Have you ever noticed how much easier it is to learn a thing a second time—like relearning how to skate, or how to ride a two-wheeler, or how to swim? It is wise to take advantage of as many skill learning opportunities as possible. We have reason to believe that movement learning may be like learning to know music. For example, if very young children are exposed to a certain type of music during their infancy (symphonic music for instance), these children continue to express admiration for that type of music and they have the ability in later life to recognize the symphonies even if they can't name them. This happens regardless of the fact that the Beatles or Herman's Hermits have entered their lives later on.

Now, this same thing might easily be true of movement skill patterns. If all of us would take advantage of the numerous opportunites for "sensitizing our surface" with regard to skill development, it is possible that we could be twice as talented as we are now. You are never too old to learn a new skill and try not to be afraid to try something new. If you will keep attempting new patterns, learning will become easier and easier. This is the time for all of you to sensitize your skill surface and thus gain a small foothold in the climb up "Self-understanding."

And while we are struggling to attain the footholds of skill, let us think about the concept of what it means to be a champion. A champion is usually the best there is in a certain activity; yet if you think about it, everyone can be a champion if she but tries—and if the championship realm is carefully delineated. Now I am sure that many of you do not believe that you are a champion and there may be some of you who think that championships are unimportant, but let me tell you a true story about how I learned about champions.

It happened this way. A few years ago, I was home with my family during the summer and one night at dinner, my brother, his eyes sparkling, exclaimed "Gosh Pop, did you hear about it------Yogi did it!". "No, not really!!!!", answered my Dad, "Well, by golly, good going for the ol' boy." "Yep, it takes a real man to do that," countered my excited brother, "you have to have real championship qualities." "You are so right," smiled my father—"But that Yogi, he's a real champ any way you look at it, and I sure don't know of a fellow that is more deserving."

I was "all ears" since my mother and I had been left out of the conversation. So with a great deal of effort to get the men's attention, I interjected, "What did Berra do?" Bob turned to me with total disbelief written all over his face. "You mean that you haven't heard?" "No," I admitted rather ashamed of my ignorance. "Well," thundered my brother, "Yogi Berra just became the very first catcher in the American League ever to catch five no hit games—that's all—and I thought that you were supposed to know something about baseball and sports!" If it had been anyone other than my brother, who is an absolute maniac about baseball, I might have said, "So what, what difference does it make?" But my reluctance to be sarcastic started me to thinking about why Berra was a champion and if it would be possible for every man who played for the New York Yankees (or any other club) to be a champion. For example, you could have the man who got more walks than anyone else, and the man who caught more fly balls, or the man who hit more Texas Leaguers, or the man who struck out the most, or any other event about which baseball, incidentally, keeps accurate records. Just set the limits and we can all be champions.

That started me thinking about my own championship potential. I decided that I am the champion badmintion player of all women faculty members at the University of North Carolina who are at least five foot six, who are over 40 and who have brunette hair which is rapidly greying and do not wear glasses. You would be surprised at what a lift this gave me—it is the very first skill championship that I have held since I won the potato sack race at the Sunday School picnic when I was 10! Now, I am being a bit jocular about this championship idea, but the ideas isn't a bad one and it may have considerable merit if it is fully explored. I would suggest the each of you find your own championship realm and develop it. There is something that likes being the best in an activity or being first in knowledge. Gold medals, school letters, loving cups and gold stars are not evil symbols and perhaps we have come to the time when we can acknowledge a champion with real joy and when we do not feel that it is evil to have anyone know that there is a "best"—maybe we will even come to the point of acknowledging failure openly. Physical education activities allow for realistic self-discovery of our championship potential and limit and as we discover who we are, what we are, and our champion qualities, so we can continue to scamper up the trail of knowing ourself as we climb the mountain of "Self-understanding."

It is also important in scaling the mountain of "Self-understanding" to determine the handgrips of our intellectual selves. I am not speaking of being a "brain" for the sake of being a "brain," but I am inferring that there is nothing wrong in being a "square" if that is what intellectual attainment serves. I have always taken special interest in the fact that the nervous system is rather easy to change structurally. No one knows how the convolutions in the brain are formed and very little is known about the nervous responses and how they are intensified. Therefore, it has always seemed to me that it is possible to learn something new every single day of my life and I see evidence of this daily in an educational environment. The teachers and the students learn together. Thus does our nervous system become altered and because of this alteration, we are better able to discern relationships and consequently develop our intellectual capacity to verbalize and communicate through linguistic abstractions. As a result, many physical educators and athletes have been called "muscle heads" and described as having "all brawn and no brains."

There is *some* justification for these accusations, and I would suggest that this is an image that we must recast. I urge all of you to be smart. Speak, write, study, make good grades and extend your intellectual horizons. Naturally, sound reading underlies many of these idea communications and if I had my way, I would *force* all of you to read, read, read—read until your eyes hurt, read until you can absorb no more, read every spare minute, read novels, texts and reports—but read. Only thus can we develop our intellects and aid and abet the intellectual growth of others. Only thus will the intellectual image of physical education change. It will be up to your generation to demonstrate the intellectual worth of education—a worth that needs no defensive behavior.

It would be delightful if conscience motivated us all to take a responsibility for our own intellectual growth but unhappily such is not the case. Therefore, when athletic associations insist that in order to meet team requirements you must have an acceptable grade point average, it seems to me that education is walking in the right direction. I would not think that the opportunity to participate in sports and movement activities would have to be dependent upon academic scholarship, but I would strongly support the concept that in order to represent your school in a situation that involved athletic prowess that scholarship requirements should remain.

The discovery of the social being is not to be forgotten in the long trek up the mountain of "Self-understanding." There must have been some time in the history of civilization when man could expect reasonably to be successful and happy and still have little to do with his neighbors. But if such was ever the case, the situation certainly no longer exists. This is a world of interaction. This is a world where the news of Hanoi has a very real and personal effect on both the people of Asia and the people of the Western Hemisphere. The words and plans of far away people—people whom we have not known—may be changing the entire scope of the world and it would behoove us to attempt to understand not only our fellow man, but also the entire process of understanding itself. In this country we are in the midst of a social revolution which spasmotically verges on revolution which is frustrating, frightning and awesome. And let us not think for a minute that the problem of minority rules for the Negro citizen is a southern problem alone. Mississippi needs help in understanding that people are human and have rights but I would suspect that New Jersey needs the same amount of help in fostering that understanding. Religious discrimination, nationalistic tendencies, racial tolerance—all of these are problems that each of us must face in our climb toward the summit of "Self Understanding". What is your *real* reaction to these social dilemma—not just the reaction to which you pay lip service? Each of us must attempt to understand ourselves and through that understanding, relate ourselves to others in such a way that empathetic relationships are possible and that these relationships have the probability of germination. In sports and games and movement activities we a have a very special way of doing this—through play. Because of the game we are able to interact with personalities on a very objective basis.

I have often thought that we really have the ability of seeing our fellow men on essentially three levels. The first level is the simple biological level. A level where you appeal to me or do not appeal to me because of the way that you look. I may like your face and your appearance and I may like the way that you dress and people of whom you remind me—or on the other hand, I may not like the hat that you wear or the food that you prefer and so I react to you in a negative manner.

The second level at which I may interact with you is at the "doing" level—that is, in spite of your biological self and my interpretation of that self, I either like or dislike the way in which you act. This is really one step higher than the first biological level because, now I am willing to see you in action and make a judgement from that base. And because what people do is more important than how they look, I prefer this level to the first.

The third, and probably the highest level of interaction is on the idea level. The means that regardless of what your biological level says to me and in spite of what your action level implies, I reject or accept your ideas on the basis of their merit and thus intelligently judge their strengths and weaknesses. This type of interaction is really quite difficult and is not achieved by many—but it can happen.

Now in game situations, we are always able to interact with people on the secondary level of action and sometimes (if the contest is especially good) on the highest level of all—that of ideas. This is a wonderful and unique opportunity for objective, meaningful interaction. When you're playing basketball against another girl, there really isn't much use in deciding if you like the way that girl looks—what is important is the way that she acts on the court and her skill ability. You may even approach her with regard to ideas about the game and the way to perform skills and strategy.

Johann Huizinga, a cultural sociologist, has explained in his book *Homo Ludens* that the play group is so attractive to people that they are loath to give it up when they get older. A game is the one time in your life when you know exactly what is expected of you, what the consequences of failure are, and the knowledge that you are being judged by an objective observer—the referee. Why shouldn't the play group be attractive when it is in the play group that you can interact with people in a way that elicits pleasure and delight—a way which might be useful in other than play situations.

Another social trait of "Self-understanding" is the one that is concerned with the feminine image. In our society, many sports have been identified with masculinity and at times it is difficult for the sports loving girl to escape the label of "tomboy" or "mannish." To make matters worse, society socially endorses the idea of a little girl being a "tomboy" or "her Daddy's girl" and thinks that it is rather "cute" that she can do things as well or better than her brother. But then sometime around the age of 14, society suddenly decides that all of that "rough housing" just isn't proper and it is time that the girl became a young lady—even to forsaking her interest in sports (except those which have feminine overtones such as diving, figure skating and dance.) We are slowly moving away from this rather absurd social interpretation of athletics and masculinity and you all will have an easier trail to follow than your mothers or grandmothers had to glaze. It is up to each of us to so conduct ourselves that people come to realize that femininity and sports are closely correlated and who knows but the day will come when the judges will permit the Miss America candidates to present athletic prowess as their talent—with a movie of the potential Miss America in action as an athlete.

The second mountain that the intelligent young woman should aspire to climb is that of "Service." I do not use this term in the altruistic sense, for in that context, it appears to me that much is lost. One of today's writers, Ayn Rand, speaks with contempt of wanting to give yourself away when, in reality, you have no basic belief in or understanding of the self. How can you give yourself away when you have nothing to give? However, if you have truly tried to scale "Self-Understanding" and if you are never willing to share the fruits of that climb with others, your life has little meaning; for it is the alabaster chests of the self in service which provide richness in our lives.

In physical education we have many ways of being of service to people. We serve man as we help him discover his limitations and his potentialities. One of the really unique and meaningful opportunities is to teach people about failure. Failure need not always indicate lact of confidence, degrading appraisal and debasement—instead, failure can be a thing of wonder for it is one result of testing yourself against odds that have not been measured—it is a way to know what you can do and the girl who believes that she can do all, that success is hers if she works hard enough, is a fool. Hard work is not the only answer. The wag who said that success is ninety percent perspiration and ten percent inspiration was not far from wrong—and let us not forget that ten percent.

Physical education makes sure that we acknowledge that ten percent. You see, there can never be a game without a loser as well as a winner, and the loser has much to gain in her loss, especially if she is able to ascertain that she was beaten because she just wasn't good enough. This is really an important thing to know, and we who are interested in physical education activities should take the time to explore the concept of loss. Now, let me caution you here, least I be misunderstood, that I realize that you do not play a game to lose it, nor should you. But there can be a glory in loss as well as exhilaration in victory. A game permits a lack of security about the outcome which may culminate in a win or a loss—both results having merit. And in this age where all people seem to smother in the cottom padded security that surrounds us, insecurity may be a situation worth cherishing. Life demands the risk or not knowing the outcome, and a game provides such a risk. The outcome of a game can bring your heart to your throat, it can raise the temperature, it can flush the face, it can make you care. If we would take advantage of this concept, people might begin to acknowledge the fact that in the game of life there is loss as well as victory and I can recall several instances where the understanding of such a concept could have been pertinent.

Not too many years ago a rather prominent physical educator had a heart attack. He was a man who had taken care of his body in a systematic exercise routine with a devotion that few of us have to exercise. He had watched his diet, obeyed the health rules as if they were a civil code and had regular medical checkups. Then his body went and had a heart attack!! It is probably superfluous to state that this attack might have killed any other man, but it just incapacitated the physical educator. However, instead of being thankful about his "win" in the game of life and death, our friend became despondent and indeed angry over his "loss" and was furious with his body for "betraying" him. Needless to say, this facilitated the advent of another heart attack which did end his life. I cannot help but think that if he had been willing to accept philosophically the loss that the first heart attack precipitated, he might have been a better man and perhaps still alive. I would like to be able to tell you that this man had never participated in sports and games—but that is not true—he was an ardent sports enthusiast. However, he was well known as a poor loser—a man who sulked when he was beaten, because angry at himself when he lost a point, would fling down his rackets and clubs and walk away. Perhaps this interpretation of loss *did* influence his lack of acceptance with regard to his heart attack. I believe that we are oligated to learn the concept of loss and that as we do, we may well be ascending the trail of "Service."

I am also intrigued with the weekend obituaries on the sports pages of our newspapers. The times are few when you pick up a paper and see that the losing coach or contentant has said, "My opponent was better than I was." Much more often we read the excuse of loss and the chance of victory—and maybe that makes good newspaper copy, but it doesn't always make for truth. And the lack of truth does not promote ethical behavior. The contribution of truth, in the days of cheating at the service academies, the hiring of ghost writers to pen theses and dissertations, the evasion of income tax and the fear engendered by mobs and gangs assumes gargantuan magnitude and sports activities might be of real service if they would only help to preserve the ethic of truth in life itself. Physical education can emphasize the grandeur of loss-win and thus make gains on our ascent of "Service."

Physical education also has the ability to teach people about their bodies and their behavior—and this too can be of real service. If you will let me watch a person on the gymnasium floor in a game situation for about two hours, I can tell you more about that person than if I had taught her in a classroom situation for an entire semester. Movement portrays the personality in a way that verbal abstraction does not. You are as you move. The understanding of the triad of humanity—the integration of body-mind-soul is the link that we must help people forge for themselves in all that they do. There is certainly no excuse in this day and age for intelligent people to speak of mind and body as things apart.

I remember when I was an undergraduate student that one of my professors called me into her office and noting that my grades in some of the liberal arts were reasonably good, she said with the utmost solicitness, "But why do you want to major in physical education when you can do well in other fields?" She almost inferred by tone that anyone with the slightest intelligence would not *have* to choose physical eudcation as a career. I am sure that some of you have already been subjected to the same tactics and I can remember how upset I was then, and I hope that some of you feel the same way. I can remember assuring that professor that the reason why I wanted to teach physical education was because I did well in the liberal art—that I hoped to be interested in the education of the whole person. I believed then, and I believe now, that real intelligence only comes when you have understanding of the whole being and that means the trinity of mind, body and spirit. You and I who are interested in physical education have the opportunity to understand this concept in a way that few people do—we understand through experience and in this understanding there is much that can serve mankind.

In scaling the mountain of "Service," we must be very sure that we and our beliefs have integrity. In physical education we are privileged to teach the essence of life itself—movement—and in this there is great power and glory. It is in these early formative years in climbing the mountain of "Service" that you, have the best opportunity to determine your methods and means of serving and I would hope that each of you would include within your philosophy the concept of the trinity of mind-soul-body.

There is yet another height which we must attain in our search for competence and meaning and that is the height of "integrity." It is this height which has caused the greatest confusion in the thinking of many people—especially with regard to the subject matter of physical education. Physical education has attempted to do too many things up until now and it will be up to many of you who are interested in this discipline, as a profession, to help develop the integrity of the field. I am sure that most of you think of physical education in terms of basketball, field hockey, tennis, badminton, swimming and the hundred other activity courses that you take when you enroll in a physical education course. But physical education isn't really those things—they are just used as techniques of teaching something that is infinitely more important and that thing is "human movement." Now I am sure that you think that you don't need an education to learn about human movement—but let me draw an analogy to help explain what I mean. All normal children learn how to talk. They learn through imitation and through the teaching of adults (usually their parents) and it would be perfectly possible to lead a normal life, never go to school, and still be able to communicate with other people. But we know that there is a great deal more to communication than mere imitation. People must learn to read and write and must learn how to use the language properly; so we teach grammar and composition and literature and insist that the communication that was a "normal" part of being a part of a family be enriched through education. Movement is like that. A child will learn to move through imitation and basic teaching and it is perfectly possible for a person to have no instruction in human movement understanding—and yet he can move. But we know that there is a great deal more to movement than mere imitaiton. People must learn to differentiate between qualities of movement, forces of movement, duration of movement so we teach endurance and flexibility and strength and agility and insist that the movement which was a "normal" part of one's family education be enriched through education. And as Shakespeare and Chaucer enrich communication so dance and aquatics enrich movement understanding and basketball, softball, tennis, fencing and folk dance are but ways that help with that understanding. Physical education is just beginning to recognize its own disciplinary integrity and those of you who ascend the mountain of "Integrity" will have much to offer this field.

One of the aids which might help you up the mountain of "Integrity" is the ability to say "No." I can recall when I was a college sophomore that Mary Channing Coleman, the head of my department, once admonished me that "you must learn to say 'No'." All of us attempt to do too many things. We are, for the most part, good souls who have the interest of others at heart and there are times when because of this personality structure that we are "put upon" and asked to do things that will help out the situation. Lead the Girl Scout troop, teach the adult class at the "Y", conduct a Red Cross lifesaving course, take the Sunday School class on a hike, officiate a ball game, organize the community social, take a civil defense course, help out with the local day camp, babysit every weekend, give a hand with the Cub pack—and on and on it goes. In spite of the fact that most of those things are fun and we really would like to help out—you must learn to say "no." It is hard to always be right about what to say "Yes" to and to what you should say "No"—but if you have determined what is the essence of your own philosophical integrity and what direction you are going then I believe that we can scale our mountain with greater facility.

Integrity also involves facing up to the fact that you are a woman and have some societal obligations to that identification. I would suggest that nothing more important has ever been said about you in your entire life than the three words that the doctor used when he told your anxious and proud father, "It's a girl." You and I can never escape that pronouncement—not should we wish to. There probably are times in many girls' lives when they have momentarily wished that they were boys—but for the most part those wishes do not indicate a desire for sex change but rather a desire for behavioral permissiveness which is more easily accorded males in our society. For a long time games and sports have been identified with boys and this is especially true of team games. Right this minute there are many girls who are rejecting team games because they feel that they are unfeminine. In my university we have an elective program in physical education and if we had the space and the personnel we could have all of our classes be golf, tennis and bowling with maybe one or two swimming sections on the side. Very few college girls choose team sports today and I have already noticed that this is also true on the high school level. I think that part of this has been caused by the fact that we have taught team sports too early and girls begin to think of those activities as "childish." When you combine that attitude with the idea that team sports are masculine, there is the chance that there will be less and less availability of team sports in any school programs. This may have something to do with the integrity of womanhood, and the time has come when we must scrutinize the activities that we are offering and make sure that they are attractive to the woman within us.

The mountain of "Integrity" also insists that we look with candor on the ethical values of sports activities. Sports do not teach sportsmanship and fair play. They can—but they can teach cheating and dishonesty as well. So much depends upon the leadership. And if you are a "good sport" in a game situation, there is no evidence to suggest that you will always be a good sport about driving laws or your income tax. There is only "carryover" in ethics and morality when the case is made strong and clear and when principles are taught which govern all situations. In other words, it doesn't really teach honesty to have your teammate hold up her hand to signify that she hit the ball out of bounds if the next hour she borrows your French translation because she didn't have time to do her own. The principle of honesty must extend beyond the game situation and this will only come about if the teacher, the coach and the players make sure that there is a principle and not a rule.

But to identify the mountains that must be climbed is not the only task that we have today; you must ask yourself with candor if you possess the strength for climbing. To ascertain this knowledge is difficult and the only way that you can test yourself is to put yourself in situations that make demands upon your strength.

First of all, do you really know who you are? Have you some self understanding and some philosophical pattern which will give you direction in all situations? What is physical education to you, what does it do, where is its uniqueness, where is its cutting edge? Where is yours? Have you ever taken the time to answer these questions for yourself? Until you have and until you know yourself and your interests, you do not have the strength for climbing—purposeless climbing may take you in circles—with years and miles of aimless wandering sapping both endurance and skill and all to naught.

Second, do you have pride and confidence in yourself and your abilities? Can you look at yourself honestly and appraise your personality and behavior? What kind of student are you? Do you do poorly because you don't care? Do you do well because you cram it in and spill it out and then forget it? Do you have a belief in yourself and your service which illuminates concepts because you have made a contribution?Do you read as much and as often as you can? Do you believe in your ability to shape the lives of people into meaningful stuctures? Do you think of yourself as an intelligent, skilled, caring individual, or do you sham you way through situations and claim that you know more than you really do? Are you so impressed with proving your own individuality that you have forgotten the meaning of being part of group which is concerned about others? Are you convinced that human movement is an important aspect of the total person and are you willing to help others learn this concept? If you do not have this confidence in yourself and your beliefs, then yours is not the strength for climbing and the ineffective steps that you take "for the look of the thing" are worthless.

Third, do you have a real conviction about the goodness of man and his ability to create understandings and relationships? Do you believe that you can trust your fellows whether they be your teammates or your opponents and are you willing to dedicate yourself to that sort of service? I remember once hearing that life is like a glass that is filled to the halfway mark and that there are two ways of looking at that glass. You can say that life is half empty or you can say that life is half full rather than half empty—it is an attitude that can illuminate your colleagues and friends with your enthusiasm. If you are not willing to accept the goodness of man and the worth of life then yours is not the strength for climbing.

The future is in your hands. Yours will be the generation which identifies the peaks, which commits itself to training for strength—strength for climbing—strength which is based upon understanding, confidence, faith and strength which has the power to accumulate only if the principle of overload is applied.

In your enthusiasm to reach for the stars, do not forget that the mountains first must be scaled.

As you gasp for breath, fight the dizziness of ascent, ignore the pounding within the core of you chest, force aching, trembling muscles to respond, will you whisper "Excelsior?" As you reach and grasp and pull and heave, as you lift and hoist and grasp ever upward, will you have the strength and the wisdom to plead, "Excelsior!"? With your eyes on the peak, with your belief in the eventual attainment of the summit, with your faith in your being and with your strength for climbing, will you stand atop your summit, strong in your contribution, encompassing in your understandings and wise in your enthusiasm—will you stand astride the peak and dare to look at the stars and whisper "Excelsior"?

You Must Run at Least Three Times as Fast

You have to be a very special age to enjoy fairy tales. The stories are especially wonderful when you're young because when you are little, all of life is a fairy tale and you believe in magic and don't feel silly when you see fairies dancing on the doorstep. But too soon you start to get big and with adolescence comes realism. Fairy stories seem silly. We are too busy with ourselves to believe in "wee people"—and the reality of life has a wonder that transcends imagination. Then we start to be mature enough to feel comfortable with faith, and fairy stories once again find a place in our lives because they contain all of the knowledge, meaning and admonitions basic to understanding.

I know that we are beyond the age of childhood and most of us have passed adolescence, so I hope no one will be offended if I dwell on one of my favorite stories, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass.* I hope you haven't forgotten about the White Rabbit, Tweedledee and Tweedledum, Humpty Dumpty, the Mock Turtle, and Father William. I have been fascinated by them for years; but my favorites of all the Alice characters are the royal families, especially the Red and White Queens. The White Queen was a little too placid to suit my insatiable enthusiasm, but the Red Queen was everything I wanted in a regal person. To me, she was at her exasperating best when talking with Alice in the garden of the live flowers. Remember, Alice was lost when she met the Red Queen—but Mr. Carroll says it best:

> Alice could never quite make it out in thinking it over afterwards, how it was that they began: all she remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all that she could do

---

Delivered at Cortland College, Cortland, New York, 1972.

> to keep up wit her: and still the Queen kept crying "Faster! Faster!", but Alice felt that she *could not* go faster, though she had no breath to say so. The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and other things round them never changed their places at all: however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. "I wonder if all those things move along with us?" thought poor, puzzled Alice. And the Queen seemed to guess her thoughts, for she cried "Faster! Don't try to talk!" Not that Alice had any idea of doing that. She felt as if she would never be able to talk again, she was getting so much out of breath: and still the Queen cried "Faster! Faster!", and dragged her along. "Are we nearly there?', Alice managed to pant out at last. "Nearly there!", the Queen repeated, "Why we passed it ten minutes ago. Faster!" And they ran on for a time in silence with the wind whistling in Alice's ears, and almost blowing her hair off her head, she fancied. "Now! Now!, cried the Queen."Faster! Faster!"And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as Alice was getting exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy. The Queen propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, "You may rest a little now." Alice looked around her in great surprise. "Why I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time!" Everything is just as it was!" "Of course it is," said the Queen. "What would you have it?" "Well, in our country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you generally get to somewhere else—if you run very fast for a long time as we have been doing." "A slow sort of a country!" said the Queen. "Now, *here* you see, it takes all the running that you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

When I first became enamoured with Alice and the Red Queen, I am sure that I never thought her adventures would relate to my own exciting professional travels, but in rediscovering the charm of Wonderland and rewandering through the Looking Glass, I would like to suggest that we in physical education are in a wonderland of our own, and our adventures, like Alice's, are taking us across the chessboard of a stimulating, exciting and perplexing disciplinary game. So, let us examine the environment of our professional wonderland, let us look at our running ability and ascertain how we can reach the eighth square of our own professional kingdom. In the process, let us determine how fast we will have to run.

Like Alice, we are in a complex world, a world that does not always seem to be what it appears. We are subject to the vectors which create the environment of our world and to some degree, we create those vectors. We revel in the affluence that permeates our nation, we cringe at the abject poverty; we take pride in our democratic ideals, we are ashamed of our inability to afford equal opportunity; we delight in our thoughtful nationalism, we feel sorrow in our creeping isolation; we smile with satisfaction at our generosity, we frown at our economic conniving; we are brave in our tenacious belief, we are frightened about the consequences. In short, we walk the fine line of the edge of night, never quite sure of our footing or if the next hour will bring a dawn or a sunset.

And it is not just the world forces which shape our environment, we are also subject to the social concepts of our age. This is the era when many people are struggling to find the Invictus of individual being. Over and over, at my university, I hear the students insisting that they *are* individuals, that they are to be treated as individuals, and that they are not a part of the "pack." To emphasize this, most of them wear their hair in natural, uncombed glory hanging in hunks around pale and intense faces, they don denim in a multitude of forms, if they are capable of growing facial hair, they grow it, they shuck their underwear and wiggle their toes in unshod freedom, and they proclaim to an indifferent world "I am me, I am unique, treat me with respect, love me, let me be." And they do this altogether (as a group) so as to make their point.

From such an existentialist force grows the social concept of the "now" generation, a generation which is as confused as its forefathers, is as intoxicated with life as youth has always been, which is impatient for change in time-honored patterns, and which is experiencing withdrawal symptoms from affluence. The social forces which permit and encourage such adventuring, permit and encourage the John Birch Society and the Boy Scouts, the Ku Klux Klan and the NAACP, the Black Muslems and the American Friends Society, the American Nazi Party and the Peace Corp. We are a part of a vacillating age, an age governed by *Hidden Persuaders*—all of whom are not on Madison Avenue or in Washington. And like Alice, it sometimes seems to us that the scenery doesn't change no matter how fast we run.

Reflecting the social and political environment is an educational environment which gives an added dimension to our wonderland. We are in the midst of an educational era where permissiveness is the rule and "being told" is a vice. Nobody wants to be told anything. We like to be asked if we want to be told. The innovations of the elective curriculum, student government, honor policies, the free university, student involvement in faculty business, faculty involvements in student concerns, coed dorms, drinking and drugs — all reflect an unsettled atmosphere which at times reflects directional lack that fosters a frightening arena of action. William Steig's little gnome crouched in his very own packing case, declaring to an unlistening world, "nobody's gonna tell me what to do," is a lonely and desperate individual. Recently a disillusioned and contrite student told me that since she didn't know exactly what to be against, she had decided to be against everything—"it is easier than making a decision," she said.

The social, political and educational forces help mold and fashion our special physical education atmosphere. We have "now" problems in our "now" world. First, some of us have difficulty in defining who we are and what we do. We are teachers, we are coaches, we are athletic directors, driver educators and first aid instructors, we are health experts, recreation specialists and camping consultants, we are perceptual-motor specialists, we are even sensitivity group leaders. And we do a little of each of those jobs in addition to training the cheerleaders, teaching a class for the PTA, collecting gate receipts, being school nurse or orderly, assisting in the guidance progam, and chaperoning groups of students who want no part of any chaperonage. Obviously, a field which attempts to be everything to everybody, and attempts to be everyone to everything, can soon become nothing to all.

Another facet of our professional environment is our very struggle for life. All around us we hear that physical education has been deemed low priority and is being dropped from the educational curriculum. Physical education is being incorporated into athletic departments, shunted to the student's activites department and abandoned. Our playing fields are being paved for parking lots, our equipment is pricing itself beyond our budgets, our supplies are being limited by administrative edicts. We have been under attack by the medicine men of education, Conant and Rickover, and in some cases, declared unessential and unnecessary. Worst of all, we feel uncomfortable with ourselves. We cannot agree what we are about. We are not proud of our heritage and look for status in places other than our own wonderland.

The environment of our professional wonderland poses many problems—so many that you might well wonder if indeed, we are not, as Alice, sitting under the same tree and seeing the same scenery. These professional problems have had the same familiar ring for years. If you are not careful, the sameness of the environment can be frightening, then discouraging, and finally boring—and when all of those things occur, we begin to think that Looking Glass Land is a backward country, or that physical education is continually behind the times. But you will remember that the Red Queen noted that it took all of the running you could do just to keep in place. So it is with our professional commitment—we have to run as hard as we can just to stay where we are. What, then, are the powers that we need just to stay even?

First and foremost, we need strength—and professional strength is a very special kind of power that is dependent upon a belief and commitment to what you are doing. Why are you in physical education? It sounds like a simple question that should be relatively easy to answerbut it isn't because it asks you to analyze your life. Even without opportunity for thoughtful meditation, what is the "off the top of your head" truthful response to that particular question?

Many of us choose physical education because we excel in sport activities. We like the idea of being part of something in which we can be excellent. Some of us were awed by our coach, athletic director and/or physical education teacher and we learned to respect the teaching field of physical education because of the type of person who was a professional within its ranks. We chose these people as our heroes, as our "significant others" and thoughtfully patterned our lives after their visible successes. Still others of us like the opportunity to move, and feel we can best express ourselves with such mobile freedom—it gives us the chance to talk without a lot of words. Some of us see ourselves as service agents and believe we can best spend our lives helping other people gain the same essential satisfaction we have experienced. Some of us like to be outdoors and find that the fields of physical education and recreation profide such opportunities; and we can't stand being cooped up. Others amoung us enjoy telling people what to do, like group organization patterns, and have a sense of power as we stand before a group and know that we are the directors of people's lives. Many of us like the idea of blowing a whistle. Tied up with each of these determinants are the concepts of financial reward, esteem, self-fulfillment and altruism. We need to be needed, [illegible] need others and a sense of purpose. If we are all quite honest, we will be able to find our own raison d'être within the boundaries just suggested, or will be willing to explore further and find our personal moment of truth. It is important that you recognize your rationale about your choice and that you find pride and satisfaction in your rationale Don't spend your professional life being ashamed of your choice, feeling uncomfortable about your endeavor; find pride in your decision and once that is found, your life radiates with that reflection of meaning.

We also need strength for running in our alliance with education. For better or worse our field is wed to education and I think that the marriage is a sound one. But we must discover what is our unique contribution to education and then ascertain if that contribution is significant enough to warrant inclusion in the curricular matrix. All of education is concerned with the whole person and with human well-being. Consequently, it is the media used to process the behavioral domains which is the special asset of any body of knowledge. Our media is activity, "selected as to kind and conducted as to outcome" (to use the words of Williams.) Or as Metheny has said, "we move to learn as we learn to move." Many times our activities are conducted in a play spirit and we use games and sports as the organizational structure of that plan. However, other times, the activities are not associated with the organizational pattern of play (although they may incorporate the play spirit). Regardless of the plan for organizing movement, physical education is interested in both the process and products of activity, and that is best fostered in the educational environment by special attention to the motor domain of human behavior—a behavior which physical educators stress within their province.

Once physical educators considered all of the motor domain as their exclusive property and ignored cognitive and affective emphases, but not only was that attitude undesirable, it was also impossible. In the past, many of us thought we could be generalists of activity. That was only a possibility because we had a limited vision of our responsibility and of the material with which we were working, and a very limited concept of our own shortcomings. The day of the generalist is not gone, but if you wish to be a generalist today, you must specialize in such an approach. Just as the general practioner of medicine will always be necessary, so will the all-round physical educator. But just as the general practitioner knows when to refer to a surgeon, neurologist or psychiatrist, so the all-round physical educator must know when to turn to a methodologist, motor learning expect, exercise physiologist, theorist, historian and/or operational specialist for elementary, secondary, college and geriatric groups. Our specialists deal with ideas, not how to teach a certain activity. The coaching specialist deals with specific sports—football, basketball, tennis, swimming and dance. The teacher deals with specialized concepts related to process and product.

Another strength we need to keep our place while running is strength for the future of physical education. This can only be actuated as we feel responsibility to be on the cutting edge of our area of knowledge, and that means attention to research. Too many of us avoid our responsibilities to research. Some of you have probably been told that you cannot be a good teacher and a good researcher too, and that the sterility of the laboratory should be avoided by all promising neophyte teachers. Say the word "research" and you think of a white lab coat, a treadmill, Douglas bags, the Snoddy star, a stethoscope and a calculator. Say the word "teacher" and you think of a ball, a gym uniform, a whistle, sneakers, a roll book, a lesson plan and sweat. The words conjure up images which seem miles apart. But nothing could be further from the truth. No teacher worth anything teaches the same thing, the same way, year after year. If you do, you're dead. The good teacher uses research, and research calls upon the strength of a good teacher for its design and implementation. Every time I use a new approach with my classes, I have the potential to add to the knowledge of physical education. Of course, if I don't share my empirical observations with others through discussion or writing, my research is just for the good of my students and myself. But every time I have tried something new, evaluated it, replicated it, and found a like result, I have added to the research bank of physical education through action-oriented design. Good teachers always have a tomorrow mind, and good researchers ache for meaning in their analyses.

We are obliged to stay abreast of the research in our field, and what is more, if we have any worth, we are obliged to make a contribution to research. The only things worse than dusty data are rotting revelations. I wonder how many of you really attempt to read the current research in physical education? How many of you try to include new concepts and ideas into your teaching assignments? Do not teach as you have been taught, teach as you wish you had been taught and as you incorporate new understandings into meaningful relationships, both you and your discipline will gain strength. Show me the person who is scornful of research and I will identify for you the "yesterday thinker." Show me the person who is attentive to research and I will identify for you the "tomorrow activist" who knows that if you want to get any place at all, you need to run at least twice as fast. You can use a whistle in the lab, build up a sweat on a treadmill, gather data in roll books, replicate findings in lesson plans. Perhaps we are about to spawn a new breed of physical educators who are Galen in the gym, Mercury on the treadmill, and Socrates in sneakers.

But no one wants to spend an entire professional lifetime just running hard to stay in place. So, at last, it is to the thought of how we can get someplace else that we finally turn. Even by running twice as hard, in today's world it is difficult to get ahead. Perhaps we have come to the place where we know that you must run at least three times as fast. What attributes do you need to accelerate to that speed in physical education?

First you need intelligence.The possession of intellect is a virtue we have been accused of not having, and when I look at the record objectively, I have to admit that we do not do well in the usual tests which tend to use only cognitive evaluation techniques. As long as intelligence is measured only in its cognitive aspects, we can continue to expect a reflection which does not bring into focus the positive actuality of holistic man. When intelligence tests start to measure how man moves, how he adapts and controls his feelings, how he behaves—as well as his ability to memorize facts, process abstractions, and regurgitate generalizations—we will have a real index of man's true intelligence. However, we need not wait for such a paradise to start to change our image of non-intellectual.

First, we must talk to people in their terms instead of ours. That means preparing ourselves carefully in verbal communication techniques and learning how to handle abstractions. We must improve our cognitive behavior. Now, what to do? Read! Not just the texts that are assigned by you teachers, not just the sport pages of the local newspaper, *Sports Illustrated* or *Time*, but everything you can get your hands on—books that are current and meaningful, and the entire newspaper, including the editorial page. The current best sellers include *The Winds of War, The Blue Knight, The Assassins, The World, Wheels, The Game of the Foxes, Tracy and Hepburn, The Moon's a Balloon, The Last Whole Earth Catalogue, The Defense Never Rests.* How many have you read? What about southeast Asia? What are the real differences among the presidential candidates? What are the current plays on Broadway and who is starring in what? What is op art? Who is Joan Sutherland and what is the distinguishing characteristic of Moore's sculpture? Name one contemporary American composer; how do Mailer and Updike differ in their belief about games; what is the underlying theme of all the Faulkner novels?

I know that I am acting like a schoolteacher, but that's what I am and that's what many of you intend to be. Most of the questions I have asked are not answered in Physical Education 436, or in Music Appeciation 206, or in Social Science 128. They are questions for which you must find the answers yourself, and the time to start looking for answers is now. Go to the next art exhibit, listen to "heavy" music as well as the current beat, subscribe to a newspaper and read it everyday, buy a book instead of a body shirt. Start to think and ask questions and associate with people other than your co-workers. Expand your intellectual horizons and plan self-study projects. One year read all you can about English history, another year learn about photography, another time tackle a language you have always wanted to learn. The world of ideas is waiting for you—all you have to be is interested.

Of course you are tired after a day's teaching.I know about those weekends and Tuesday nights when you have to ride the school bus with teams. I know about after school clubs and before school recreation. It is wearing and it is hard, it keeps you moving twice as fast as anyone else. But then, of course, in this professional country of Physical Education if you want to get anywhere at all, you must run at least three times as fast.

Second, you need faith and a touch of idealism. There are many things which contrive to make you abandon such an attitude. In physical education we have the dragon-like problem of athletics which, at times, seems to engulf all of our waking hours. We cut off one of the dragon's heads only to have three more regenerate. We have the problem of bribes and financial intrigue, the requirement versus the elective, the problem of the inner city and suburban escape, we have drugs and alcohol, we have many, many problems. But we also have the basic concepts of worth and the joy of effort and dedication, and we have to keep our eyes on these concepts if we are to find reason for continued attention and dedication. Let us not be afraid to teach the truth as we see it. Let us not be afraid to subscribe to the eternal values of beauty, honesty, fairness and love. We don't have to endorse what is just because it exists. Let those of us who profess to be teachers and leaders be not afraid of rejection, scorn, derision and scoffing because we choose to stand for values. We can afford to believe in the worth of the individual and to insist that activity demands commitment, we can afford to stress that the quality of human life can be maximized as well as economic gain. Of course it's harder, but then in this country called Physical Education, in order to get anywhere at all, you have to run three times faster than your best effort so far.

Third, you have to acknowledge the ideas of both success and failure. Although games give physical educators a ready-made situation which acknowledges these concepts, we often do a poor job in our understandings. Everyone desires success and most of us will work hard and diligently to achieve that desire. But in the process of success for some, there is usually failure for others. Not everyone can succeed at everything. As a nation, and certainly as educators, we have almost reached the point of believing that people should never experience failure because it destroys security and somehow failure is supposed to permeate the cotton-padded insulation regarding the realities of life. I believe that often we put training wheels on "two-wheelers" for fear that the child will fall, forgetting that a part of living is in the fall as well as the ride.

Let us acknowledge not only the reality of failure, but learn from it and respect it. Let us not be afraid to fail students in physical education if they are unsuccessful in meeting goals honestly set. Physical education is the only subject matter I know that gives academic credit for cleanliness, and while I am much in favor of showers, clean clothes and punctuality, I have never thought that those things needed academic credit. We are so skeptical about failure in our field that if a person tries, we equate it with success and a number of people have passed a swimming course without learning how to swim. You and I have to be mature enought to accept failure, learn from it, and use it as a motivational device. Of course it's hard to lose a game,to fail a student, to fall short of anticipated and sought goal, but then in this country of Physical Education there is much that is difficult and in order to get any place at all, you have got to run hard, about three times as fast as you have ever run before.

Fourth, we have to press ourselves hard to do the extra things which bring excellence to our mission. Most of you have no concept of what it means to go that extra professional mile. In the abstract, conventions and meetings seem like fun, but in the concrete, attendance at conventions, meetings and even convocations usually imposes a hardship, financial, social and temporal. No one pays your way, no one does your work while you are gone and the papers and the dishes stack up. This is just the beginning!

Look around and find the leadership you admire the most and think what kind of personal toll that leadership exacted. Do you have any idea of what kind of discipline it takes to write a book or an article? All of the pretty days you'd like to be out in the garden or on the tennis courts, all of the evenings when your favorite TV program is on or there's a special movie you'd like to see, all of the free and easy weekends when the golf course beckons and a picnic basket is waiting to go to the ball game, and all of the long nights when the cool sheets beckon for you to cast your lot with Morpheus (like any other sane individual)—instead you write. The author shackles himself to the typewriter and writes. So the next time that you pick up a book or an article (even a poor one) just remember that some person made a personal sacrifice just to get the thoughts out of his head onto paper for you to read. Most of our leading authors are dedicated people, and I can assure you that the financial rewards are not sufficient basis to inflict that sort of self-discipline. It takes commitment.

Or think of the many committees on which the officers of your professional associations have served, the programs they have attended with no one paying their way or doing their work back home; and think of the days, the weeks, the months, the years that they have given of self and time to make physical education better for all of us who follow. And the next time you see a well-organized meeting, remember the self-discipline that that person exacted in order to make a contribution. I can assure you that the opportunities to sit in airports all over the country, the emotional rewards of prestige and satisfaction are not sufficient basis to exact that sort of discipline of self. It takes commitment.

Or look about you and find the speakers in physical education and think what making a speech means. You don't jot down a note or two one evening and then get up and open your mouth. You think, organize, write and rewrite, and then deliver the "goods" with your heart in your mouth. Find for yourself one of the articulate leaders and know that person has made a sacrifice to be with you and share ideas. I assure you that the personal rewards of being listed on a program or having your expenses taken care of are not sufficient bases to exact that sort of discipline. It takes commitment.

Or read the *Research Quarterly* and other periodicals and think of the hours of time and the vast effort that went into tracking down an idea in the dusty stacks of the library, and planning the research design, and the trauma of securing subjects and amassing data. Think of the long hours spent in translating or at the computer and the weeks and weeks that are given to avoid "dusty data" and to find lucid analysis. Then find for yourself a bit of research which excites you, and know that the researcher has made a sacrifice to ferret out new knowledge from the recesses of the unknown. I assure you that the thrill of seeing one's name in print is not sufficient basis to exact that sort of discipline. It take commitment.

But physical education needs officers and writers, reseachers and speakers, and this is your responsibility, one that you must start to assume now. Of course it's frightening to submit your masterpiece to a cruel and objective editor, but the worst that can happen is that you will get a rejection slip. Of course it is scary to run for an office, but the worst that can happen is that you will win the election and have to do all the work. Of course it is tedious to do research and look for the answers, but the worst that can happen is that the research will not find significance (and that can be of monumental significance). Of course it is terrifying to get up in front of an audience and say what you believe, but the worst that can happen is that the audience will leave. But, then, who said that being a physical educator was easy, and as you are frightened, worried, terrified and apprehensive, just remember that in this country of Physical Education, to get anywhere at all, you have to first double your efforts and then run at least three times faster.

And finally, we need stamina. I am tired of tired physical educators. Physical fitness should mean the verve to meet the day. Are you always tired? Do you get up in the morning and hate the day? Do you drag from class to class, from situation to situation, essentially bored and tired? Of course we lead a strenous life. We change clothes five or six times a day, we move with our classes, we replace the student who is absent, we race from the gymnasium to the field and then to the classroom and the pool. We come early and we stay late—and it is enough to make the strongest among us a little tired. But do we bask in our fatigue and do we complain about our self-imposed labor? Not long ago I had a student in one of my freshmen college sections who seemed like a natural for physical education. When I asked her if she had ever considered majoring in physical education, she said, "Oh, yes ma'am, as a matter of fact when I was in high school, I couldn't decide between P.E. and chemistry, so I went to talk to each of my teachers. After talking with the P.E. teacher and hearing about all that had to be done every day and even on weekends, I decided that I was too lazy for that sort of life, so I choose chemistry." "Well, are you happy in that field?" I asked. "Gosh, yes," said my young friend, "why, do you know that my professor lets me use the lab in the evening and even on weekends to help with some of the research she is doing with cancer." Obviously, the girl's high school chemistry teacher forgot to relate that there is fatigue in doing blood counts, making slides and mixing compounds. Physical education teaching is fatiguing, and of course you get tired. You can't act like Pollyanna all of the time, but then who said that it was an easy job and who intimated that you wouldn't get so tired you could hardly put one foot in front of the other. You see, in this country of Physical Education, in order to get anywhere, you must run at least three times as fast as you ever thought.

Who is your Red Queen? What is the motivation you need to move on the intricate chess board of physical education? I would suggest that for most of us it is dedication and concern, and that as you recognize your own commitment to these factors, you will be willing to say to yourselves "Faster!, Faster!" You know it takes all-out effort just to stay in place, but because you are the people you are, you will be willing to call upon your extra professional reserve and put into your professional life the extra effort that will move you from the environment of a single tree, that will feel pride in the concepts of movement and play, that will challenge intellect, insight, incentive and industry and will exact the essential strength you need to make a contribution to this best of all possible worlds, to your world. You see, in this endeavor which we call physical education, it takes concern, dedication and commitment. It takes that just to stay in place, and to move ahead takes an extra effort which makes unreasonable demands, which insists upon involvement, and which mandates our lives to something that is more powerful than self. It takes that to move in any direction, to get anywhere at all—and you must run at least three times as fast as you ever thought you could.